MARCH
1921

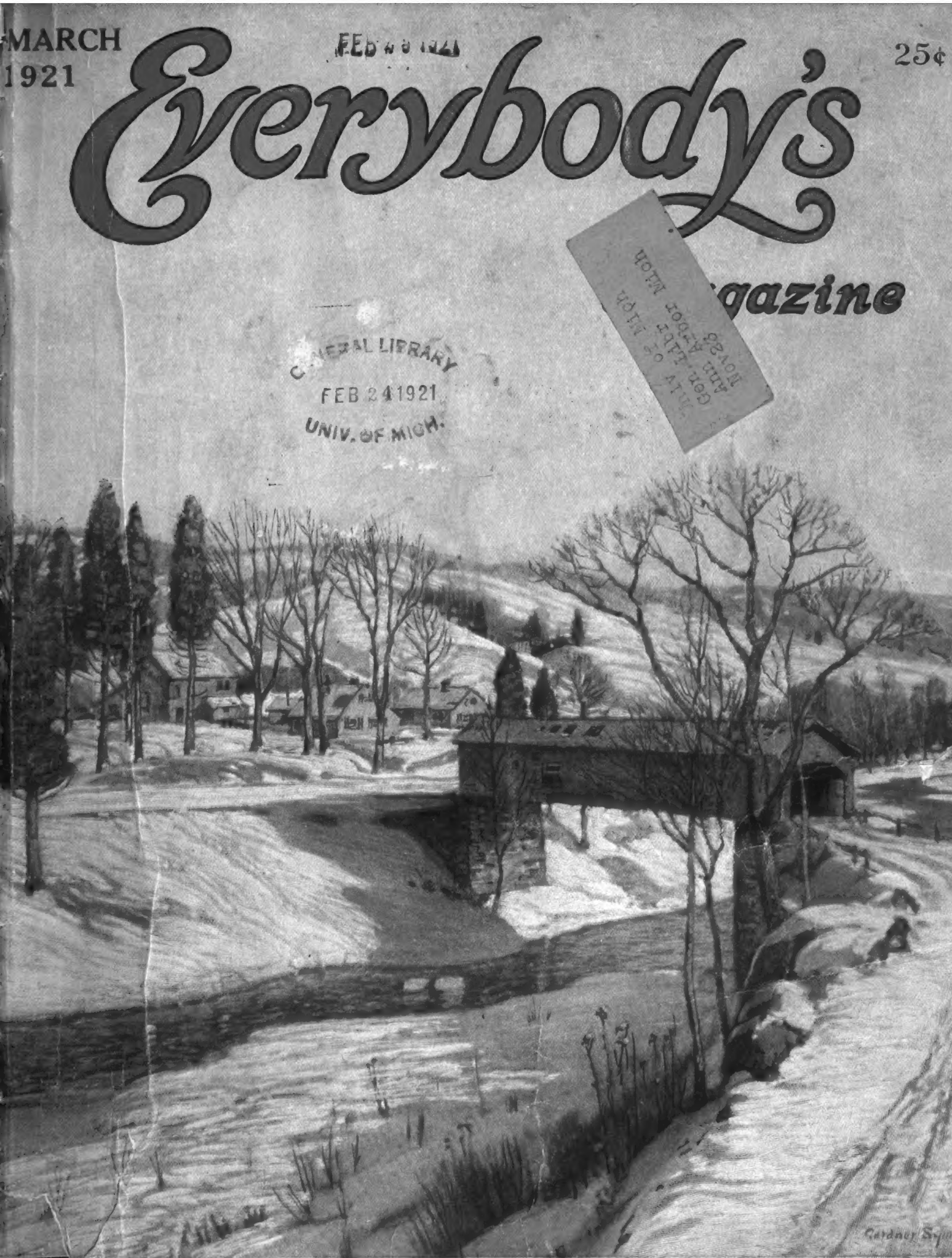
FEB 8 1921

Everybody's

Magazine

25¢

GENERAL LIBRARY
FEB 24 1921
UNIV. OF MICH.



Fiction
CHARLES SAXBY VINGIE ROE L. H. ROBBINS
HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER ARTHUR CHINSON
CHARLES CHADWICK SAMUEL MERWIN

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 3 MARCH, 1921 Vol. XLIV

CONTENTS

THE PLAYBOY. A Story — HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER — 5
The game of business has its thrills no less than golf
ILLUSTRATED by CHARLES D. MITCHEL

THE SINGER OF THE NIGHT Part II. Conclusion — CHARLES SAXBY — 16
The fateful rendezvous at Grex reveals the secret of the voice of Verdun
ILLUSTRATED by KERR EBY

THE EIGHTEENTH LEAP. A Story — VINGIE E. ROE — 23
In which a four-footed friend comes off with the honors
ILLUSTRATED by JOSEPH COLL

BETTY'S PAINTER. A Humorous Story — L. H. ROBBINS — 29
How a husband's honest labor was most handsomely rewarded
ILLUSTRATED by CHARLES H. TOWNE

A ONE-WOMAN SHOW. American Entertainer's Series — DOROTHY PARKER — 34
Beatrice Herford, monologist, qualifies as a grown-up Daisy Ashford

IF WINTER COMES. IV. A Serial Story — A. S. M. HUTCHINSON — 36
War makes some profound changes in Sabre's world
ILLUSTRATED by L. PERN BIRD

THE MAN WITH THE DIAMOND IN HIS HEAD. A Mystery Story
A lawyer-detective solves a baffling murder mystery — CHARLES CHADWICK — 43
ILLUSTRATED by S. RUMSEY MICKS

"I LOVE YOU EXCLAMATION POINT." A Business Romance
Cupid "sells" a prospect with the aid of modern office methods — J. GEORGE FREDERICK — 53
ILLUSTRATED by J. HENRY

IN RED AND GOLD. VII. A Serial Story — SAMUEL MERWIN — 57
The Viceroy eludes his enemies and Doane is forced to a decision
ILLUSTRATED by LEROY BALDRIDGE

THE ORDEAL OF BEN-AMI — ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT — 64
Tracing the blazing path of Broadway's newest star

ATALANTA-JANE. A Love-Story — RUTH MURRAY UNDERHILL — 66
Picturing a race for the golden apple of a girl's hand and heart
ILLUSTRATED by S. RUMSEY MICKS

THE HIGHROAD TO FREEDOM. A "Movie" Story
Highbrow and low contribute to the birth of a notion — EVELYN DEWEY MILLER — 71
ILLUSTRATED by WALTER J. DUNCAN

HE MADE OTHERS FAMOUS — E. M. WICKES — 76
J. Aldrich Libby, popularizer of favorite song hits

EDUCATIONAL JAZZ — BETTY SHANNON — 77
How Katharine Hilliker puts pep in screen titles

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE — 78
ILLUSTRATED by STUART HAY

VERSE by HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER, GRACE HAZARD CONKLING, THEODORE H. BANKS, JR. — 15, 33, 56

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — 3

FRONTISPIECE: A Fair Catch — 4

COVER by GARDNER SYMONS

Turner

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

EVELYN DEWEY MILLER

© Underwood

CHARLES CHADWICK

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Issued monthly.

Yearly subscription, $2.75 in advance.

Single copy, twenty-five cents.

Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.

Copyright, 1921, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City

Entered as Second-Class Matter August 16, 18[illegible] at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1[illegible] Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT — C. H. HOLMES, SECY. & TREAS.

SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With

EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

SOMEWHERE, sometime, we heard the story of a dear little old lady who said, ever so gently, there were so many things she must do that she thought she'd take a little nap.

We understand just how she felt. Here is March with an incoming Administration sorely in need of good advice. Here are the financial and business worlds in a sad muddle, the Russian problem still unsolved, and many other matters, great and small, requiring attention.

Resolutely we turn away from it all—haunted by a suspicion that our absence may not, after all, be noted—not to take a little nap, but to talk a little "shop," in which we think we may assume your interest.

In your circle of acquaintances you probably have one at least who has tried writing for publication plus pay. If so, you've heard a great deal of the difficulty about getting into print, the prejudices of Editors, and so on. Perfectly natural, all this talk. Most writers talk about most Editors just about the way most householders talk about most Plumbers. We suspect, from opportunities for personal observation, that the justification is considerably less in the case of Editors than with Plumbers.

We know this to be so with *Everybody's*, and in order that you shall have something more than our unsupported word for it, we offer this little piece of verse, dedicated to Miss Roderick, our Managing Editor, by R. E. McGowen, the Column Conductor of the Rock Island *Argus*, in which the verse was printed:

TO AN EASTERN LADY EDITOR

Although you didn't buy my feeble verses
The fact remains that I'm not feeling blue;
Upon your head I lay no horrid curses—
Au contraire, lady, I've grown fond of you.
'Tis true, of course, I long to break the fetters
That bind this colyum millstone 'round my neck,
But, honestly, I'd rather read your letters
Than sign my name upon your cashier's check.

You have no word of criticism scathing,
You don't enclose that printed slip so vile;
A rejection at your hands is just like bathing
In the sunshine of my best-beloved's smile.
I really do not think you mean to flatter
My poor attainments—I am not so rash
As that; but, anyway, it doesn't matter—
I'd rather get your letters than the cash!

Ah, lady, it is really quite alarming
How in my tender heart you've won a place;
A thousand miles away I find you charming—
(Friend wife declares that line is a disgrace!
In fact, she says, I'm talking like a rummy,
But I don't care—she can not make me quail;
For 'tisn't ev'ry editor who's chummy—
And I'd rather get your letters than the kale!)

Seriously, we think it would amaze you if you could know the processes by which your completed magazine comes to you month by month. And nothing would please you more than the evidence of care exercised to secure balance in the contents.

It is that which brings together in contrast the dramatic serial by Mr. Merwin, who secured his material in person in China, and the deeply interesting character study by Mr. Hutchinson, who finds his types in England, but who shows you they are really everywhere about us. It accounts, too, for the painstaking contrast of adventure, business, mystery, love and other types of stories which find place in individual issues.

Granting this care in selection, it is not surprising that at times particular stories, however well done, must be rejected, for the plan and pattern must be maintained. In the course of such rejections, or, more truthfully, eliminations, the whole effort of the editorial organization is to retain the good-will of the writers, and its success, we think, is well illustrated in Mr. McGowen's plaintive verse.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

© H. Armstrong Roberts

A Fair Catch

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER THREE MARCH 1921 VOLUME XLIV

The Playboy

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The uncritical might call Eddie Penfold a success, for at twenty-five he was national amateur golf champion as well as vice-president of the Penfold Company. Winifred Kendrick, however, was anything but uncritical, as was also Eddie's elder brother, Jim, and Eddie accepted their implied challenge. The greenest duffer at golf must find a thrill in Mr. Kahler's account of the big game of the "Boy Phenom's" career.

ACROSS the slab of mahogany Eddie Penfold saw himself reflected in the face of his brother Jim. It was like looking into a mirror cleverly fashioned to distort images without destroying their fidelity—a mirror which even emphasized distinctive features in a subtle caricature. Jim was unmistakably his brother, and the fifteen years which separated them seemed suddenly to be insignificant. Jim, pink and soft and contented, stood for a moment as a future portrait of Eddie. His chin nestled into an incipient jowl as he nodded a benign approval of the report which McVey was reading; his fingers, outspread on the glistening wood, were each enveloped in an amiable fatness, so that they drummed horizontally, without bending at the knuckle, and their polished, oval nails seemed ludicrously minute in contrast to their broadened tips.

EDDIE'S glance moved, as if for reassurance, to his own hands, long and lean and brown. He studied them with satisfaction, opening and closing them, feeling the muscles of his forearm tighten as his knuckles whitened below their tan. But his thought moved uneasily onward, across the gap of those fifteen years, remembering that it had been Jim who had taught him the trick of gripping his first abbreviated midiron. Abruptly he saw an avenue of turf, flanked by crowding overgrowth, a distant glint of crimson where a tiny flag whipped in the wind, incredibly remote. He stood back, awed and envious, while Jim's arms moved mysteriously, heard the whistle of the descending club, the clean, smacking report of wood and rubber, the spiteful note of cloven air as the ball fled out in its long, beautiful arc. Jim had played a very decent wooden game in those days.

He appraised that remembered shot, now, with the critical eye of present sophistication. It had been almost good enough, he thought, to justify the instant and abiding passion for the game which it had wakened in the spindling schoolboy who had beheld it. Perhaps, if Jim had happened to spoil that drive, things would have been different. It seemed to Eddie Penfold that his conscious existence dated from the moment when he had held his enraptured breath and watched the ball bound toward that far flag like a joyous, living thing.

"As the direct result of the present selling agreement, therefore, the speculative element of our manufacturing problem has been practically eliminated—possible to adjust purchases of raw materials, speed of production, employment of labor with mathematical precision to volume of sales. Aside from the complete saving of all selling expense, in itself a considerable economy, the cost of actual manufacture has thus been reduced by twelve and seven-tenths per cent."

McVey seemed to relish the words, to release them with a sort of affectionate reluctance. Eddie listened absently, his eyes moving to the wide window, beyond which a swirling descent of fine snow veiled the saw-tooth roofs of the shops. He was suddenly conscious of the tempered heat of the board-room. His lungs resented it as he filled them deep.

Sixteen hours south there would be the Carolina sun, the blue-black iridescence of the pines, a wind with life in it sweeping over the ash-tinted fairways of Bermuda grass, the gleam of yellow sand to mark the level, lightning greens. He glanced at the watch on his wrist. Barely two—and the train left at three-thirty—Christian could pack and fetch his bags to the terminal in plenty of time.

He interrupted McVey's statistics bruskly, addressing Jim with a touch of defiance in eye and tone.

"Sorry to disturb the meeting, but I've got to duck. You don't need me, anyway."

He got eagerly to his feet as he spoke, anxious to escape without cross-examination. Jim wouldn't bother him in front of the others. Their friction lay between them, carefully concealed from subordinates as a matter of policy and discipline. There would be a row about it, of course, when he came back, but that didn't matter now.

"BETTER wait, hadn't you?" Jim's voice was casual, in spite of a glinting annoyance in his normally placid eyes. "We'll have some questions to decide——"

"I'd only be an echo." Eddie shrugged. "Got to catch a train. You represent me, anyway."

He nodded pleasantly to the others, detecting a sober disapproval in McVey's arid scrutiny which somehow deepened the pleasure of his revolt. To desert a board meeting for any reason whatever seemed close to sacrilege to McVey, he knew. He was now all eagerness to be gone, to close the door behind him on the tempered air, the ruddy, polished panels, the reverend speech of increased dividends. The protests of his overruled conscience only hastened his step; having yielded to his besetting vice, a kind of fear obsessed him—a fear of tardy penitence as well as of some intervening physical prevention. He would not feel altogether secure until the wheels of the Pullman turned under him.

HIS own office offered no detention. The desk was as faultlessly ordered as the room itself; except for the bronze inkstands and pen-tray its expanse of gleaming wood was naked. He touched a button inset under its ledge and was already in the act of putting on his overcoat when Miss Niblo confronted him gravely from the inner doorway, her note-book folded open in the superfluously efficient habit which always seemed to reproach him. He resented the wooden countenance she turned toward his present attitude. Its want of expression seemed carefully to conceal Miss Niblo's disapproval of young men who left their desks at two in the afternoon.

"I'm going away for a few days," he said abruptly. "Be back in a week or so. Nothing particularly pressing to clean up before I go, is there?"

She accorded the question a suitable consideration as a weighty matter. He was conscious that her negative answer represented the triumph of truth over inclination. It was plain that she would have preferred to advance reasons against his departure.

"I thought not." He nodded, settling his shoulders in the fur-lined coat. "Oh, by the way—I didn't have a chance to tell my brother—he was busy with the board meeting, you know. Just explain to him for me that I was obliged to leave town in something of a hurry."

"Where shall we write you?"

"I'll let you know later about that." Again he put down the temptation to shock her with the blunt truth. "That's all, I guess. Good-by."

He went out, curiously hurried by her level, unfriendly eyes, slightly distorted behind the shell-rimmed lenses. A random thought followed him into the raw,

Copyright, 1921, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

snow-laden wind. Business made people like that; it was business that had changed Jim into that dull, pink, swollen caricature, business that had put those owlish spectacles on the girl's eyes, choked the life out of her voice, substituted an elaborate set of inhibitions for the artless impulses of youth. He hurried out through the superheated corridor with a sense of escape, the unfriendly weather somehow welcome after the artifices of indoors. The device of using a public pay-station spared him the possibility of a debate with Jim. He would have enjoyed the clash, but it would have involved an issue he had thus far been able to avoid—a direct and unequivocal rebellion against Jim's authority. By deferring the argument until he came back he evaded the necessity of flat defiance.

Christian's voice answered him, correctly formal and yet softened into a kind of warmth. He had long ago discovered that he was something of a hero to the household factotum.

"Yes, Mr. Eddie. I took the liberty of reserving a berth, sir. I noticed your mashie was out of the bag and I thought you might be going down after all."

Eddie laughed. "You're a wonder, Christian. I didn't make up my mind till about three minutes ago——"

"No, sir. But I happened to see that Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Tregler were entered, and I thought——"

Eddie laughed again. Christian's allegiance had never wavered since the day when Eddie Penfold had demonstrated the falsity of a doctrine asserting that golf was an old man's game by playing through to the semifinals of the National at Apawamis in his seventeenth year.

"You old mind-reader!" He hung up the receiver and half-ran to the corner where the trolley-line passed, his good nature wholly restored by the interview. The depression of the office dropped from his thought as abruptly as the plant itself disappeared from his vision. His mind was happily in the future, intent on the problem of beating Sam Wainwright or Rollin Tregler or both, in spite of a winter's denial of practise. Eddie Penfold had already ceased to be secretary of the Penfold Manufacturing Company. Without shame or regret he was once more himself.

"Nothing but a playboy!"

Jim had applied the term during their last difference. Somehow it had stung then. A man of twenty-four really ought to be busy at something more important than a game, Eddie had thought as he listened to Jim's aggrieved indictment. And yet, as he found old Christian waiting in the Terminal with his baggage and clubs, his conscience refused to attack him on the score of this relapse.

"Playboy, eh?" He surveyed the word mentally, distinctly conscious of a quickened tempo in his arteries, while he followed the porter down the platform. "Well, I guess Jim's right. But what of it?"

II

HE NODDED a response to his name, smiling mechanically at the man who recognized him as he hesitated in the aisle of the club-car, already beginning to fill with the smoke of discordant blends of tobacco. He smoked occasionally himself, but the atmosphere of these cars always choked him. He had hoped for an hour or two before the combined effect of cigarets and pipes and cigars drove him back to his seat in the sleeper. There was pretty apt to be some congenial acquaintance in the club-car—some one with whom to exchange reminiscence and gossip about the game and the men who played it, to help him cleanse his mind of lingering thoughts of business and Jim's irritated comments. His glance came back to the man who had greeted him.

HE HAD no recollection of the face, but that meant nothing. He was used to being introduced to scores of admiring strangers, no one of whom registered even lightly on his memory. People were always claiming acquaintance on this scant foundation. It seemed to please them and, in a mild degree, it pleased Eddie Penfold, too—he extracted a gentle sense of celebrity from such recognition. If there had been any familiar face in sight, he would have gone on, however. It was all very well to hear his name spoken by somebody he did not know, but he had learned that conversations with such people ran inevitably in one worn groove. In spite of his hunger for speech, therefore, he was on the point of going forward to his half-section when the other gestured toward the vacant chair at his side and spoke again.

"Sit down here, won't you?"

The form and tone of the invitation pleased Eddie dimly. There was a sort of shyness about it, a half-revealed eagerness for his company which, in this man, became almost pathetic. He was little and wispy and old, and his eyes were wistful, like a child's. Eddie classified him easily: a 40-handicap enthusiast, southward bound for a week or two of winter golf about which, safely back in his ice-locked home town, he would presently discourse with the fine poetic license of his kind. "And Eddie Penfold told me—oh, yes—know him well—we went down together, you know—he told me to try that stance I'm telling you about—" It would give the old fellow a topic for such addresses as long as he lived, Eddie thought. He grinned and dropped into the chair, declining a thin, wicked-looking cigar.

"Going down to Cedarcrest, I suppose?"

"Thought I would." Eddie restrained a grin at the handsmooth gambit. They always began like that.

"That's fine. I'm going there myself." A chuckle, apologetic, self-conscious. "Always make up my mind not to and then make it down again. Lasted longer than usual this year."

"It's a great game," commented Eddie. "Gets *to* you——"

"Yes. Trouble with me was starting too late. Never learn now."

"Never too late," said Eddie. It was like going through a rehearsed dialog. In another minute he would be listening to a description of the home course, with yardages and scores, to anecdotes of spectacular sixes and eights. They were all alike, these old fellows. Absently he provided himself with a specific excuse, in advance of the inevitable suggestion that perhaps they might get in a round together. He'd plead the necessity for private practise this time, he decided. "Have to get used to sand greens and run-up approaches, you know." But the precaution was wasted.

"My niece came with me this trip," confided the other. He chuckled again. "Wouldn't let me come alone. Last time I came down for a week I was forty-two days getting back. Says I need a keeper."

Eddie grinned dutifully. There was generally a niece or a daughter or some other feminine appendage. He was adept at side-stepping entanglements. The next move would be an artless declaration that this particular niece vehemently desired his acquaintance. He was prepared to receive this intelligence with a discreetly constrained exhibit of pleasure. But again his neighbor departed from the routine.

"Better get back to her," he said, dropping the remnant of his cigar. "Knows how long it takes to smoke one of these things. Holds a watch on me." He came to his feet, looking more fragile than ever on his reedy legs. "See you later, maybe."

Eddie hoped so, politely, and finished a cigaret in contented premeditations. Usually, after a lay-off, he played a bit under his normal figures. And, unusually strong on him, he felt that queer assurance of fitness which he had learned to trust. He might not beat Tregler this time, but he'd come close. His mental vision set before him the championship course at Cedarcrest with the fidelity of the camera—every trap and hazard accurately located. He deliberately surrendered to a private weakness, playing an imaginary round, shot by shot. He suspected that other men harbored the same vice; some of them had confessed it, shamefacedly, had even dreamed aloud of a round in which every hole was played in the plausible minimum which an occasional miracle now and then translates into performance.

BUT Eddie Penfold played his mental golf very otherwise. He saw himself on the first tee, watching Tregler place one of his perfect drives in the exact spot whence his second would most surely find the green. He listened to the subdued comment of the gallery, suddenly hushed as he teed his ball. And then, relentlessly denying the impulse to add twenty yards to Tregler's tee-shot, he would top or schlaff or hook or slice, choosing a lie in the meanest sand-pit, where the malignant ingenuity of the architect had left an overhanging shelf to be reckoned with, or he would find his ball in the rough, cuddled on the far side of a tuft of wire-grass through which the niblick of penitence must cut a miraculous Culebra, or perhaps a pine would present an all but impossible stymie, demanding to be grazed by his recovery.

Trouble, anyway. In these imaginary clashes with the natural laws of gravity and momentum, the man-hating invention of course-architects, the blind, brutal perversity of sheer chance, he ruthlessly chose the unhappiest result he could square with his photographic knowledge of the course. No long, clean, beautiful drive left him with a childish approach to play; if he sometimes permitted himself the variety of a straight, far tee-shot, it was only to find his ball in a hoof-print, all hope of distance gone.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was enough to sit comfortably in his wicker armchair, to watch the changing play of that curious inner light in the girl's face, to hear the cadence of her voice.

Ever since he could remember he had driven himself through these fictitious disasters; he had a trick of recording unforgettably every bad lie he found in actual play, every freak of mischance which went against him, and out of this ever-multiplying stock he chose his catastrophes, a connoisseur of impossibilities.

He intensified the interest of his inventions by endowing his antagonist with the finesse of a master and the luck of the devil; always, to halve or win, Eddie Penfold must achieve the conquest of physical difficulties and mental tension at once.

Sometimes he mercilessly compelled his imaginary self to dub these crucial shots; he would smite and flail away in profundities of crumbling sand, his backswing would be tangled in adroit pine-boughs, he would rebound drunkenly from the tree-trunk he planned to pass by a hair's thickness. Sometimes he would bring off the recovery in triumph, run down his teasing ten-footer for the match; he varied the issue to please the fancy of the moment, winning or losing as his mood would have it, but always playing in trouble.

As he came to consider the habit more soberly, he discovered that these mental practise-rounds superinduced a wholesome frame of mind in actual play. He had hardened his soul to the coming of calamity, deserved or gratuitous, until the casualties of fact neither annoyed nor disheartened; he had schooled himself to face desperate situations without the fatal reflex of overtightened nerves.

It was his amazing faculty of recovery which had carried him into his youthful celebrity that week at Apawamis, when he had come within a put of reaching the finals and the sporting pages had blossomed with snapshot portraits and the adjectives beloved of headline-builders. He had resented, from the magnificent maturity of sixteen, the recurrent emphasis on such understatements as "infant" and "child" and "schoolboy," even in intimate conjunction with complimentary "wizards" and "phenoms" and "wonders." But his youthfulness was thus irrevocably fastened upon him. After seven years he was still Eddie Penfold, Infant Prodigy, to the column-conductors of the pink editions, and even, in a modified, unreasoning way, to himself.

NOW, as he accurately deposited an imaginary ball in the right-hand corner of the blind trap which lay in wait for the unwary slice, a hundred and eighty yards from the first tee, the thin overlay of enforced adolescence slipped easily from him. Eddie Penfold, masquerading as secretary of the Penfold Manufacturing Company, deceived almost nobody. He did not even try to deceive himself. But Eddie Penfold, still the Child Phenom at twenty-four and a half, on his way to Cedarcrest and the Mid-March Tournament, became a personage of genuine and high importance, in his own estimate as well as in that of the world—the world where rank is mathematically determinable from the handicap lists and a caddy may do more than look at a king.

Beyond the window-glass gray snow lay dismally on the sills and roofs of Jersey factories, but the Sandhills Special enjoyed something like the extra-territorial quality of a legation. Whoso rode in its southward-bound Pullmans was in some sense already under the ægis of Saint Andrew. With the first stirring of its wheels the standards of the outlander were overturned; billionaire and bookkeeper, the just and the unjust, the sage and the member of congress, all were to be reappraised by the unrelenting measure of a game which has no respect for distinctions not its own. Even in the curdling smoke of the club-car Eddie Penfold's lungs expanded. And he lifted a mental ball cleanly out of a cuppy mental lie with a confident, full-swung mental niblick.

He was playing his thirty-sixth hole when a splendid personage of color administered the public recognition of his high estate. Perceptibly unbending from a conscious erectitude, Clarence, Herald Extraordinary of the Dining-Car since the first run of the Sandhills Special, never aware of the existence of any one whose handicap was higher than six, revealed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

two ranks of golden teeth and spoke him audibly by name.

"Good evenin', Mistuh Penfold, suh!" He stiffened beyond the vertical and resumed his aloof remoteness. "Fust call foh dinnuh innuh *die*-nun cah!" Eddie played a masterly approach to the home green from the ink-berry bushes which masked the caddy-pen and, with almost a swagger, departed in pursuit of the diner, eight cars forward. The office and the board meeting, Jim and McVey and Miss Niblo were already well below the horizon of his mind.

III

HE RECOGNIZED his comrade of the club-car as he followed the conductor's gesture toward one of the small tables at the left of the aisle. The old man faced him beyond the erect shoulders of a girl whose very jacket seemed to disclose strength of character. Eddie was relieved to observe that the pair occupied another of the single tables, thus precluding the chance of his being compelled to join them. He conceived a certain intuitive antagonism toward those tweed shoulders in that first sight of them. The lady looked, he decided, exactly like the sort of niece who would nominate herself her uncle's keeper. A general inclination to keep away from girls became specific; here was one obviously to be shunned.

But the conductor drew out a chair facing hers. He found himself meeting a direct, deliberate inspection, aware of a surprising and pleasurable contradiction of the estimate he had formed from behind. She wasn't pretty, he decided, but—he listened to a disingenuous inner declaration that he had never liked mere prettiness, anyway. There was something about this girl that went deeper; health, a radiance of vitality, a—he groped for the right word—a *finish*, he told himself clumsily. She made him think of something intricate and fine, to which the ultimate touch of a creative craftsman had been lovingly given. Only when her eyes moved unhurriedly away from his did he realize that he had stared like a calf.

He dived deep into the menu for an ostrichwise seclusion, his ears faintly tingling, an absurd quiver in his pulse, uncomfortably conscious of his hands, concerned about his scarf and his cuffs. In sum, these reactions induced a vague hostility toward their source. He decided, as he penciled his order, that he did not like her—a conclusion which restored some measure of his self-respect and enabled him to glance in her direction with composure.

Her eyes were again fixed thoughtfully upon him. He guessed, from the old man's posture, that Eddie Penfold was the topic of discourse, and a visible relenting in her scrutiny confirmed the hypothesis. He was pleased. She wouldn't have inspected him with that cool, offensive impersonality if she had known him at once for the Boy Wonder. He forgave her, magnanimously, and discovered that possibly he had been premature in his estimate of her looks. Some people would probably call her pretty—good-looking, anyway. There was something about her—he realized that he was staring again, and again took refuge in the convenient device of the ostrich. But the old man pursued him this time, twisting about to face him, benevolence and a hint of self-importance in his look and tone.

"Penfold, I want you to know my niece," he announced, with a disregard of the conventions of presentation which Eddie instantly resented on the girl's behalf. As if he were doing her a favor by submitting to the introduction! These old-timers had no tact. "She tells me you've never happened to meet."

This evidently represented his conception of a complete and ceremonial presentation. Eddie bowed and grinned and mumbled his pleasure, annoyed at the omissions. But the girl came to the rescue, leaning forward and speaking with crisp distinctness.

"I'm Winifred Kendrick, Mr. Penfold. Uncle Arthur keeps forgetting that we're not all famous."

Eddie received the enlightenment with a suitably fatuous expression. Winifred—suited her, that name. Yes. She had a kind of—of straightforwardness which seemed to belong to a Winifred. He made a new revision of his first impressions. Good sort, probably—no darned nonsense about her. Sensible. Downright. Yes, and pretty, too, when you looked at her again. Carried class. You couldn't help seeing that.

He was relieved when certain intricate calculations achieved the result of a simultaneous exit. Following them through three or four sleepers it was completely natural to stop at their sections, easy to accept a gestured invitation to sit opposite her. The uncle, obtuse in his dotage, suggested a joint expedition to the club-car. Eddie declined resolutely and beheld the solitary departure of his benefactor without a twinge. Uncles were convenient, under certain circumstances, but otherwise distressingly superfluous. Miss Kendrick also seemed reconciled for once to the avuncular cigar. Her eyes seemed to lighten and she spoke with a noticeable lessening of reserve.

"I feel almost acquainted with you, Mr. Penfold," she began. "Your name's a household word with us."

Eddie was used to this. They all said it. But this time he liked the sound of it. He grinned a pleased depreciation.

"I've met your brother," she went on, surprisingly. "You're a lot alike, aren't you, for such dissimilar men?" She evidently checked this statement by another calm inspection, and nodded as if the result confirmed it. He wondered where Jim had met her, and a dim scorn of his brother stirred in him at the thought that Jim hadn't been interested enough to mention her to him. Jim must be getting near-sighted, he decided.

"YOU'VE been very successful," she went on with a judicial positivity which puzzled him. He was familiar with the words, but the intonation seemed to lend them a flavor of originality. He had learned to acknowledge such speeches with a gesture of disclaimer. But she would have none of this.

"But you have!" she persisted. "It's one of the big pities about America that it doesn't happen oftener——"

"They've been at it longer—on the other side," he suggested. "Give us time."

"Do you think so?" She tilted her head seriously. "I've wondered if that might not be the explanation. I'd like to think so, of course."

Again he was disturbed by her tone. Golf interested him, to be sure, but not in this deep, almost religious fervor with which she discussed it. But he said nothing, aware that she was in no need of response; her next remark was obviously in course of construction.

"It's almost tragic," she continued. "We're a race of creators—for one generation only. We do amazing things—splendid things, really—and lose interest in them instantly they're done. We miss the—the traditions which ought to grow up and cling about our accomplishments—one generation following another in the same line of endeavor, building up on the old foundations, broadening, strengthening—oh, it's such a pity to lose the dignity and stateliness of our work——"

He stared in complete bewilderment. "I don't just get that, I'm afraid."

"You don't?" she seemed disappointed in him. The light dimmed a little in her face. "I meant that we Americans didn't carry on our businesses in the direct line of succession, as they do abroad—that we don't build up a sort of entail, keep a name and a line linked to a business, generation after generation. It's really that failure which justifies the European view of us as a race of dollar-hunters. Of course we aren't—of course we're the most passionately uncommercial people on earth. But when they see the telegraph, with nobody named Morse even remotely connected with it, or the whole steamship industry without Fulton's great-grandsons at the top of it, when they watch us achieve one industrial miracle after another and never impress a personality on its development, one can't blame them for assuming that the money was all we wanted. Do you see, now?"

"GO ON." He was still mystified, except for the single enlightenment as to her topic. She wasn't talking about golf. That was clear, anyway. But it struck him as even more absurd to use that reverential tone toward business. He thought suddenly of the office, the faces about the big table in the board-room, nodding solemnly in approval of McVey's arid statistics—"the practical elimination of selling-expense—a net decrease of twelve and seven-tenths per cent. in the cost of manufacture proper—" Ugh! He seemed to feel the warm, filtered air again, to know the suffocating deadliness of his desk.

"That's what I meant about you and your brother," she pursued. "You've both taken up the work where your father left it, instead of selling out to a stock company and—and going in for polo and yachts and collecting pottery! It was really Eben Penfold who made the motor age possible. Without the principle of carburation as he applied it we couldn't conceivably have developed the gasoline motor into a practical, universal utility as we have. In a way he was just as much of a pioneer as the men who tamed the forests and plains when the continent was new. And there's something—something fine and splendid about his sons carrying on his work, as you two are doing. I suppose all this sounds silly—romantic. I can't help that. There's more real romance in business than anywhere else——"

"Never thought of it like that," he said.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

No use arguing with her about it. Funny what wild ideas girls got, sometimes. Romance and business! Adventure and excitement in sitting through dull hours behind a big, empty desk! Mechanically he topped an imaginary drive accurately into a sand-trap and meditated between his two niblicks as he studied the dismal lie.

"Oh, but you should," she declared. "You're missing so much of the fun of it if you don't realize the danger and the difficulty, the everlasting demand for courage and wit and strength, the prize that waits the winner and the loser, too." Her eyes were shining, and he had a queer, dull fancy that a light burned in her, a light shone through and through her face.

"You make it sound interesting, sure enough," he conceded. "Never struck me just that way."

He listened submissively to enthusiasm wofully misdirected, and in the background he watched himself playing out of trouble around the Championship Course at Cedarcrest.

Only, as he envisioned the gallery which looked on, he was aware of this girl's glowing eyes among the rest. A fellow could play his head off, he thought, with a girl like that pulling for him.

When he took his leave, he muttered some clumsy allusion to other meetings. She took this frankly, quite without artifice of coquetry.

"I hope so, certainly. I'm always bored at Cedarcrest. Uncle Arthur spends his days out on the links and his evenings in scowling at his score-cards. And everybody else insists on telling me about a two on the twelfth or the rotten luck at the sixteenth. It'll be a relief to have somebody who's willing to talk about something worth while!"

Eddie Penfold climbed into his berth with this speech for company. It amused him. He hadn't talked about anything; he'd merely listened. But, on reflection, he saw that this was exactly wherein he differed from the men who had bored her. They hadn't been willing to listen—they'd insisted on talking golf. He grinned. She'd like Eddie Penfold a lot better before he went north again. He could listen beautifully. And it came to him, as he drifted pleasantly into sleep, that it didn't matter much what she talked about. Listening would be pleasure, even if it involved a new glorification of the deadly thing called business.

IV

THE esoteric welcome which enveloped him at the Hilltop, where a dozen men stopped him between door and desk, the aristocrats of the game greeting him on terms of amiable equality, ministered agreeably to a lingering resentment toward Jim and McVey and Miss Niblo, soothed his scratched self-regard. Here, at least, Eddie Penfold mattered. He harbored a dim hope that Winifred Kendrick observed this reception and appreciated it justly. Her uncle collaborated benevolently to this end, stopping beside him and sharing his restrained ovation, very much as the suite of a perambulating monarch participates in his honors. The girl, detained by these successive checks, manifested a faint impatience, but Eddie clung to the belief that she must be impressed in spite of herself.

He was glad, for the same reason, that the clerk, a personage who conveyed the impression that he had been newly varnished and buffed since breakfast, displayed a distinct respect in his handshake, that the porter who seized his bags spoke him worshipfully. And, with a confused idea of laying tribute at her feet, he shut his teeth on a determination to win. He fancied that there was already a change in her regard. She seemed to study him with a deepened attention.

THE game engulfed him at once. He put in an hour on the practise tee, testing one club after another in his established habit, and observing with a mounting satisfaction that he was evidently on the very pinnacle of his game. Later, with a a congenial professional for company, he played the course, his spirits rising with every shot. This, he informed himself, was living. The wind blew amiably in from square miles of pine woods; the ashy tone of the fairways had begun to reveal a pale, tender forecast of green; there was a pervading chorus of mocking-birds. He accepted it all thirstily, whetting his pleasure to an edge with the thought of what he had left behind—the suffocation of an office, the unspeakable tedium of a desk.

Usually he lunched at the club-house, but to-day he went back to the Hilltop and waited near the door of the dining-room, declining a succession of invitations from insistent friends. Winifred Kendrick elected to wait until a few minutes before the doors were closed, but he was rather glad of it—there would be a closer approach to the privacy which instinct suddenly desired to draw about their meetings. He saw that she was pleased to find him. She had few of the elaborate pretenses he had learned to expect from women. Her downrightness appealed to him very much as the brusk wind of the fairways refreshed him after months of imprisonment in the office.

"This is nice! I hate meals here. I'm either alone or condemned to hear why Uncle Arthur didn't break a hundred or how he vanquished some other old gentleman by a masterly approach on the seventeenth."

Eddie grinned sympathetically. He could understand this easily enough. Post-mortems, infallibly distinguishing the plebe of the links, were as tiresome to him as to her. He rarely talked about golf himself, for something of the same reason which prevents a deeply religious man from discussing creeds.

He listened very much as most of us listen to opera, pervaded by a pleasure rooted in mere sound, without understanding of its theme. She talked about things he disliked, to be sure, but they did not lessen his response to the charm of her voice, the infectious quality of her enthusiasm. And it puzzled him that she should know so much about the business of the Penfold Manufacturing Company. Her references to his father were perplexing, too. Eben Penfold had been an admirable parent, to Eddie's view, and he thought of him always with an affectionate pang—a driven, perpetually preoccupied man, indulgent in matters of discipline and finance, a sure refuge in times of boyish disasters, but it had never occurred to him to think of his father as a hero of romance. He recalled him now as unimpressive, quiet, thin, unspectacular in person or speech, submerged, even in his periods of relaxation, in the business.

"It's such a pity he didn't live to see you both carrying it on," she said. "He'd have liked that——"

"Jim—my brother—was with him for years before he died, you know." He volunteered the information, with a mental reservation concerning the friction between those two, their disagreements which followed them home from the office, Jim's occasional grumblings over his father's obstinate conservatism.

Her point of view was entirely invisible. A fellow had to make a living somehow, of course, unless somebody else had been forehanded enough to spare him the necessity. He knew that his father had begun as a mechanic; there was a picture, somewhere about the house, of a funny little shop with a crude sign—Bicycle Hospital—and his father, in grimy overalls, standing proprietorially in its doorway. His own memory went back to a time when they had lived in a dingy little house near the old factory and his mother had done most of the cooking, and Jim had grumblingly delivered newspapers for his pocket-money. He had been hugely excited over moving into the city, he remembered. But it had all happened a long time ago. And there was nothing especially thrilling about it. Eben Penfold had risen with the ascent of the industry into which he had happened to stumble, a circumstance which made it unnecessary for his son to go through the tiresome business for himself. But he realized that this girl took a different view of it all and forebore to enlighten her.

It was her suggestion that he join them for dinner. He accepted with so much eagerness that she seemed startled; he detected a faint deepening of her color. It made her more appealing, more feminine, that flush.

HE FANCIED that his tee shots carried farther than ever that afternoon. And he played out of trouble with a confident brilliancy which caused the sportive professional who went around with him to hedge certain bets on the outcome of the Mid-March tournament. His mental state at dinner was one of supreme content, and he listened without weariness to Uncle Arthur's detailed history of undeserved disasters.

Afterward, when her uncle drifted off to compare scores with congenial fellow grumblers in the lobby, Eddie resumed his rôle of auditor. His mind followed the talk at a respectful distance; it was enough to sit comfortably in his wicker armchair, to watch the changing play of that curious inner light in the girl's face, to hear the cadence of her voice. He admitted warily to himself as he undressed that she was some girl. And on cross-examination he conceded that she seemed to like him. He took the precaution, however, of touching wood as he accepted this assurance.

Sunday, under the statute of North Carolina, remained a golfing *dies non*. Denied a caddy, and following a long-tried principle of a day's rest before a tournament, Eddie Penfold declined a pressing invitation to complete a foursome arranged by Uncle Arthur. At lunch and through a long, deliberate stroll over the needle-strewn paths between the pines, he surrendered himself blissfully to the delights of mere propinquity. It was not necessary

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to devote any thought to the replies for which Winifred Kendrick occasionally paused. A simple agreement sufficed, he discovered. And his mind was free to contemplate a new idea; he had meant to win this tournament anyway, but now it became almost a duty. He owed it to her, he felt, to justify her friendliness by something spectacular, impressive.

At dinner Uncle Arthur's reminiscent chatter of a miraculous two on the seventeenth gave place quickly to a silence clearly pensive. Eddie found the old man's eyes studying him with a disturbing fixedness, a deliberate, neutral inspection which made him uneasy, without knowing why. Winifred, riding her hobby with spur and crop, took no notice of her uncle's unwonted quietude. But Eddie saw a quick flush rise in her face when the older man excused himself as they reached the lobby.

"I guess you two youngsters can get along without me, can't you? I want to fix up a match for to-morrow——"

He shuffled away, chuckling. For some unexplained reason Eddie's ears burned and he avoided the girl's eyes. The tone made him self-conscious. And Winifred herself seemed displeased with him. She dismissed him abruptly on plea of letters. He connected this with the innuendo of Uncle Arthur's undiplomatic excuse. But, as he thought it over, he warmed toward that gentleman. If he had meant anything at all, he intended to convey the idea that he approved of this sudden friendship. Eddie felt reassuringly confident of an ally there. He wandered over to the corner where Uncle Arthur had established himself vaguely bent on rewarding his good intentions.

"We're all counting on you to win the medal rounds, anyway," said his ally. "Get a good night's sleep." He pinched Eddie's arm. "Go after them, boy. We're all pulling for you." He tightened his fingers a little as a stress for the "all." Eddie understood. She'd naturally want him to win. Well, he'd do it.

V

"I DON'T see it." Eddie glowered at the toe of his pump. "You seem to think there's something disgraceful about it. I——"

"It's not surprizing that you shouldn't understand." Her voice found an unfamiliar edge. "I didn't dream that you were *that* Penfold—Eddie Penfold, the Infant Prodigy—a—a golf-player!"

Eddie lifted his head quickly. "It's not my fault that they call me rotten names like that. I was just a kid when I went into the National the first time, and they can't seem to realize that I've grown up a bit since——"

She spread her hands impatiently. "Oh, *that!* It doesn't matter. It's the thing itself. Why, you've never done anything but—but this! You've spent seven or eight years on a game—a game for old men! You're supposed to be enormously clever at it, I hear—and you're satisfied—pleased with yourself! Can't you see what I mean? Can't you realize that you're exactly the sort of rich man's son I thought you weren't? With a chance to be something, to do something big and splendid, you've deliberately chosen to waste your life on a silly pastime—a stupid amusement for women and children and invalids! Eben Penfold's son—a golf-champion!"

"You're wrong about the game," he protested eagerly, relieved to discover what he thought was the heart of her reproach. "Golf isn't a kid's game, or an old man's medicine, either. It's—it's—oh, if you'd ever tried it you'd understand." The hopelessness of explaining it in words to an unbeliever suddenly oppressed him. "There's nothing like it," he ended weakly. "If you'd just try it——"

"THANKS. I will, when I'm sixty, perhaps. Just at present I can find something else to amuse me. I understand that it requires a good deal of practise to play well, and I haven't time——"

"You'd learn fast," he urged. "I could show you——"

She shook her head, smiling. "No, thanks. I don't care for games, you see. And you don't care for anything else. I can quite understand your feeling. But I'm afraid you can't understand mine."

Eddie Penfold began to lose his normal grip on a slow temper. The condescension in her voice irritated him. After all, just because a fellow could hang up one hundred and forty-seven for thirty-six holes of medal play, after a lapse of twelve weeks, it didn't follow that he was an outcast.

"I can't," he said. "I'm blest if I feel ashamed of myself for going around under seventy-five."

"No." Her smile was dangerously sweet now. "In fact you're proud of it."

"Well, suppose I am? I don't think my head's oversize about it, but I admit I'm pleased. It's the first time I've come home in front of a field like that."

"Exactly." She nodded briefly. "I like that. You're frank, at least." She nodded again. "I hope you'll win the rest of it—I believe there's another game or match or something, isn't there? I——"

"Four days' match play, of course. But if I do win, you'll despise me all the more, won't you? I wish I could get it straight——"

"Oh, no! You see I began with a mistaken idea about you. Uncle Arthur told me you were Edward Penfold—and I knew that you were one of Eben Penfold's sons—so I took it for granted that—that——"

"That I'd be ears-deep in business, eh? I see. Well, I'm secretary of the company. I hold something like forty per cent. of the stock. I'm at the office six days a week except——"

"Except when you're unavoidably absent on the more important business of playing golf!" She shook her head. "I understand all that."

"You mean a fellow hasn't a right to any vacation at all? You think I ought to plug at a desk year in and year out, piling up money I don't need or want——?"

"No. I think you're probably right in your choice. Business bores you and golf doesn't. Mr. MacWhorter showed me his book this afternoon. It was very interesting—a record of every prominent player, year after year—kept just like a ledger, you know. You fill two pages in it. And I happened to notice that last summer you played in eight tournaments, each of which lasted a week. Your idea of a vacation is—well, liberal, Mr. Penfold."

Eddie Penfold scowled. "You talk like my brother Jim. He's got the same idea. I can't see it. Business—why, it's about as interesting as euchre! Sit at a desk and answer letters—four times a year cut a dividend—you don't get any action out of it. It's—it's cut and dried, sort of. Makes me feel as if I were playing an asphalted course, with wash-tubs for holes——"

"I suppose it must be very tiring—after golf," she agreed sweetly. "I mustn't keep you—it's quite late and Uncle Arthur warned me that you'd need plenty of sleep to win to-morrow. Good night."

Eddie was angry enough to accept the dismissal. He glowered after her, a sense of injustice strong upon him. Funny how people persisted in talking about business as if there were something holy about it. Jim, with his exasperating, older-brother lectures; McVey, arid and sardonically respectful; Miss Niblo, her lips compressed into grim straightness when he mumbled his evasions. He went over it methodically, honestly seeking a flaw in his logic.

Business was just a means of making money—profits. If you needed money, you did something to get it. You dug ditches or ran a pawn-shop or learned embalming. But when you didn't need the price of these endeavors, why, it was like playing poker without chips—turning an empty ice-cream freezer. Between a dull pastime and an absorbing, thrilling one, why should his choice be made an affair of moral delinquency? She had talked as if he'd deserted under fire!

People got the cart before the horse, he decided. Business seemed to them an end in itself, instead of merely a means. No doubt some of them enjoyed it, too, as Jim did—actually liked the atmosphere of offices, the drone of machines, the accumulation of profits. He was tolerant toward this delusion, for his part. If business amused a man more than anything else, Eddie Penfold had no desire to preach the superior merits of golf to him. But it was exasperating to be despised for following his own preference. Especially when—well, a hundred and forty-seven for thirty-six holes at Cedarcrest wasn't exactly a contemptible performance.

He slashed his way savagely through the next day's match, winning at the fourteenth from Sam Wainwright, who seemed suddenly unformidable. He lunched at the club-house and spent his afternoon lounging on the veranda, glowering at the succession of twosomes as they holed out on the home green and conducting a continuous imaginary debate with Winifred Kendrick. He did not see her at dinner, which she elected to consume at another table, and when he found her, afterward, there was an invisible but distinctly tangible barrier between them. She was icily amiable, congratulated him sweetly on his triumph, declined to renew the argument.

"LET'S not discuss it, please. I had no conceivable right to criticize your taste in—in choosing a profession. And I'd rather not talk about it any more."

He could not make progress against this cool determination. He watched her dancing with a boy from Harvard, a cheerful, beautifully self-adequate fellow who seemed to have been born to music. Eddie himself abhorred dancing viciously.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She was suddenly grave. "I saw one thing very clearly: I saw that it's even more of a pity than I thought—this golf-habit of yours. I saw that if you cared for something worth doing you'd do it as you played just now."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He found a corner in the lobby and surrendered to scowling meditations, out of which presently he evolved a dull resentment toward Winifred Kendrick herself—she was spoiling his trip, taking all the pleasure out of a vacation which ought to have been pure joy, even making him feel glum about beating Sam Wainwright! Well, she wasn't going to spoil it any more. He decided this resolutely. Why should he care what she thought about golf and golfers, anyway? When you came right down to it, he didn't care. Not a bit. A girl so stubbornly wrong-headed as she was couldn't matter, one way or the other, to Eddie Penfold.

He avoided her thereafter with some deftness. He rather prided himself on the skill with which he contrived this. He breakfasted early; he lunched at the clubhouse; he angled for a dinner invitation at the Lorton cottage, after disposing of his Thursday opponent even more ruthlessly than he had dealt with Wainwright. He repeated the performance on Friday, except that he went to the Carters' for dinner. Tregler had come through the upper bracket and faced him in the finals. He was glad of this. He knew that he was going to beat Tregler this time. It would have taken the edge from his triumph if some outsider had deprived him of the chance.

As he stepped up to the tee, his nerves utterly placid, a foreknowledge of success so strong in him that the match seemed almost a mechanical formality, he broke an established habit by sending a deliberate glance about the gallery. Usually he was hardly conscious of the onlookers. His long apprenticeship in tournament play had completely accustomed him to putting everything out of his mind but the game itself. Even his opponent was hardly real, a shadowy figure, considered only when something out of the ordinary forced him on Eddie Penfold's attention. He preferred to concentrate singly on his own play, disregarding his antagonist's as thoroughly as he could, knowing that except for a more or less dubious psychological effect, rarely the same in two cases, a man's golf is essentially a solo performance. It was not what the other fellow did or didn't do, but what Eddie Penfold accomplished or failed to accomplish.

THE fact that Tregler's drive lay beautifully in place for a running approach had nothing whatever to do with Eddie Penfold's tee shot. It was less real, indeed, than the imaginary drives he had watched Tregler make. He was not even thinking about it as he inspected the group clustered behind the cord barriers. Vaguely, without logic or hope, he was looking for one face among the many. If Winifred Kendrick would only follow this match—see what golf really was, at its best—of course, feeling the way she did, she wouldn't waste a morning on any such employment, but if—something throbbed chokingly in his throat as he saw her, met her eyes squarely, felt the half-scornful condescension in her half-smile.

She'd come out to see them start, anyway! He had a sharp stab of satisfaction in the thought. Perhaps, if she caught the spirit of it, she might realize her mistake, in part, at least. He felt his nerves draw tight. It was up to him to do something more than beat Tregler—he must vindicate the game, justify its hold on him in her sight, make her see that it wasn't just a childish way of killing time——

He felt almost as if the curt nod she sent him over the heads of the nearer bystanders were a spoken challenge. And his answering gesture took up the gage defiantly. He stooped to his tee, his pulses dancing. If she didn't understand something of the fascination of the game after watching this round, she'd be hopeless.

THE thought, instead of distracting him, lent a finer point to his concentration. He knew that he would play better for the added incentive. There wouldn't be any wildness about his game, with this girl looking on. He wouldn't hook to the rough for the sake of a little extra distance off the tee; he wouldn't risk the traps for the chance of a shoestring birdie, here and there. He'd play perfect golf—like Tregler—straight down the middle—he watched his ball leap from the turf, saw it come to rest almost where Tregler's lay. He heard the sigh as the gallery breathed again. He resisted a temptation to turn and study the effect of the shot on the girl. Better not give her the idea he was trying to show off. He walked briskly beside Tregler, who had already drawn deep into the shell he reserved for such occasions. He played his iron carefully and watched the ball trickle past the turf to the gleaming sand of the green. That was the idea—perfect golf—go after par and wait for Tregler to crack. No chances to-day.

He clung steadily to the resolution. His put was a few inches short, after Tregler had played his third within a foot of the cup. They halved the second in the same fashion, and the third. Turning, as he moved to the fourth tee, he made sure that she was still following. Her uncle waved an encouraging hand. Eddie grinned back at him, guessing that he owed her presence to the old man's urgency. He'd show her!

Tregler won the fourth, running down a put from well off the green while Eddie was taking another perfect four. The circumstance did not trouble him. Tregler owed little to luck at any time. The breaks nearly always favored his opponent, and Tregler won by steadiness, playing safe when the other fellow took chances. He wouldn't do it this time, Eddie told himself. That one-hole advantage wasn't going to crowd him into snatching at miracles. He'd had enough of that in the six times he had faced Tregler in tournaments. He played a little more carefully than ever, recovered the hole at the short sixth, where he took an easy two against a mechanical three, and proceeded to halve the long seventh with an eminently safe six. They were even at the turn, but Tregler took the tenth when Eddie's approach left him ten yards short of the green and was two up at the thirteenth, with another long put.

Eddie resisted temptation. Four times Tregler had beaten him simply because he had tried to overcome a lead by going after birdies. There were five holes left, and perfect play on four of them would win: Tregler always had a bad hole or two, and a lead seemed to make him overconfident. Eddie shut his teeth firmly and drove twenty yards short of Tregler's shot, squarely in the middle. They halved the hole, and the short, tricky fifteenth. Eddie had forgotten Winifred Kendrick now. He was absorbed in contemplating the fact that after playing almost perfect golf he was all but beaten by a game no better than his own. His mind sprang forward to the three remaining holes, his old habit of imaginary play gripping him again. He saw himself on the tee, saw his shot in the air, chose the trap into which he wanted it to drop—he caught himself abruptly. None of that!

Tregler placed a cautious ball well to the right of the line, avoiding the risky carry over water and trap. Eddie decided instantly to follow his example. He could not afford to risk anything worse than half here. He drove deliberately. The ball arched out toward the safety zone, an audible breath from the gallery filling Eddie's ears. They'd expected him to take chances, of course. He began a grin, but his lips stiffened. The ball seemed to be deflected, at the top of its trajectory, as if it had found some invisible obstacle. It sliced sharply, dipping as if with a conscious malice, disappeared over the shaggy rim of the pit.

The half-strangled groan of the gallery plainly expressed its conviction that the match was over. Eddie Penfold agreed, for a fractional instant. Then, quite suddenly, he heard himself laughing, felt an inexplicable relief of tension. For the first time since they had driven off he was happy. This was *golf*, he thought, as he took the desolate path to the left of the pond, aware that the spectators followed Tregler around the opposite bank. This was what made it a man's game—a fight, instead of a kind of outdoor solitaire. If he beat Tregler now, it would be something to remember—something to think about when Jim jawed him or McVey studied him through those respectfully contemptuous lenses. He chose his niblick, whistling softly between his teeth, and scrambled down to the sand.

THE ball had struck the near bank and lay as benevolently as the situation allowed, resting lightly on the surface of the smoothed sand, well back from the sinister overhang of the far side of the pit. Eddie studied it briefly. He was a full brassey from the green. No miracle could hope to reach it from the pit. It was sheer folly to attempt anything but a sure escape on this shot. But he shook his head, reaching his club up to his caddy, a charcoal study in melancholy.

"I'll play the heavy mashie, Latham." He nodded as consternation opened the boy's mournful eyes. This was fun, anyway—win or lose or draw. He whistled softly as he took his stance, utterly happy. He felt the perfection of the shot before he lifted his head. From where he stood he could follow the ball only by the direction and expression of the caddie's eyes, but he knew that he had brought it off. His nerves sang happily as he clambered up to the fairway.

"Some out, Mistuh Penfol'!" The boy pointed. "Jes' shoht o' de secon' trap."

Eddie nodded, watching Tregler addressing his ball. In spite of the distance he could feel indecision in the air. Tregler changed clubs, handing a brassey back to his caddie in exchange for an iron. Eddie smiled faintly. Tregler wouldn't take any chances now. He watched the flight of the ball approvingly. It carried the trap,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

caught a favoring slope and bounded merrily toward the green. He nodded again. Tregler had been right to change his mind. A wooden club would have overrun probably. He saw the white dot pause and stop, three or four yards short of the sand. A sure four for Tregler. The hole and the match unless— He strode forward to his ball, whistling still, still unreasoningly contented. This, he informed himself, was what you paid your money for. A minute or two of this distilled essence of living was worth a century of—of muddling in a mahogany office! He felt his club bite cleanly into the thin turf, saw the ball rise, spinning, and curve downward again. Before it struck the ground he knew that he had brought it off.

HE WATCHED it rebound twice from the turf and then skid on the sand of the green, the backspin overcome by momentum but struggling obstinately to the end. Again he nodded as he saw it stop, two feet, perhaps, from the cup. A sure four for Penfold now. The half and a chance for the match—unless— He chuckled. Golf! That was all—the everlasting *unless*, the certainty that nothing was certain, the necessity of overcoming one's own weakness, of surpassing an opponent's strength, with Chance, like a faithless ally, favoring first one and then, without warning, the other. He filled his lungs deep, conscious of a keen intoxication in the air, of an abounding, passionate sense of being alive.

That was it—this was living. He thought suddenly of Jim and of what Jim would say to such a statement. Playboy! Well, there were worse things than being a playboy. One could be a business man, like Jim, for instance, sunk in the joyless process of making carburetors and exchanging them for dollars. He smiled thinly and then, remembering, ordered his face to the expressionless mask suited to the occasion. Tregler, unperturbed, deliberate, was sighting the line of his put.

Eddie Penfold penetrated that display of phlegm. He knew that Tregler was suffused, below it, with a sense of outrage—the righteous resentment with which one beholds an opponent's unseemly recovery, an ungracious refusal to stay decently beaten by superior play and kindlier luck. He detected the all but invisible waver as the club-head came back, saw the ball straggle miserably to the edge of the green and stop. For the moment he shared Tregler's emotions genuinely. The mangled shot hurt him, with the pain of a connoisseur who sees something beautifully perfect needlessly blemished. Tregler grinned, shook his head, putted again, missing by inches. Eddie tapped his ball lightly for the win. He was one down, now, with two to play, against one of the steadiest golfers in the country, but an absolute conviction of victory was upon him as he drove to the short seventeenth, a narrow island of yellow sand beset with hungry traps. He scarcely watched the ball come to rest on the green, The match was already over in his mind. He had won it when he stood in the pit before the sixteenth. The rest was a mere form. He stepped aside and watched Tregler better his drive without emotion. On the green he scarcely paused to line the put. The ball seemed to chuckle as it dropped for his two. Tregler, deliberate and cautious, missed again and the match was square. The eighteenth was Eddie's from drive to cup.

"I was praying you'd stay out of trouble," said Tregler. "Looked as if you were going all the way round without a chance to play out of the sand. I sort of knew I was licked when you sliced at the sixteenth." He grinned amiably. "Some comfort in telling myself 'I told you so,' eh?"

Eddie suddenly remembered what he had been playing for. He looked past the press of congratulatory spectators for the one face he wanted to see. Winifred Kendrick stood noticeably clear of the group, as if to emphasize her non-participation in its enthusiasm, but he read a new meaning in her glance. It brought him to her quickly, suddenly reckless of the feelings of perfectly nice people who wanted to tell him how good he was.

"Well?" He did not elaborate the question. He was curiously sure that she would understand the monosyllabic challenge.

"Many congratulations."

He made an impatient, brushing gesture, as if to thrust the evasion from between them.

"Is that all you've got to say?" he demanded almost roughly. "Didn't you see——"

She was suddenly grave. "I saw one thing very clearly. I saw that it's even more of a pity than I thought—this golf-habit of yours. I saw that if you cared for something worth doing you'd do it as you played just now——"

"But golf—the game—never mind me. Didn't you get any of the—the grip in it? Does it still look as silly as—as croquet?"

"I don't know about the comparison. It seems a dreadful waste, that's all. A man like you——"

"Look here." They were walking, very slowly, toward the club-house, completely heedless of the dissolving crowd about them. "You evidently think there's something in me. Well, if there is, golf put it there. I've hardly done anything else since I was a kid. School and college and business—why, I hardly knew what they were all about. I wasn't fully alive except when I was out on the course—it's made me whatever I am. And if that's not all useless, give golf the credit for it, anyway."

She stopped short, studying him intently.

"I wonder." The idea seemed to expand in her thoughts. He saw her face brighten. "Perhaps you're right about that. It's formed you, we'll admit. It's been your school. Well, are you always going to school? Isn't your education ever going to be finished?"

"I DON'T get that." He scowled.

"I meant that if playing golf only fitted you to play more golf, it didn't seem a very effectual training. But if it taught you something else, of course——"

"It teaches you a little bit of everything," he declared. "It—well, just one thing it does is to show up a quitter. It——"

"I saw that." She nodded soberly. "But if you never use the qualities it gives you for anything except a game—if you never do anything worth doing——"

"Business again!" He spread his hands. "A good golfer would be a good business man or a good anything else, five times out of seven. The reason I don't live behind a desk is simply that I don't have to. I don't need the money——"

"Oh, if it were only money—!" She shook her head. "Don't you ever think of the fun of it—the fight—the struggle—the doubt? And doesn't every honest business accomplish something, too—leave the world better?;'

"Fun!" He laughed. "No, I never saw any fun in my sort of business—or any fight or doubt, either. It's just—just sitting still and watching money pile up—money I don't especially want. As for making the world better, I don't seem to thrill at the idea of doing that with Penfold carburetors, exactly."

They reached the veranda and the consciousness of their surroundings destroyed the temporary sense of solitude. People crowded around Eddie Penfold, shaking his hand and patting his shoulder. He was obliged to go through the ceremony of accepting his prize. And in the confusion Winifred Kendrick vanished. He learned, at dinner-time, that she and her uncle had gone north on the afternoon train. He found a note in his box, and his pulses drummed as he opened it.

Perhaps we're both right. We'll see.
WINIFRED KENDRICK."

He read it over several times, extracting contradictory meanings. The one interpretation which remained constant was that she clearly expected their acquaintance to continue. It occurred to him suddenly that he hadn't learned her address. The register was vague. Detroit, however, wasn't big enough to hide her. He'd run out there, he decided, as soon as he could decently desert the office again.

VI

"NO, I hardly expected you to agree to it, Eddie." Jim Penfold regarded his brother with a patient frown. "That would display something like business intelligence. Nevertheless, it's got to be done. There's no way out of it." He shook his head gloomily. "They've got us—absolutely. We can't even struggle."

"I don't see it." Eddie was stubborn. "We don't have to sell out if we don't want to. You talk as if the Hartney crowd could evict us. We own the business. If we don't like their offer we can turn it down, can't we?"

"Yes, Eddie." Jim was elaborately patient. "We're entirely at liberty to turn it down, as you sapiently suggest. But it escapes your notice that when we've done that, we've effectively cut our own throats. We can take Hartney's offer now or the receiver's leavings in a year."

"I know I'm a mud-head, Jim, but why? The firm's always made money, hasn't it? We were in business before Hartney was heard of. We've got a nice fat surplus, besides what you and I have got outside the business. I don't see why it's a question of having to sell out. Of course, if you want to——"

"Want to? Why, the price is hardly more than two years' profits!" Jim was almost angry. "I'll diagram it for you, Eddie. See if you can understand it this time."

"Shoot." Eddie lighted a cigaret and made himself comfortable in his deep chair.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"We used to sell in the open market, you see. Until we made that blasted contract with Hartney, two years ago, we dealt with about twenty firms—all pretty good-sized ones—people like the Dynamic, the Drayton, the Morse-Hiscox, and so on. All those cars were equipped with our carburetors for several years. You know that?"

"Of course. And I didn't see why we stopped selling 'em, either. I never could understand why you and McVey were so tickled about getting all the eggs in one basket. When Hartney wanted our carburetors, we ought to have enlarged the plant enough to take care of our old customers, too——"

"YES. That would have been fine." Jim was heavily ironic. "The trouble about that idea was that you were so busy winning a three-dollar medal out at the Scatterwampum Country Club that you couldn't take time to persuade Hartney to let us. McVey and I had to do the best we could without you. And when Hartney bid for our whole output, on condition that we gave him exclusive use of the Penfold type, we took him up. You see, we weren't as smart then as you are now, Eddie."

"Don't be funny, Jim. What I don't see is why you gave in. We were making plenty under the old arrangement——"

"Selling to Hartney, under his proposal, cut out every penny of our selling cost, that's why. And it took all the gamble out of the business. We were always under fire on the other contracts—there were half a dozen firms hammering away at every one of our customers, every day in the year. We never knew where we'd stand at renewal time. And we were fighting competition every minute—cutthroat, some of it—people who'd steal a mouse from a blind kitten when they didn't particularly want the mouse. Hartney's offer relieved us of all that nuisance. We've shown bigger profits than ever, since we've been selling to him. You know that——"

"Yes." Eddie nodded. A vague idea was groping for visibility and form in his mind. All the gamble out of the business—fighting—cutthroat competition—"And now, if we turn down Hartney's offer for the plant, good-will and patents, he refuses to renew his deal for next year, eh?"

"Of course. He says so, and he means it. He can get along without us, and he knows we're dead without him. Oh, I was easy! I admit that. I ought to have tied him up for ten years, instead of three."

"Never mind the might-have stuff." Eddie frowned. "What's to prevent our going back to the old basis—going out and selling the others, just as we used to?"

"That sounds pretty, doesn't it?" Jim chuckled. "You go out and see how you like selling those fellows—after the way we turned 'em down for Hartney! Why, they'd buy from anybody else on earth before us! Besides, it's more of a job than it looks, selling goods. You can't put an advertisement in the evening paper and start your sales department at work in the morning. You've got to build it—hunt up your salesmen, train 'em, try 'em out, gamble on 'em. You've got to back 'em up with advertising—and there's a sweet little job all by itself. You've got to fight for your life against all sorts of competition, of course—you've got to beat graft and meet price-cutters and—no, not for me. I'm spoiled for that sort of thing, Ed. There wouldn't be any fun in it for me, after these easy, comfortable times."

"You're for selling, then?" Eddie sat up straight. "You'd rather hand the whole works over to Hartney at his pirate's figure than put up a fight for it? You'd rather let it go out of the family—the thing dad built with his brain and his nerve and his two hands? No fun in it! Where do you get that idea? No fun in a fight? No fun in——"

"What's got into you, Ed?" Jim stared. "I thought you'd be tickled. That was one of the reasons it rasped me to knuckle under—the beautiful way it'd fit in with your golf. And you seem to think I'm a criminal because I——"

"Look here. Will you stick—see it through? I'll put up every cent I've got outside the business. And I'll work hour for hour with you. We had the trade once and we can get it again——"

"Not a chance, Eddie. If you knew more about the game you'd see it for yourself. Besides, I don't see the fun of killing myself to keep a forlorn hope floating. We can sell out, split the surplus and have all the money either of us needs. I'll look around and find some nice, clean little business that's for sale, and——"

"Will you take Hartney's price for your interest?" Eddie leaned forward. "Take a third of his figure and a third of the surplus—for your stock? I'll buy it—right now. I'm going ahead. It looks to me as if you wanted to quit right when this old business can show a fellow some action! I'm not going to lie down, anyway. I'm going to play it clear through. You're soft, Jim. You've got used to sure, easy games and you don't want excitement any more. All right. Assign your stock and I'll buy it—cash."

HE SAW his brother's face grow blank, saw the flush come back into it under his hurried speech. He laughed. He might have known that somewhere, underneath those disguising cushions of fat, was the Jim who had taught him how to hold his midiron—the old Jim, who played the Game.

"We'll take a chance, Eddie, if you feel that way." Somehow Jim looked younger and thinner and more alive. They shook hands. And McVey, presently summoned to a council of red war, found himself addressing the contemptible Eddie instead of the redoubtable and impressive Jim.

The letter which carried their answer back to Hartney would have pleased Captain Myles Standish, himself an able composer of such messages. Like Myles, having received a snakeskin of arrows, they sent back the same skin crammed with powder and ball.

And we beg to add that in case you should decide to continue the use of Penfold carburetors after the expiration of our present contract, we shall not be able to supply them under any arrangement restraining us from selling to other customers.

As Jim dipped his pen to sign the counterblast, Eddie checked him.

"Here," he said bruskly. "Let me sign that. I want to."

VII

THE purchasing agent for the Hartney Motors Corporation impressed Eddie Penfold as completely encased in some transparent but perfectly impermeable substance. He was not in the least like either of the two types of professional buyers with whom Eddie Penfold was becoming familiar. He conspicuously did not shelter an abiding and settled grudge against his fellow beings, nor was he expansive, genial, given to handshakings and aimless mirth. He was pleasantly courteous, from a remote, interstellar distance, a being utterly beyond intimacy, above emotions.

"Just one point, Mr. Penfold." He consulted a typed memorandum. "We are prepared to waive the point of exclusive control of your output, as I have said, but we must have some assurance that you can deliver punctually and in full. I observe that you have already secured several other large accounts, and our business alone about absorbed your capacity production, didn't it?"

"It did," said Eddie. "Because we had a contract with you which gave us no reason to worry about our capacity. As long as we could supply you, it didn't matter whether we had room for more business. But since you were so friendly as to let us off on that exclusive proviso, we've looked into that rather carefully. Our present capacity would take care of all the additional business we've accepted and leave no doubt about your deliveries. But to be on the safe side, we've arranged for another building. It ought to be ready before November. We'll give you a bond on deliveries, if you like."

The purveyor presently stepped out of his encasing shell of diamond. "Our president wants to meet you," he announced, with a perceptibly human interest in the fact. "If you'll step this way——"

Eddie, folding a signed contract, was wholly devoid of ill-will toward a surrendered foe. Michael Hartney had tried to take an entirely legitimate advantage of Jim's sleepy business methods. Having failed, he was paying handsomely for the attempt and for the failure. Eddie prepared a suitably benevolent smile as he followed the buyer down a cork-carpeted corridor between ground-glass walls. The purchasing agent stepped aside, ushering him through a door. He stepped in briskly, without a thought of guile. And then, with a stupefying sense of unreality, he found himself staring into the level understanding eyes of Winifred Kendrick.

The purchasing agent retreated to immeasurable spaces, a formulaic presentation echoing from him. Eddie was aware of a closing door, of privacy.

"I—you—" The situation was clearly beyond words. He stopped. Every day for six months he had resolved to track her down. For the first time he realized how completely the new game had engulfed him. Six months, without a word——

And what was she doing here? The immediate mystery interrupted his self-accusations. Her face told him that there was much still hidden from him; she seemed to regard him with the compassionate, almost proprietary countenance of one who prepares enlightenment.

"Didn't you know? Really?"

He managed to wag his head.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I hoped you didn't. You might have guessed. And that would have spoiled it all, perhaps. I thought you hadn't the faintest idea who Uncle Arthur was—down there at Cedarcrest. No matter how little you cared about business you'd hardly have treated him the way you did if you'd known that he was, next to Mr. Hartney himself, the biggest stockholder here." She laughed a little. "I suppose I need explanation, too. I'm a sort of understudy—assistant to the president, on the pay-roll, So I could manage it rather easily, you see." She laughed again, a touch of nervousness in the tone this time. "Or don't you see?"

"I'm perfectly blind," he said. "But, you—you've slipped something over—I can guess that. I don't know what——"

"I was determined to make them cancel that contract from the minute I got home. It wasn't so easy, either. Mr. Jasson, the buyer, was horribly upset about it. But I wanted to see whether my guess was right. And I couldn't think of any other way."

"L-let me get this straight." He shook his head, as if a persistent fly bothered him. "You people canceled that contract—with your fingers crossed? You meant to renew—all the time?"

"If you didn't sell, as we suggested, yes. Of course, if you had sold, we'd have been pleased. That was really how I was able to persuade Mr. Hartney to try it. You see——"

"But I don't—not a glimmer. Tell me in words of one syllable, won't you? I——"

"You seemed like such a—a waste, down there at Cedarcrest. Just a—a——"

"A playboy? That's what Jim called me."

"Yes. But playing the wrong game, I thought. I didn't understand it till that last day, when you drove into that horrible trap. Then I realized. You hadn't looked happy—not once—till you did that. And then—oh, I could *feel* that you were glad—that you liked it. The way you came back proved it. And what you'd said about your business—dull, cut-and-dried, a sure thing—I thought that if you faced a fight, trouble, a challenge, you'd find that it was a game, too—bigger and better and ever so much more fascinating than any other. When I saw your name signed to that peppery answer to our letter, I almost laughed—with poor Mr. Jasson acting like chief mourner at a particularly dismal funeral, too."

EDDIE'S chest flattened steadily as his understanding cleared. He hadn't accomplished anything, after all. It wasn't Eddie Penfold who had put the firm on a new foundation of security; the whole thing was just a trick—just a well-intentioned deceit to make a business man out of a golf-player. Then, slowly, he saw that he was wrong. The impetus had come from this girl, but that was all. All the rest—the fight, the scheming, the reconstruction of the old business, the new life and fire in it, all these were his. He owed her for opening his eyes, but the rest was due to nobody but Eddie Penfold himself.

"I—I'm much obliged," he said slowly. "I—I guess I looked pretty awful down there. But you were right—business is the best game I've struck. I like it—why, I haven't touched a golf-club since that day at Cedarcrest. Golf—" He stopped. It wasn't in him to speak ill of the game, even now.

"Golf's a gorgeous game," she finished for him. "You'd better stay over and try our course this afternoon. I—I'd like to have you see how much I learned this summer."

Her eyes wavered for the first time. Something swelled in Eddie Penfold's throat.

"You—you mean you've actually gone in for it—after——?"

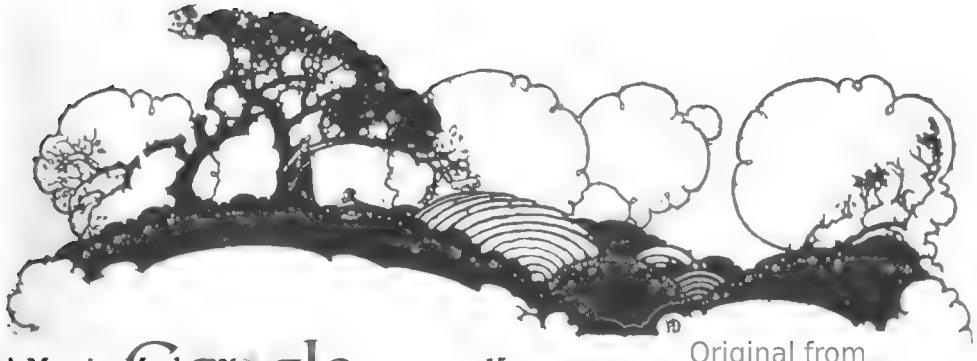
"After what I saw you do down there." She nodded. "It struck me then that—that the way to play any game—business or tiddledywinks—was the way you played golf—the—the playboy spirit, I mean. I thought I'd like to play at business the way you played at golf. And I'm beginning not to be so awfully bad at it. If you'd care to play around this afternoon——"

"If!" said Eddie Penfold eloquently. "If!"

Come Hither, Wind!

By Helen Frazee-Bower

COME hither, wind! Leap up and come to me!
Along yon crested waves a message bear
To one whose eyes with wistful longing stare
Into the night and search the grim-faced sea
For things that were, but long have ceased to be.
Tell him gray sea-gulls circle through the air,
The cliffs he loved still guard the breakers where
We came of old to wander dreamily;
Tell him the sun still sinks in lurid red
When day puts out to sea, and all the sky
Wears widow weeds of mist when night rides by.
And tell him (when all other things are said)
Along the same white sands we two have known
One walks to-night remembering—alone.



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Singer of the Night

By Charles Saxby

A Two-Part Story—Concluded

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

UNDER the assumed name of Michael Vallator, a young American fugitive from military prison seeks shelter at an obscure Provençal inn. His lack of credentials is covered up by the quick wit of a friendly disposed girl, Régine, who is entertaining the guests with the help of an elderly actor, Amato. The old man's story of the miraculous singing that inspired the French troops at Verdun is interrupted by a distinguished stranger who seeks a messenger from the Duchess of Abrantez, an American. Vallator, compelled to explain his presence somehow, impersonates the messenger and learns that the stranger has asked the Duchess to reveal to her people the desperate plight of the Allies. On her behalf he risks a refusal.

After requesting another rendezvous at Grex a week later, the stranger leaves. When Vallator learns from Régine that he has been talking to Ibn Geburah, the Rasputin of France, he determines to warn the Duchess. Disguised as a mad peasant lad who believes himself to be the Voice of Verdun, he sets out for Grex, accompanied by Régine and Amato. The Duchess happens to attend their impromptu performance in the city square and by her sympathetic interest nearly exposes Vallator, who is again saved by the resourceful Régine.

V

IN A wing of the old convent that formed the core of the military hospital at Croye the Duchess d'Abrantez was in consultation with the doctor in command and a couple of worn-faced women in hospital uniform.

Four people only, all of first importance in the army of mercy. It was difficult to say whence came that impression of a fifth presence. A cold presence, unseen, unheard, the invisible guest at every French gathering of those days; the formless shape of Fear, peering over every shoulder, deliberately ignored. That night it seemed more bold than ever; one could almost see it stalking the corridors outside, sneering at averted faces, and the Duchess broke in on the doctor's words with a smile of anxiety.

"But you have said all that twice before, and it is not like you to repeat yourself so. What is it? Have you—news?"

News; that perpetual hope and despair. Every day new news and the mingled horror and eagerness for that to come.

"A *dépêche* half an hour ago," the doctor answered, after a silence. "The enemy has crossed the Vesle."

"The Vesle?"

THERE were quick breaths as that war map, indelibly printed on the minds of all present, underwent a swift change. The Vesle; but where then were those lines on the Aisne that had stood for four years? The doctor answered that unasked question:

"The English broke."

It pictured itself, a red break through which poured a tide of demonic destruction. It poured insensibly into that very room as the doctor's slight gesture hinted at all that could not be said. Hints of false orders by disguised enemy officers; of thronging spies, and always, everywhere, that deadly German propaganda seeping like poison through the life-blood of the land.

Over the face of one of the women spread a look of sick terror. "It was prophesied," she cried. "That Ibn Geburah, in Paris, prophesied it a month ago."

"And he says, too, that we shall be defeated in the end," sighed the other.

To Ella d'Abrantez the mention of that name was as the precipitation of that cold presence standing impalpably at her side. About the name of Ibn Geburah hung always the impression of secret things and there was no denying that what he said came true.

"That is mere superstition," she said sharply. "There must come a victory some time."

"Though it comes to-morrow it would be almost too late for us," said the doctor.

"There are still my countrymen," she answered proudly.

The doctor bowed an assent which his lips withheld; they were still such an unknown quantity, these Americans.

"My God, madame, what is it that upholds us?" he groaned. "We are past the end and yet we still go on."

"Our faith in our cause," she answered, and he bent and raised her hand to his lips.

"And we shall go on as long as we have such women to inspire us."

"But that is to place the burden on our shoulders," she said. "The men to the cause, the women to the men, that is the way it should be. If I thought I could stop all this by so doing, I would surrender myself to anything."

"Then why do you not do it, madame?" It was one of the women who spoke. A still-faced creature who might have long parted with all human emotions and become a mere automaton of healing. But now her face was a passion, her voice a spurt of flame.

"You, of all women, could stop this," she went on, pointing an accusing finger at Ella d'Abrantez. "Do they not besiege you for some message to the world? And what do you send them? That this must go on—and on. The Daughter of America, the Mother of France, they call you. What kind of a mother are you, then, sending our sons to death? *Dieu de Dieu!* to-morrow they will come pouring in here—thousands—I can bear it no longer," she screamed. "If I only had the power—and you have, but will not use it."

A moment of hysteria, the snap of nerves too sorely tried; but to Ella d'Abrantez it seemed the outpicturing of unconfessed things within herself.

"What could I do?" she faltered.

"Tell them the truth. All the things so well known to us, but which we keep so hidden even from ourselves. Send it out over your name, and all the women of your two countries will rise to back you. Oh—I can bear it no longer——"

She was at the door now, beating at the breast of her white uniform, supported by the other women. "Ah, the wounds, the wounds! I feel them all—all—here in my own body. Thousands more to come—and she could stop it—if she would."

From down the corridor her cries came back, more and more faintly, finally cut off by the closing of a door. The doctor shrugged pitying shoulders.

"Just nerves. She will regret this to-morrow."

"But could I do such a thing?" she demanded.

"Madame's name is of enormous weight in the world to-day."

"AND that weight is heavy on my shoulders," she moaned. "If I only knew what was really right."

"Right," the doctor repeated, with a jangle of laughter. "Does any of us know what that is in these days?"

Then he pulled himself together, speaking in careful matter of fact. "But I am forgetting. There is a young man here demanding to see madame. A strange fellow not French, apparently, and refusing all explanation of himself. He says he brings a message from the Inn of the Three Maries, wherever that may be."

To conceal the tremor that swept over her, Ella d'Abrantez sat down, steadying her hands in her lap.

"From the Inn of the Three Maries?"

"So he says. Shall I have him arrested?"

"If he comes from the person I suspect, I doubt if even you could do that. I think I will see him."

Left alone, she waited in stillness. The suite allotted her for the night was that of the bygone abbess; gray and cold, its only ornament a cross of black marble on the eastern wall. A luxury of barrenness which even the dragged-in odds and ends of furniture could not change. Once she rose and switched off the electric lights, leaving only a desk lamp burning—a mere feminine instinct for the added beauty of its rose-and-opal shade. It hurt her to have to do that, for by years she should have been still in her first radiance.

Ella Cray, Duchess d'Abrantez, the most-envied girl in America and now perhaps the most written-of woman of her day. So much could happen in five years

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A girl, a duchess, a widow; and now she sat, amidst the wreckage of a world, awaiting a messenger from Ibn Geburah.

The violet eyes were hard as they swept over Vallator on his entrance. A strange-looking messenger to such a woman. Determined to avoid recognition as the demented creature of the *place*, he had cast away *sabots*, tunic and cap, and stood before her, barefooted, bareheaded, in corduroys and faded army shirt, the freshness of his river bath still upon him. He waited, in a silent whirl of emotion at being now, for the first time, about to speak with the woman who, for four years, had been the mainspring of his life.

"*Qu'est-ce-que-c'est que vous voudrez me dire?*" she asked coldly.

"If madame prefers it, we will speak our own language," he said, and she half sprang up in her surprise.

"You are an American?"

AMERICA. For the moment the eyes of both grew misty with vision. Before his swam a memory of fields of corn and pumpkins, the sweep of a brown, islanded river, a sprawling town in all its Middle-Western go-as-you-please comfort. With a wrench he reflected that hers must be a very different picture of a certain formal, pillared stateliness of wealth. The house of Father Washington contains so many mansions.

"Permit me to make my confession first," he said. "I have no real business in your affairs. I happened to be at the inn when a man came there expecting to meet a messenger from you. He mistook me for the one and I—well—it would have been difficult for me to explain my presence there in any other way. He asked me for a message from you."

Ella d'Abrantez sank down again, hardly daring to ask what word he had delivered, yet almost relieved that the burden of its decision had been so strangely taken from her shoulders. Such extraordinary things happened in these days. A message of such import falling to the chance lips of this ragged young fellow countryman.

"And you said——?"

"'No,'" Vallator answered. "Was not that what you meant when you sent no real messenger that night?"

It had been her meaning and the flame of that "no" to Ibn Geburah was to her a sacrament. But now, with that woman's fiery words still ringing in her ears, she almost doubted. Had she said "yes" it might perhaps have meant the stopping of this avalanche of death. But the decision had been taken from her hands.

"Now I have this message for you," Vallator went on. "That man will be at the statue of Our Lady of Grex to-morrow night, and if you wish to reconsider——"

The burden of decision was back upon her again. Above all, in that instant, she ached for a man to whom to turn. She had access to the most highly placed, all of them tagged and confirmed by tremendous position, but she knew too well what they would say. It was rather to Vallator that she felt drawn, to this unscheduled piece of humanity come bursting out of the night with hardly clothes to cover him.

"Do you know what Ibn Geburah asks of me?" she said. "That I tell the world, over my name, how near the end we are, so bled that even a victory can hardly save us. And I have refused."

"Before God I tell you the truth," he said solemnly. "I am the one they call La Voix de Verdun."

"That was why he called you the angel of death rather than of mercy," he breathed.

Drawn unconsciously close they faced each other. That opal light was kind, giving her back the girlhood ravished from her by the years of War.

"But you were right," he went on. "How can we give in, knowing what it means to us?"

"How can we go on, knowing what that also means?" she returned. "Did you know the enemy has crossed the Vesle? Oh—what shall I do?"

Her hands went out in appeal. Vallator could hardly credit that they stood there, facing each other. Such different paths they had walked and with all the wide earth in which to walk them, yet those paths had converged in this convent room.

"Ibn Geburah says that we shall lose and that we can get better terms now than ever again."

"And I say that we shall win," Vallator ejaculated. "And I have seen——"

He checked himself, cutting off the light he felt creeping into his face as he realized the strangling bonds of his position as a fugitive.

"He said something more that night, which I must tell you," he went somberly on. "That, if you refused again, it would bring upon yourself—disgrace."

Anxiously he watched her. To him that threat, in connection with her, was unthinkable, a thing to laugh at. But now, as he saw her pallor, there came an agonized doubt.

"He said that?"

Her fear was his now as he remembered the stories concerning that weird house near the Étoile and how "all society" had flocked to it in that feverish, before-the-war thirst for something, for anything new. It hurt him so to have to doubt, but that fear had been only a flash and it was now a poised woman who faced him, icy with pride.

"Such men as he always defeat themselves. Had it not been for that threat I might have reconsidered, but now it is again 'no,' a thousand times more so. I will tell him so myself to-morrow night at Grex."

"YOU will not be alone," Vallator exclaimed. "I shall be there too."

"You? And pray, who are you?"

She glanced sharply at him, tilting the opal shade until the light fell full upon his face. As it reached his eyes, their pupils still dilated from the drug Régine had dropped in them, recollection came to her.

"You are the man who was in the Place Gambetta—with that singing girl."

"What she said was not true," he stammered.

"I doubt if any of it was true. You are in a strange position, an American bringing

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a message from such a man as Ibn Geburah. What are you doing, wandering with these people?"

Too late he saw how his eagerness to serve her had caught him in the trap of this great military establishment, from whence he could not hope to escape except by her permission. And he had involved Régine and Amato as well; suspicion against himself would mean their arrest also. In his pride he had sought to prove his sanity to this woman before him and now the only way was to destroy that sanity again.

"I will tell you who I am," he said, holding her gaze with a deadly earnestness. "I will tell you the truth, though I can hardly credit it myself. In the square there I was only pretending madness; playing madman that the crowd might believe me mad. Don't you see how funny that is—pretending to be what I really am that I might be thought crazy?" He laughed, a jangle of bitter sound that rang in the vaulted ceiling above them. "But I swear to you that I am not mad and that I am what I am."

Ella d'Abrantez softened again. This earnestness of self-belief was so much more madness than that theatrical grovèling of the square. It was so evident that he really believed it.

"Yes, yes. I understand," she said soothingly. "And of course you really are——?"

"Before God I tell you the truth," he cried solemnly. "I am the one they call La Voix de Verdun."

With that black stare of sincerity upon her she shivered again, and it was with relief that she heard a tap upon the door and greeted the doctor as he entered.

"Thank Heaven you are safe, madame," he whispered, coming to her side. "I have just found out about this poor fellow."

"So have I," she answered wearily. "What is to be done with him?"

"His friends have come for him. A young girl and an old man, people well known in this district for years. They have papers from the *sous prefêt* of Croye, all in perfect order. Shall I take him away?"

Not even that opal shade could restore her lost girlishness to Ella d'Abrantez at that moment. She looked cold and hard, unutterably weary as by a search for something which could never be found.

With Vallator's coming there had been a moment of hope. A mere superstition, perhaps, aroused by his strange appearance and still stranger circumstances, but still a flash as of a something "beyond." Now it was gone, leaving her to the hard facts and cold science of this terrible war of iron and steel. After all, these things "beyond" always turned out to be mere madness.

"Yes, take him away and give him to the girl," she said.

VI

AS HE passed from the hospital gates, walking between Régine and Amato, Vallator was torn between pain and a certain relief.

Pain at his failure with Ella d'Abrantez even to the added shame of having, for his own safety, to leave her more convinced than ever of his insanity. A relief at having escaped, not merely arrest, but the whole atmosphere of the place. After the freedom of his wanderings the week past, that hospital had stifled him with its feeling of rigid rules. There seemed so little chance in there for strange and blazing chances to break through. By contrast, dropping again to this flittermouse association was as full breath to squeezed lungs.

Well away from the gates, in the heavy gloom of a leafy lane, he caught at Régine's hand in gratitude.

"How can I thank you?" he whispered; but she walked on, her head held high.

"I feared that perhaps we interrupted—no?" she said sweetly. "I hope that dear Duchess was most gracious."

"She was wonderful—wonderful," Vallator exclaimed; then truth compelled him to add, "but I don't think she quite understood."

"But that then is impossible," mocked Régine. "Oh, stupid, when will you learn that the rabbit can not fly with the hawk?"

"HOW can you call her that?" he protested.

"Because, to such as we all these high ones are hawks, though we rabbits are just as much French. They would have arrested you and found that you are—whatever it is that you really are. What that is, of course, I can not say, since you have not honored me with your confidence."

"I did not want you to be burdened with it."

"How kind," she answered, then the sarcasm of her tone gave way to brisk business. "Now, we must go, we three, fading ing out into the night, not to be seen again until well past Hyères."

"But I must be in Grex to-morrow night," he cried.

"In Grex!" She stamped in exasperation. "When even the woods are not safe for rabbits you would thrust your head into the very nest of the hawk. Besides, it is sixty miles from here to Grex."

There was triumph in her voice as she announced that, and as he heard it Vallator saw a light.

"You mean that, after traveling nearly a week, we are still sixty miles away from Grex? By what route have we come?"

Her silence answered him and he flung away her hand and turned from her down the lane. With a light patter of footsteps she was after him.

"Michel—no, no. Do not go like this. Wait for me. Listen, then."

He paused, glowering down at the face upturned to him. "I have nothing to listen to except that I am going to Grex."

"What has that woman done for you?" she flamed. "For four years she has only led you into danger."

"It is to save her from danger that I must go."

She pressed against him, warm and lithe, that upturned face a pale flower of penitent pleading. "But you can not go alone, you would never reach it. Let us all go together; I will lead you."

"I have no doubt that you would lead me," he answered grimly. "The question is—where?"

"Oh, you are a stone," she blazed, beating at his chest with impotent little hands. Then she changed again, drawing away with a shrug and a laugh. "Very well, then, have it your own way. Follow your hawk, poor rabbit—I will even help you to do it, to show you how little I care. Listen well, then; there is a shorter way to Grex."

She waved her hand to the west, where a great rise of land bulked dimly against the stars. "It goes over the heights of the Craonne, there. A hard road, up above the world, but it cuts off thirty miles. And now—*adieu.*"

"But we can not part like this," he protested as she moved away, the only trace of her a laugh in the darkness.

"We can not, *hein?* What reason has there been between us that we should not?"

"Because I don't want to," he cried.

"But, *mon ami*, we have already parted."

She was gone and this time it was he who pursued, stumbling about, irritably aware that she was silently eluding him, gliding like a shadow among shadows, always farther away. Once, from surprisingly far down the lane came the clash of a tambourine, a bubble of merriment, but when he reached there only emptiness met his groping hands.

So that was over, he thought, as he turned to seek the road she had pointed out. He could not quite tell whether this abrupt finish to that week of companionship was a relief or an added pain. Only once from his lips came an involuntary, muttered sentence:

"Darn women anyhow."

Two hours later, steadily and alone, he breasted the first rise of the Craonne, a great waste of chalk and sparse herbage uplifted twelve hundred feet above the sea. For leagues it stretched away, sterile and grim, with only the gleam of the road for guidance. Wave after wave of land; not a tree nor a sign of habitation, nothing but the stars and the keen night wind whistling across the barrenness, all the vineyards and olives of the Midi left far below.

A VAST treadmill of endless sameness, as though, for all his plodding, he were held hour after hour in the very center of it all, his bare feet laming against the chalk of the cart track.

For some time now he had been eerily aware that he was not alone. No sight, no sound, but a sense of a haunting presence following behind, drawing constantly nearer.

Quickening his pace under the lee of a rise he slid into a clump of bushes by the roadside. In the doubled silence of the cessation of his efforts it seemed as if the very pounding of his heart would betray him as a figure shaped itself in dim silhouette against the sky.

A slight figure, moving swiftly, bowed over a little bundle from which came the tinkle of metal, faintly musical. Then the notes of a song in hushed humming:

"C'est mon ami; rendez le moi.
J'ai son amour——"

It stopped there, with what might have been a laugh or a sigh, and Vallator slid from the bushes with barring arms. There was a gasp, a swift motion, the clink of a tambourine as the bundle truck him in the chest, and he stepped hurriedly back as he caught the gleam of a knife, long and thin. in the starlight.

"Régine—it is I."

"Oh, *mon Dieu*, it is the poor rabbit," she laughed. "And I was about to prick his poor throat."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I—a German!" Régine turned. "Look well, messieurs, and see which is most like a German pig. I—or this fat sausage here?"

With a single movement she turned, slid the knife into her stocking and faced him again. "How did you know?"

"I felt there was some one following, so I hid and waited."

"Oh, *là là!* The rabbit learns caution," she jeered. "Did you then think I would let you cross La Craonne at night alone? There are places here where a single step off the road would send you down into the chalk caverns. And you without even a shoe to your foot."

She scolded on as she unfastened the bundle, tumbling out his tunic and *sabots*, and he slid them on gratefully.

"Now, then, forward, if you still go to Grex?"

"I must."

"And afterward——?"

Vallator walked on in silence. It was the first time he had faced that question and he could find no answer to it. After Grex—what? After all—what? It was the question half the world was asking. After all this—what? And as yet there was no answer.

Silently, steadily, they went, until the added chill showed the morning to be near and great night birds came flapping down, seeking their nests against the coming of the day. As the world formed about them under the graying sky it showed a different country. Patches of wheat in the distance, the white walls of a farmhouse, clumps of beech-trees, still in winter brown, clinging to the western slopes. It was to one of these that Régine directed her steps.

"See, I have not forgotten," she said as she flung herself down on the crisp carpet of last year's leaves. "Down there is the only stream on all the Craonne. Here we will rest and you, since you love water so well, take yourself down to wash—and stay a long time away."

THE sun had already risen when Vallator returned, revived by a bath which he suspected she had shared, so refreshed she looked, sparkling as with a sprinkling of dew. The daffodils, long gone from the lowlands, were still in their glory up here, nodding their primrose trumpets midst the brown beech leaves, and in the center was a little fire on which a tiny coffee-pot bubbled invitingly.

"It had not occurred to you that you would want to eat?" she asked, spearing rolls on twigs to toast them. "You men—always chasing something up in the air. What would you do without us to bring you back to earth?"

The food was like new life and Vallator rolled over in dreamy content. Brown and green the carpet of leaves, above them a canopy of budding boughs. In the midst Régine, with her scarlet shawl, weaving a wreath of daffodils for the blue-black hair that streamed about her shoulders.

"Where is Amato?" he asked suddenly.

"He comes with me no more; he is no longer to be trusted."

"You mean that you left him behind—for my sake?"

"I mean just what I say," she answered, springing up, waving her chain of flowers. "*Ah, peste!* I am so tired of all this war and pain. I am going to dance."

She danced, at first in her *sabots*, in quaint, clumping Dutch fashion. Then she slipped from them, bounding lightly over the turf, clashing her tambourine as she sang a Spanish Malagueña.

"Come, dance with me, as did the *poilus* of Toul," she cried. "Now, then—one—two—three:

"Cuando partir por le Malaga
La costa d'amor, la dulcissima.

Sing it with me, then."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The mad light of the morning ran in their veins, the tinkle of the tambourine like a pulse of joy after the heaviness of the night. More and more swiftly they went, barefoot over the crackling leaves, so lightly that the daffodils sprang again from their bent stalks as they passed over them. A dance of pursuit and escape, both bound by that flowery chain she had cast about him. At last he caught her and she lay back in his arms, too breathless to struggle.

"Let us rest," she panted.

They sank down side by side and she leaned upon his shoulder, her hair a perfumed cloud. With a pang came the realization that this brief woodland enchantment was over and the time for the road again drawing near.

"TO think that this must end," he murmured.

"But—why should it?"

He looked at her in question and she plunged recklessly on, pressing her cheek against his arm.

"Listen, then. Why should we not stay up here, you and I? There is a farmhouse near by and the woman knows me; she was once of Amato's company for a while and she will welcome La Antonelli. And they will be glad of your help and no questions asked."

"Stay here?" exclaimed Vallator.

He longed for it; the peace of this upthrust waste was like a purer air than that of the lowlands with their perpetual miasma of war. La Craonne, high and aloof, green gold with summer and peace.

"But we would not stay at the farm, not you and I," Régine went dreamily on. "We would build a bower under the trees here. A bower of boughs, snug and tight, with the stream for our bath and a campfire for light. And at evening, when you came back from the fields, here I should be, waiting—for you."

A woods life, a dryad and faun existence in this high-hung forest, forgetting all but themselves. Vagabonds of chance, cast up on the shores of a sunny rest. Lithe and unafraid she leaned, still bound to him by the chain of daffodils, as frail and lovely as that other bond she dreamed of.

Summer, and Régine. And if pursuit came, a hundred ways of escape across the wastes of the Craonne. It was possible, it was even being offered him. The longing for it tore at him and he wondered dully what it was that held him back.

"Kiss me, Michel," she whispered.

He stooped and pressed her lips. Then he straightened himself and deliberately snapped the flowery chain that bound them both.

"Perhaps we will—after Grex," he said, and she sprang up in anger.

"I warn you that there will be no 'after Grex' with me," she stormed.

"Then there must be just 'after Grex,'" he returned. "I am going on now, are you coming with me?"

"No. A thousand times, no."

She stood by, stormy-eyed and sullen as he slipped on tunic and *sabots* and turned to the road again. A sound of weeping behind him, a side glimpse of her, garlanded with crushed flowers, huddled over the ashes of the fire. A faun and dryad life, with hardly even the rumors of war to disturb them. And down there Grex and Ibn Geburah, with all the turgid meshes of his occult intrigues. But Vallator knew he would go on.

Then a patter of feet behind him, a petulant cry. "Michel—can you not wait even a moment?"

"The time is getting short," he said, without turning his head.

"It is nearer to take this woods path here."

"I prefer the road."

"Can you not trust me to lead you right?"

"I prefer the road."

So they went, Régine pattering behind him with her bundle. It was past noon when the lowlands burst upon them, outspread like a map. As Vallator paused Régine drew up beside him, sparkling in serenity.

"Obstinate, that woods path was really nearer."

"It is I who choose the way now."

"Even when it is harder?"

"All the more so, if you like."

She was silent a while, then spoke with sudden irrelevance. "Had you made love to me up there I should have hated you."

"Was not that what you wanted me to do?" he asked.

"Of course," she replied, unabashed. "But, had you done so—oh, how I should have despised you!"

"Then why did you try to make me do it?"

"Oh, you Americans, with your 'why—why—why?' Have you no women in your own country? Now come this way."

Aside from the road she led him to where two great trees framed the view. A fan-shaped valley, green and lush between fantastic peaks, the chalk of their crests like snow above the slopes of chestnut and beech. Two little rivers, blue and shining among the fields, that met below an isolated peak in the valley center, about which clustered the gray walls and red roofs of a town. A tiny town, tight-packed, high-gabled, quaint as the city of a picture-book; and towering above it, on the highest point of the peak, a huge statue of the Virgin, her halo of gilded spikes glittering in the afternoon sun.

Almost unbelievably it hung there before him, in the soft spring air, like a mirage of wondrous picturesqueness.

"*Ecco!*" cried Régine. "There then is your Grex."

IT WAS not until dusk that Vallator and Régine slid quietly into Grex, taking the byways to avoid attracting attention.

"There will be no singing for your supper to-night," he told her. "You travel with me now, not I with you. Take this note and go to an inn when we reach the town, and wait there until I come for you."

"But it would be better for me to put on my stage dress and sing," she argued. "Remember it is as 'Gina Antonelli, La Colombina' that they know me here. A creature of song and laughter, that is what I have been to them since I was—oh—so high."

"Then go as 'Gina Antonelli' and let La Colombina rest," he retorted.

"But I must go to the prefecture, and if the *préfet* is in a sour mood—well—" She gave a shrug, a glance of frank meaning. "It is easier for me to get what I want if I go in that dress."

"That is just why you won't wear it," he exploded.

She laughed, but as she glided behind the bushes to perform her toilette, a light sprang into her eyes. A light at once rebellious, mocking, and yet tender; that was the first time any one had ever objected to her wearing that dress in the streets. In a little while she came out again, with a pirouette of triumph.

"Behold, then, La Antonelli!"

Her clumsy *sabots* had been replaced by dancing slippers and a cherished pair of red stockings. The scarlet shawl was draped Spanish fashion about her hips, and behind one ear flamed a knot of pomegranate bloom. From that seemingly inexhaustible little bundle had come a tinsel butterfly for her hair, a necklace of gold beads and great gold rings for her ears.

"Well, is this better—?" she asked.

It was really worse, from his standpoint. That artificial ballet dress had at least set her apart with an air of unreality, while this was a bizarre creature of frank flesh and blood. But Vallator gave it up, realizing that when it came to costume he was beaten before he began.

"No nonsense with the *préfet*," he growled, and she returned him an impudent grimace.

"Pouf! What does it matter? Just a smile, a look, a promise neither spoken nor withheld; and then, before it can be claimed, I am off again into the night, not to be traced. I have done it a thousand times and never been caught."

"I won't have it."

"Then of course, that settles it—no?"

She followed on, a pace behind him, nor did she remind him that his own presence was the real necessity for this fascinating of prefects.

DOWN the narrow streets of Grex they went, narrow trenches of dusk winding between quaint gables. The atmosphere of the place struck him as that of a vault. A mental vault, full of a depression which even the breath of the spring could not dissipate. Knots of townspeople gathered on street corners, discussing in low tones, sending glances of suspicion after them as they passed. Anxious voices from upper windows demanding news from chance passers-by. It was evident that the day had brought developments up there in the north and that they had not been favorable.

Before the Hôtel de Ville a crowd was gathered, reading the bulletins posted on its doors. A sigh went up, followed by a confusion of murmurs.

"*On passe—on passe encore.*"

It came from all about, springing from lip to lip in the contagion of ill news, and faces drooped again.

"But what is it—what has happened?" asked Régine of a man standing near.

"Where have you been that you have not heard?" he demanded, with a glance of sour suspicion.

"We have just come in from the Forêt de Dôme," she answered glibly.

"The enemy has passed the Oise and is sweeping on to Paris."

So that was it; like mercury under a chill, Vallator's spirits dropped in unison with those all about him. The brief respite of the Craonne, with its faun and dryad hour, was gone; he was back again in it all now, and Ibn Geburah's prophecy of a week

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Toward it two others approached, one circling with exaggerated steps and floating cloak of black. A shadow play, it might have been, its actors dwarfed to humor by that towering form of stone.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

before was being fulfilled. He heard it as it had been spoken that night at the Inn of the Three Maries: 'Within a week the enemy will be nearer to Paris than ever before." And the message to be delivered to him to-night was still that implacable "no" in the face of a proffered peace.

Another bulletin was being posted, and they were caught in the surge of the crowd pressing forward to read it. Another groan as the news was passed back from the front ranks.

"They are fighting on the Marne."

Glance met glance in black question as a silence fell upon the throng. Vallator could almost see it, a giant cap of black despair. And this was only one of a thousand towns of France, in each of which the same scene was being repeated.

Above the dark gambrels of the Hotel de Ville he caught a glimpse of the statue of Notre Dame de Grex, upreared on the three hundred feet of its rock pinnacle, its halo of gilded spikes still bright against the sky. Glimmering palely in the half light of the higher altitude it loomed there, gigantic, unreal, like some great hovering mother brooding above the town. All about him he saw eyes turning toward it and caught the silent cry that went up. It seemed so necessary, in that moment, to have something up there to cry to.

Régine's hand on his arm, her voice in his ear, recalled him.

"We must go," she whispered. "It is dangerous for us to be here. At such times as these the people are suspicious of strangers."

They turned, but it was already too late. They had been noticed and a market woman, a mountainous creature of fat and emotion, barred their way with a huge arm.

"Eh, not so fast there. Strangers, *hein?* And who may you be, my girl, coming tricked out in flowers like a light-o'-love at such a time as this? And that great lump behind you there, why is he not at the front when the enemy batters at the gates of Paris? Are you then Germans?"

In the temper of the crowd that word was potential as a torch in a powder magazine. Our Lady of Grex was forgotten as all about them those upturned eyes dropped their glances to the two, smoldering in hopes of a victim. The least hesitation would turn the balance against them, and Régine, signing to Vallator to slip away, raised her voice against the woman's.

"What, you call me German?"

"Yes—and a trollop, too," came the instant response.

"I—a German!" Régine turned, sparkling in half-amused vexation, gathering the eyes of the men to herself, meeting each with that veiled promise neither spoken nor withheld. "Look then, messieurs. Look well, and see which is most like a German pig. I—or this fat sausage here?"

"You call me sausage," shrilled the woman, nationalities forgotten as she was touched in her most tender spot. "Then I call you *cocotte*."

"And I call you respectable," sneered Régine. "It is plain that such a thing as you never had a chance to be anything else."

The scene was horrible in its vulgarity, but even so Vallator had to admire the cleverness with which Régine had shifted its entire ground. No questions of Germans now, just a row royal between two sharp-tongued women; a welcome diversion from the glooms of the evening, and the grins of the men showed plainly on whose side they were.

"I am of the Midi," said Régine, facing them in brilliant insolence. "Of the Midi even as yourselves. Is there none here who knows me?"

"Eh, it is La Antonelli," cried a man. "Better back down, old Mother Fouchard; you have met your match there."

"La Antonelli—La Colombina," came a murmur from all about. Then a demand, "Give us a song, then, 'Gina."

The danger was passed and Régine, in her trained command of an audience, played upon them again.

"No. No song to-night. I go to pray, at the feet of Our Lady up there, to pray for France."

THEY quieted in an uneasy sense of rebuke and with downcast eyes Régine slipped through unimpeded. Only once a man spoke as she passed.

"I saw your old Amato just now."

"Where is he?" she asked, scarcely able to keep the surprise from her voice.

"He went that way, with a couple of *sergents-de-ville*, looking for a spy who was to come over La Craonne."

With silent swiftness she drew Vallator away, not pausing until they had left the place far behind. In an angle of a wall, where an overhanging tree made a spot of dense shadow, she stopped.

"You heard?"

"How could I help it?" he said. "It was beastly. You—in such a row as that."

"Bah, that was nothing," she exclaimed, as she caught his drift. "When you are in the ditch you must croak with the frogs. I mean about Amato looking for us with two *sergents-de-ville*."

"You must leave me. I will give you half my money and you must go to some place where you will be safe."

"And you?" she asked. "How far will you get without Régine?"

"All I ask is three hours more; after that I don't care."

"They would hang you for a spy if they caught you in Grex to-night."

"I took the risk of that, but I want you to be safe."

"Safe," she mocked. *"Oh, là là!* Any fool can be safe. That fat pig just now, or your dear Duchess; they are each safe in their way. But I want to be just as I am. Régine—La Colombina—always on the edge, like a tight-rope dancer, but never quite going over."

"I do not wish to be the one to push you over."

"You have held me back, so far." Then came a pleading murmur. "Michel, why will you not trust me and tell me who you really are?"

The intimacy of a common danger was upon them; in his black depression her touch was an added urge to speak. Then he wearily put her hands away.

"I have told you a hundred times and still you do not believe."

"You have never told me."

"Then you must be deaf. Hush!" he whispered. "Some one is coming."

They drew farther into the shadow, listening to the approaching steps, their eyes on a turn of the street where a hidden lamp cast a bar of light into which emerged three figures.

"Amato," breathed Régine.

It could not be real, Vallator thought; it was all too like a set scene. That cobble-paved street between high gables; above it, in the last of the afterglow, the great statue reared against the sky, dwarfing all else to pigmy proportions. And for actors the old comedian, advancing in his flapping cloak, and the two aged *sergents*, their knees rickety beneath the faded bravery of their uniforms.

Whether from the mere instinct of the actor, or because he really suspected their presence, Amato stopped, then advanced, with the dragging stride of one "taking the stage," pointing toward the shadow.

"Aha—a likely spot."

A faint chuckle from the *sergents* betrayed their skepticism and his face contorted with a frown evidently meant to register in a topmost gallery. Régine silently pressed Vallator's arm and he understood her message. Automaton of habit that he had become, Amato could no longer distinguish between drama and reality. If they could only tell what play he imagined himself to be performing.

"I, Scaramouche, of chance the prince," he declaimed.

There followed a disgusted look at his snickering followers, a wink whose enormous meaning would have embraced a whole audience, then he turned his back upon the spot of suspicious shadow, pointing down the street.

"A likely spot—over there."

And once again the two *sergents* nudged and grinned at a search which they had plainly decided to be merely a crazy man's obsession.

Her mouth to Vallator's ear, Régine spoke. "The poor old man. That is the fourth act of 'L'Epouse de Carcassonne,' where he leads the police away from *Harlequin's* hiding-place."

ACROSS the street the *sergents* were holding a colloquy. Tired of dragging their old legs about the town in chase of Amato's hallucinations, they turned and stumped disgustedly away, unconsciously carrying out that scene from a timeworn and stupid play. As their footsteps died away, Amato looked again toward the corner.

" 'Tis well, advance," he declaimed, and instantly Régine ran to his side, taking the cue with a pirouette, a tinkle of her tambourine.

"My deliverer," she laughed, then added softly: "Now the dancing exit—one—two—three—off."

Trippingly Amato followed her into the shadow, as into the shelter of a wing, relapsing into his usual off-stage apathy.

"*Ça-y-est*," he murmured. "Is the curtain down?"

The phrase fell from his lips with all the weariness of long habit and Vallator, as he looked at him, knew that the final fall of his curtain could not be long delayed.

"We must keep him with us now," Régine whispered. "It will be safer."

"What comes next?" Amato queried in bewilderment. "I forget so—you must prompt me well, *nina*."

"We have still the fifth act, the scene

(*Continued on page 79*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The man flung up a hand and rode with the last flare of his courageous spirit straight toward the blue gulf of space.

The Eighteenth Leap

By Vingie E. Roe

Far out of the lanes of ocean traffic a strange pair of castaways were brought together on an uninhabited island in the Pacific. One was a man concerned about his dwindling food supply, the other a high-spirited horse whose presence there would always be unaccountable. Bound by their mutual trust and dependence they face a dramatic solution of their plight with the high courage of throughbreds.

THE sea was blue as indigo, beautiful, molten blue, with little white whiffs of runners that rose and broke and rose again, sole holdover from the majesty of storm that had swept the world of waters so short a time before. Small white clouds sailed in the soft blue sky and a little wind whispered gently from the south.

On the shore of a gorgeous island, rock-ribbed and high, but lush with verdure, a man lay stretched to the sun, his white face upturned, his feet in the lazy surf that rippled back and forth.

Little he knew of the lovely small world about him, sunk in the darkness of insensibility. For one hour he lay; two. Then he stirred and moaned and fell silent again, while the golden sun rode up the heavens. At long intervals he moved and the breath in his water-logged lungs hurt him. But the sun warmed him, that splendid tropical sun, and the little soft wind was fresh as cool hands on a fevered brow, and at high noon he opened his dark eyes and looked up at the skies. For a long time he lay so in a half-suffering content and cared not a whit where he was.

Then Nature and a keen mind asserted themselves and he rolled over and looked around. Instantly he raised himself on an elbow and the dark eyes became wide with wonder. He saw the gentle sea, the wide beach, the great spine of the island that rose behind, and knew.

Knew that the horror had been real, that catastrophe had ridden the night; for wreckage from the *Lady Gay* washed back and forth in a near-by cove, and two dead bodies that he knew lay farther down the shore.

That was all he ever knew of the fate of the schooner.

Hours later when he had recovered from the shock and strain, he buried the two bodies—the mate and a seaman—and salvaged what he could of the floating stuff. There was food among it, casks and tins and brine-soaked boxes, and these he saved with a nice care.

All this took him several days, and when at last it was done he stood up and scanned the lone world that was his with tragic and speculative eyes.

"Off the regular course, naturally," he said aloud, that first sign of the utterly abandoned and alone, "and God knows where!"

He ran his fingers through his thick hair and drew a long breath. "Twenty-eight," he said again, "with Stanford and Frisco town behind me—and—Helen."

At that his whimsical mouth twisted sharply with a spasm which, to save his life, he could not have controlled.

"Mustn't think," he said; "get me, old man? Action, not introspection."

He snapped his fingers and strode away up the broad beach.

He was free this day. His small duties were done. What he had salvaged was safe in a dry cave high up against the steep

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

bluff that rose to the west, and blankness confronted him.

Therefore he walked. The beach lay to north and south in a gentle convex curve, and carried the eye for several miles each way. It was fringed with a sturdy growth of lush grass, while trees started beyond the grass and swept in open and pleasant ranks back to the forbidding rock-face of the cliff that formed the island's spine. As he neared the northern point of the island, these thinned and straggled into nothingness, leaving the stern wall of the rock to march straight to the open sea, where it stopped abruptly in a precipice, straight as a plumb-line and two hundred feet high.

He stood about at its base and studied it with admiration.

"Some boy!" he told the silence and the sunshine. "Some haughty old promontory, all right, all right! Sticks its head right up against the sky-line with aplomb."

The sea came sharply to the bluff's foot. There was no ragged fringe of fallen boulders to attest shallow water. The tide was always in against its iron front, depths lurked smoothly there; that he knew.

He spent most of that day idling at the promontory's foot, sitting in the sun and then in the shade as the day waned and his dark eyes were pensive, though courageous.

He threw a stone at a sea-gull and killed it outright.

Elated, he tried it over and gathered up several of the birds.

"The hunter returns from the chase to his hearth-fire," he said with a laugh as he slung them on his shoulder with mock pride, "or is it the flight and his particular tree to roost in?"

However, he carried the gulls very carefully, and when he was back at the dry cave he used one of the few matches in his metal box to light a fire. This was an easy matter, for there was much material handy and it was light and dry.

"This fire," he said judicially when it brightened to a jolly flame, "is to be guarded. It shall be laid between stones presently and made permanent. Man and his fire—they are inimical."

The sea-gulls were tiny things, mostly feathers, but with a biscuit dipped in brine for seasoning they did very well roasted at the embers and eaten from the fingers after the first fashion of man, and he sat and watched the moon rise with his knees clasped in his arms.

HAD there been one beside him—almost any other on the face of earth—anything human—to share the view spread out before him, it would have been stupendous. Moonrise, and a golden path to the shore's edge from the world's farther rim, and the high blue-black vault of the sky with a million strange stars sailing majestically therein, and fox-fire in the surf outside the path of the moonlight.

It was stupendous anyway, and he felt it—lost little atom that he was there in the heart of the great sea—felt it and enjoyed it after a fashion; for he was of a high courage and held a strong hand hard down on his destiny. So he sat and looked until his eyeballs ached and his ears felt strained with the immeasurable silence. Then he hollowed a place for his hips and shoulders in the warm sand and deliberately went to sleep.

In the days that followed he went exploring round his solitary world and found much of interest—living waters, sweet as honey, that ran from the beetling heights, rich verdure and strange plants with fruit that looked good to eat. He tried these with a calm philosophy.

"If they're edible," he said to himself and the silence, "I've found something. If they poison me, why that's as it was to be from the beginning. This plant was to grow and I was to come and get it. The fruit of Destiny," he finished with that strain of whimsy which had been always his shield and buckler against misfortune.

He found that the island was a picturesque oval, with the high spine running straight through it from north to south, though at the southern end this rock-ribbed ridge came steeply down to lose itself in the level beach that circled it.

IT WAS a glorious day, blue and bright, with the sea glass-smooth and a little wind coming in from the west. The man stood long, looking at the world of waters with never a sail nor a whiff of smoke to break its gray monotony. He snapped his fingers with an eloquence of resignation and turned away again.

"I know," he said. "*I* know! Can't fool me on this layout. It's far down—far down—for the *Lady Gay* was running deep off her course five days ago when the first of the storm struck us. Ten years, maybe, or twenty. I've got a fairly good store, of course, but whether or not it's worth the candle I don't——"

He never finished that sentence. The words trailed off his lips in astonishment, for, keen and clear in the soft silence, a sound came cutting down from the heights above, a wild, shrill cry that brought his heart leaping in his throat—the unmistakable scream of a horse!

He raised his startled eyes, and there, standing on the extreme edge of the bluff, her beautiful body taut and leaning, her neck arched like a rainbow, her eager face bent down toward him, stood the most wonderful creature he had ever beheld.

The little wind from the west was in her face and it lifted the great silver cloud of her mane so that it stood high above her like a plume, fanned out the silver vanity of tail that swept her heels. The sun shone on her shining skin of chestnut brown, so that it sparkled in little rings where her slender flanks curved in, and the spread of her wide nostrils was pink as a shell.

The man looked up with in-held breath, and the glistening animal looked down, and each was surcharged with a trembling that came from swift emotion.

With eager feet and hands he charged against the ascent which looked easy enough of access, and for the first quarter of the way he found it so, for there was evidence of a one-time way winding along the rocky slant. Then suddenly it became vastly steeper, and the weathering of the ridge had cast down its eternal sift, and the foothold became narrower.

And then, when he could see the edge of the table-land close above him, he came face to face with defeat.

Blocking the narrow way, a huge boulder lay like a wedge between him and his keen desire, a great, bulging stone, rolled from the rim-rock above and stopped by some trick of Fate to stick and hang like a mud-dauber's nest in its uncounted tons.

For hours he worked to surmount it, to pry it loose with such sticks as he could find, retracing the difficult way to the beach, but without avail.

"The horse went up this very way, must have, some time, some how, and the stone fell and left her there. Poor lass!" he said. He cast her gender instinctively, for it spoke with eloquence and force in every line of her slim body, looked out of her face as truly as from the features of a beautiful woman.

With the falling of the dusk, when the burgeoning sun sank into the sea, he went wearily down to stand on the beach and scan the cliff above. He looked eagerly all along the sharp edge standing against the sky in clear relief, but nothing living appeared thereon, and he could almost have believed himself the victim of hallucination. He put his fingers to his lips after the manner of his boyhood and blew a whistle that cut keenly out upon the silence.

He watched and listened, and blew again, and presently, from far up beyond the tall escarpment toward the north, he caught the faint echo of an answer—thin and fine and far, but the ringing quiver of a neigh.

With light in his eyes and an eager step he went home to his cave and its one comfort, the living fire banked in its stones.

AT DAWN he was up and planning a way to the flat table-land of the spine. He walked all around the island and studied the formation of the beetling ridge, but all to no avail. There was no other way save the blocked trail at the south. Again he whistled and again he got the answer from the hidden country above, and far to the north the chestnut mare looked down upon him from the rim. Her face was keen as fire and the little ears were pointed hard toward him, as if she strained every sense and instinct to make sure that this was a living creature. Eagerness so tense as to be painful was in her look, and some fear.

And when the man, satisfied that the northwest point was invincible, retraced his steps toward the south, the shining creature went with him in parallel, its feet sure on the dangerous edge, its neck arched down in pathetic anxiety.

The man stopped at the southern end of the island and, putting his fingers to his lips blew that piercing whistle, and quick as an echo came the answer. When he rounded the foot of the ridge and went north on the east toward his cave and the tie of his living fire, the mare was no longer visible, and he reasoned that this side of the table must be girded by a higher formation, since she had never appeared here. He felt sure she would have followed this day, so keen did she seem to keep him in sight.

That night he slept lightly and his dreams were troubled by the faint, fine neigh of a horse, and filled with the sweet face of the girl he was giving up in his heart's heart.

He had found nothing on this island to justify a hope of ships touching, neither wreckage—save that from the ill-starred *Lady Gay*—nor old stones for fire, nor one stick laid upon another.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In the days that followed he put such energy into solving the mystery of the inaccessible crags as he had never given to anything in his life before, neither football nor aviation nor the winning of Helen, or the making of money.

For, see you how the diversified interests of this blessed life of ours take each of a man's giving and become precious, because of their relative values.

Now he had nothing to do save sit and look at the gorgeous sea and cease to plan—that was before he looked up and saw the shining chestnut beauty in her enchanted country.

From that moment he was live as a wire.

HE BROUHT all his gifts of calculation to bear and studied the cliffs like an engineer, and every day he went around to the western side of the island and sent his whistle ringing to the heights, and always the answer came, sometimes near behind the rim-rock, and then the mare came quickly to look down upon him, again from afar and he had to wait until she came running, to stop with her small hoofs beating the very edge. He had many a thrill in the slowly passing days from that very thing, the amazing grace and power and precision with which she stopped at the brink of certain death, there on the rim's thin blade.

"Some darling!" he cried to her, laughing. "A princess—a queen of your tribe! Sure in every sense, sight, hearing, the very *feeling* that stops there with six inches between you and space! I've simply got to make it up there!"

He carried from the flotsam of the wreck an iron bar long as himself and, climbing up to the hanging stone, set himself the slow and almost hopeless task of picking out a hole behind it.

He made himself a crude calendar and knew by that that it took him nine days of ceaseless effort.

At the end of that time he saw the blue sky through and pulled his body out into the almost obliterated trail beyond the boulder. He was cramped and weary from the position in the narrow tunnel and lay for a second looking down at the distant beach, but the sound of a sharp whistle brought him on an elbow, and there, fairly leaning out with her knees buckling as if to essay the perilous sheer way down to him, stood the wonderful chestnut mare, and she was even more beautiful than he had thought.

"Sweetheart!" he cried as the wind lifted her cloud-like silver mane. "Oh, you eager beauty! Quicksilver!" and he knew on the instant that he had named her.

Carefully he gathered himself and crept up the trail. At the top, almost within reach, he stretched out a hand toward her.

For a second she stood, her great dark eyes afire, trembling in every limb, nostrils shaking.

Then she broke and whirled and ran away from him, blind with fright.

But the man had conquered.

He lifted himself on the rim's edge and looked long at the enchantment spread out before him. Level as a floor, green as emerald, starred with spreading trees and watered by living springs that fringed themselves with flowers, the high country of the table-land was a paradise indeed! Toward the East, as he had thought, the outer wall of the cliffs rose above it like a bastion, and he could see therein caves and cups that formed an ideal shelter.

But loneliness was over it like a veil, a tangible thing to be felt in every nerve and fiber.

Quick with the exploring instinct, he went forward. Far to the north he could see the chestnut mare, stopped and turned toward him, her head high in the air.

He whistled and watched. This time she did not answer, but stood like a sentinel. Again he blew the piercing whistle. She tossed her regal head, stamped with her pretty hoofs. At the third call she flung up her muzzle and whinnied sharply. Then the man cleverly turned away and went exploring toward the eastern battlements, leaving her to her own devices.

Long, long had this lonely creature heard no voice but her own calling into the silence, seen no moving thing except the gulls.

Now the man who called and made no move to catch her, who went the other way, drew her like a magnet, so that she came, tentatively, on stiff legs, with arching neck and blowing nostrils, to stand afar and watch him with her flaming eyes, to follow and stop and follow again.

All the golden day this went on, and the man compassed the long and narrow table-land, stood on the northern lip of the promontory where the sheer wall fell to the surging depths. He had brought what he could of the biscuit in his pockets, and that night he lay under the stars on the grassy floor and thought long thoughts, and all night long he heard the soft pad of light hoofs about him, the blowing of deep breaths in the darkness.

Quicksilver was a-quiver with the mystery and wonder of his presence.

By dawn he was awake—and she stood, a ghostly shape in the red effulgence, a stone's throw away. He sat up—and she fled. He whistled and she turned. Her eyes were like stars in her dusky face. Her silver mane was a misty cloud.

She leaned toward him so that her knees buckled, eager and afraid. But the sound of his coaxing voice began to still the fear, to call to an ancient love of man within her. She came closer, stretched out her velvet nose to sniff his scent. Again the man went from her—and this time she followed, trotting as if she feared to lose him.

When the gorgeous sun fell into the sea at dusk, he touched her for a fleeting second, and he smiled like a boy with a new kite, so delighted was he.

THE trick was done. In a few hours she was tamed to his hand, so gladly that she hung at his heels like a dog, and all the next day he spent petting her as one strokes the thing he loves.

"How long, I wonder," he said aloud, "how long have you been here, my beauty, alone between the sea and the sky? So damnably alone!"

But she could not answer, save by the pathetic eagerness with which she followed him, scarce taking time to browse on the sweet forage, and the look in her soft dark eyes.

"Long enough, I'll wager!"

And it was, could he but know.

That day he was forced to go down the perilous way to the beach if he would save his fire. He debated bringing his precious stores up with him to make his home on the table-land. It would be a heart-breaking task, that he knew.

At the trail's head where it dropped down the wall he took leave of Quicksilver, or tried to.

"Good-by, little girl," he said whimsically. "I'll be back as soon as possible." And he stroked her shining neck and fondled her pretty lips. But the mare would have none of that farewell.

She crowded after him to the rim's lip, set her feet to the trail behind.

"Go back!" he cried, aghast. "Get back there!"

She reared at his lifted hand, but came down with her eyes shut and her nose outstretched, quivering with a nameless fear.

She came blindly after, and the man was forced to go back up the few steps he had descended.

"Now, what in this world am I do do?" he asked her again. "I've simply got to go, sweetheart."

But he sat on the rim and puzzled, while Quicksilver stood beside him, gazing out to sea. So long as he was there she was content, but he could not get away from her.

At the end of an hour he rose.

"I've got to go. We'll have to take our chance," he told her grimly. "If you fall—kismet. We're on the lap of the gods, anyway."

STRAIGHT to the boulder she came behind him, sure in the silt and weathered stone that filled the trail, and he knew instinctively that she had been there before.

But when he crawled head first into the narrow bore of his tunnel and disappeared, the scream that rent the quiet air cut to his heart. He heard her pounding at the rock with her sharp hoofs, and thought despairingly that she must go over in her excitement.

Out on the other side he whistled. The mare flung up her head and listened tragically.

Then, as if she sensed something beyond her fear, she backed carefully up the dangerous way, step by step.

On the beach below he ran to where she could see him and called his reassurance, but she leaned so far out that he feared she would jump and cried hoarsely to command her back.

Long after he had disappeared toward the eastern side of the island he could hear her wildly calling from the hidden heights.

His fire was all but gone, but he rolled the few coals in their ashes and wrapped them in the long broad leaves of the tree that bore the edible fruit, made a pack for his shoulders of the precious tins, more safely covered the rest, and made it back to the boulder. Here he used his wits in the bringing of his provisions through, going first himself and pulling them after by means of a rope tied to his waist. But on his first appearance he had the mare to deal with, for she was waiting tensely on the rim above.

Down she came and he had to force her back with a strong hand upon her nose, following step by step himself. Once on the level she stepped about him like a crazy thing, whinnying in a low hoarse manner that was all but human in its relief and unspeakable joy.

It was as if she had loved and lost and received back again from the mystery of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

oblivion, and her heart was overcharged with gladness.

And presently, by the face of the eastern wall where the wind-caves gaped, there rose in the evening air the gladsome comfort of a plume of smoke, though he found the coals were dead after all and had to use one of the few precious matches, and his blanket was spread on the dry earth, his tins set down inside the cave, and he was at home.

Ah, home! He had dreamed of a home once—long, long back it seemed—on the hills of Frisco Town where the ships moved out through the Golden Gate and wealth and pleasure ruled in the happy city. Ah, home!

He laid his face on the brown mare's neck and almost the unmanly tears came to his eyes.

"Castaways both!" he said. "And I am a coward to flinch at my destiny! I won't, sweetheart. I'll be as brave as you at least."

So he made his spare meal, and fed the mare a taste of the fruit that had a tart sweetness, very pleasant to the tongue, and sat by his sparse fire, alone, the loneliest thing under the stars that night. "But only half as much alone as you have been, my girl," he said.

And thus it was that a new life came to the chestnut mare in the hidden country, a wondrous new life in all truth, and the lost man from the *Lady Gay* found companionship and love; for such a love sprang up between the two as could not have happened under any other circumstances. Day by golden day they idled in their paradise, drank of the sweet waters and drowsed beneath the trees.

Nights the man lay on his blanket and the mare lay down at the cave's mouth, or tried to squeeze in at the entrance.

She seemed obsessed with a biting fear of loss and separation, that held her near at all times.

And they went exploring, too. There were many caves in the wall of the escarpment, worn by the wind at some season of the year, broken from the parent rock by centuries of erosion, and it was deep in one of these that he found one day all the history of the lonely island and the chestnut mare he was ever to know, two human skeletons, not so long there, perhaps two years or three, their arms locked in what he took at first to be a close embrace.

IT WAS indeed an embrace, close and tight, but not of love or sympathy, for the bones were those of two men and in the bent hand of one there lay a knife, a knife whose long and rusted blade was still deep between the staring ribs of the other!

In the cave behind there was evidence of a camp, the ancient ashes of fires between their stones, rotted blankets and a candle in a bottle-neck. And there was treasure, too, ship's plate with the name of a princely boat, lost with all hands as the world supposed some seven years agone, and women's stone-set rings and necklaces, such as the wealthy ones of the continents carry when they travel. These things lay scattered on the rocky floor, as if a struggle had thrown them there from the open box that lay end up toward the farther wall. It was dim in the cave and the man stared with wide eyes, reading the dusty tragedy.

"So there were men here once," he said aloud, "and their ugly passions were here with them! Greed of gold, here, in the very heart of oblivion."

When he came out and found Quicksilver waiting at the cave's mouth, he stood and gazed at her in puzzled abstraction.

"They must have brought you here, my beauty," he said, "but how or why will ever be a mystery. I wish you could speak the King's English."

But if she could not speak, the brown beauty could learn a thousand things—to trot and to walk at the master's command, to whirl and stand erect on her hind feet, to kneel and to lie flat.

THERE is little to fill the days of a man and a horse lost on a lonely island, and there are long hours in which one of them may think, so they played all these tricks that they might be as happy as possible. And after a while they were happy, both, in a way; for though Quicksilver had been wild with joy over the man's advent from the first, he had had a deal to conquer and cast out—hope, for one thing, and Helen's face with its wondrous blue eyes.

But he did cast them out of the future. So he slept and played his endless games with Quicksilver the beautiful, walked the table-land from edge to edge and studied the speckless sea for hours. And the months rolled round with the everlasting sun and the little winds, and the seasons changed a trifle. The rains came on, those blistering tropical rains, and the man became miserable with a plague of sores, so that he lay for days in the shelter of the caves and the mare stamped at the entrance or stood patiently inside. The verdure grew lush and rank and the streams roared down the rock-face. The trips down to the beach where he had cached his precious tins became a heavy task to him and he went only when he must. Sometimes he crossed his arms under his face and his ragged sleeves were wet with tears.

Not that he was a weakling. He was not. He was a man, very much a man, but there are strains that would break a giant. But always the eager nose of the brown mare came nudging at his ribs, and he would roll over and hug her shiny neck and smile and tackle the resistance stuff once more.

He became expert with his rocks among the sea-gulls, but the birds became wild with the slaughter among them, so that he must needs be expert indeed to get enough to eke out his failing resources, for the edible-fruit trees had ceased to bear and the tins from the *Lady Gay* could not last forever.

This he knew in a dim way, putting it from him.

But just the same he began to play a new game with Quicksilver.

Where the table-land went north to the sharp rim of the precipice, there lay the most ideal reach of land in all the world on which to race a running horse. And the mare could run, swiftly and strongly. Day after day the man rode on her shining back all round and round the two miles by three that comprised the hidden country of the island's top. The little winds blew his long hair back from his thin face and his rags fluttered at his knees and elbows, and he looked wild as the first man, there on his chestnut friend, the horse. And he began, as I say, this new game.

Back from the rim's north edge a way he drew a line in the soft earth, a sharp line that could be easily seen, and up to this he would ride Quicksilver, steady her to dead-stop, then with a hand on her shoulder, send her leaping forward straight toward the edge. It was the point of the game to see how near she would go before the cat-like whirl and leap that took her sidewise and to safety. At first she would stop far back, as if afraid, now that she carried such precious freight—she who had run to the thin knife-blade of edge to answer his call below and stopped with her hoofs beating the rim-rock! And the man would urge her nearer—nearer—just one more leap. For many weeks they played this trick, day after day, and the man beside his fire at the cave's mouth had long thoughts indeed.

Quicksilver became an expert, too.

She could run straight toward the rim like a shot, and turn on a dime to safety. It was exciting, because it carried an element of danger. Suppose—just suppose—that the rim should give way some day, or the sure little feet should make a misstep!

It would be a spectacular thing, there in the sparkling sunlight above the open sea. The man visioned it, sometimes, with a frown—but he came back to it in mind and looked at the picture again. Quicksilver the beautiful, hurtling out—all four feet spread-eagling beneath her in her fright—her glorious mane standing up like a cloud from her desperately arching neck as she sailed down the face of the cliff to the surging depths below. *Some* picture, with only the screaming gulls for audience and the magnificent solitude for stage.

BUT he tried to put the picture from him and stopped the game at last, only to begin it again when the monotony became unbearable.

The mare by this time could whirl on the direct edge, and always they started from the line. It was eighteen full leaps from the start to the last ultimate jump. Time after time the man had counted them. At first the mare had stopped as far back as ten, then had made it twelve, then fifteen, and so on to the brink.

There was no deeper thrill to be got from distance, so he began to make it up on speed. Like a shot the shining creature would shoot down the short track, her neat hoofs drumming. The whirl at the edge was always a tax on the man's horsemanship, but he was ever ready, lithe and strong and quick.

The rains were all but done, the sunlight periods longer, when something happened which seemed to write "the end" to the story for the man.

This was the storm, the great storm like the one which did for the *Lady Gay*, and which penned the man in his cave, cowering and fearing the whole spine of the island would crumble into the turmoil of the raging sea. Quicksilver trembled near him in the dark and they were both afraid, poor atoms in the awesome wastes.

Three days later he went down the trail behind the hanging rock—to stand and view the cave where he had cached his stores, or what had been his cave. It was a cove now, merely, a new angle of the shoreline, and there were no stores.

There was nothing.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She reared at his lifted hand, but came down with her eyes shut and her nose outstretched, quivering with a nameless fear.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Like a very old man he dragged himself up to the hidden country and not even the mare's soft whinny of joy at his coming could lighten the gravity of his speaking face.

He ran his fingers through his unkempt hair and sighed.

"About a week, sweetheart," he said judicially, "perhaps two if I can make the gulls eke out that long with the one-half tin of biscuit. Then—a long good-by to you—some more years when you will trot the table-land and look for something moving in the loneliness—will call and get no answer. It's a toss-up which would be best. I'd stay if I could, old girl, you know that," he finished with a touch of old-time whimsy, "but it just isn't possible."

In the days that followed he was with her every minute.

A keen regret was in his heart for her.

He thought of the days to come when she would run the ridge from end to end and standing on the rim would look below with her eager eyes, would cry her ringing call and tossing up her head listen in painful silence for the whistle that never came. That picture cut to his heart and his tender hands upon her neck became more tender still. It seemed as if the mare sensed something different in him, caught the shadow of tragedy that was drifting across the future, for her soft dark eyes became strained with the tensity of eagerness that could not quite pierce the veil between them.

One week passed, and the man was very hungry. He tried hard for the gulls, but the birds were wise and careful. The precious biscuit were done. He searched the island for edible roots, but those he ate made him sick, and he was more miserable still.

And then at last came the glorious evening of gold and purple, of sweet winds and the scent of the southern sea, when he sat down beside his fire and had it out with himself.

"IT'S only a drawing out," he said aloud, "a thinning and a weakening of my will, my spirit and my courage. The weaker I am physically the poorer will be my exit from this mundane sphere, and I abhor the poor, the weak. No, I have always tried to be and do the best, the strongest, the straightest. I decide for myself. Tomorrow I make my last bow. The north cliff for mine—and a clean drop to the depths below. But you, sweetheart," he reached a pitying hand to the mare's nose, "what shall I decide for you? The spectacular drop with me—for you love me, that I know—or the aching loneliness of the empty years? Which would be best? Years—years—to die at last with none to ease your going with voice and hand, the most forsaken thing in all the peopled earth?"

Long he sat and studied, frowning into the fire.

At last he shook his head and rose. He struck his palm on the mare's satin shoulder with a gesture of finality. "I have chosen," he said.

With which cryptic word he laid him down and slept in peace, but the brown mare paced the island all the night, her silver mane shining under the tropical moon, absent for once from his cave's door.

WHAT called her to scan the empty sea, as if with a last desperate hope for the man-creature that was her god?

Who knows?

At dawn she was waiting for him.

There was nothing to do this day, since there was nothing to eat. For three days he had not been able to get near the birds.

Now he did not care.

The sun was coming out of the sea, a golden ball, wondrous and amazing. He watched it race up the cloudless heavens in that first seemingly swift ascent. Then he laved himself perfectly in the deep spring beneath the trees. He made himself neat as possible in his rags and set fresh fuel to his fire.

"You'll be burning when we go," he said; "the altar-fire for us."

Then he rubbed the mare until her silken coat shone in circles and started for the northern end of the island, she trotting at his shoulder.

At the lip of the promontory he stood with folded arms and gazed for a long time to where he knew 'Frisco Town lay down behind the rim of the world—'Frisco Town and Helen. In his heart he gave them farewell and made his peace above. Then he turned and led Quicksilver swiftly to the line. From his rags he tore a strip and securely bound her eyes, those pretty eyes that were so full of love and light. He laid his face on hers and kissed her satin cheek.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I take you with me, magnificently! There is no good-by for us."

Then he swung across her back, settled himself for the last great dash of the game they had played.

At first the mare trembled and stood hesitant. She did not understand this darkness. But the master's hand was on her neck ready to give the familiar starting touch, she felt his knees grip her shoulders. She steadied, drew herself taut as a well-trained horse should do. It was dark, but the master was signaling "ready." Therefore she *was* ready. She gathered her shining hoofs, waited, held her graceful head stretched a trifle forward, took a deep breath——

And the man said, "Go! Sweetheart! Go!"

Instantly she went, with a dropping of loins, a lift and heave of withers, a drumming of fleet hoofs, went like a shot toward the distant rim, in darkness, not understanding, but obedient to the last.

The man flung up a hand, leaned forward, rode with wide eyes and the last flare of his courageous spirit in the smile that played on his lips, straight toward the blue gulf of space!

One—two—three— seven—eight—nine—the beating hoofs told off the distance——

Twelve—thirteen—fourteen—the man's dark eyes were black as night with the spread pupils. The rim was coming swiftly down toward him! He touched the mare's neck once more and the note of her speed lifted.

Fifteen — sixteen — seventeen — He closed his eyes and clutched the silver mane with strong hand—and the next second, leaning for the inevitable sail out and down the face of the wall, his body shot forward and swung feet out in a wide arch, for Quicksilver, true to her training and that mysterious instinct which warns the dumb of danger, whirled on the eighteenth leap and swung aside to safety, sure of foot and distance, obedient in the dark!

And in that one awful moment while he swung perilously above the surging depths, face down as his impetus whirled his body, the man's dazed eyes looked straight down upon a long dark object specked with dots of white that nosed the cliff below—a ship's long boat filled with white-clad sailors from the schooner that had lain all night off the eastern side of the island behind the tall escarpments!

It was the schooner sent to search for the ill-starred *Lady Gay*, and to rescue those who might survive her.

TREMBLING, shaken, laughing like a lunatic, the man rolled far inland where the mare's sharp whirl had swung him. Then he tore the rag from her faithful eyes and, crawling to the rim, he drew her with him to peer in wonderment at the thing below.

Then he put his fingers to his ashen lips and blew such a whistle as seemed to him must reach the ears of Helen in that far city on the world's lip. And Quicksilver, leaning above him, stretched her shining neck and added her ringing peal.

Those in the boat looked up, waved glad hands, and when he had signed them to the south and the easy beach, the man stood weakly up and putting his arms about the mare's throat, wept, unashamed, into the cloud of her mane.

"Men—and—bars—and the stone pried out, sweetheart," he gasped between his tears and laughter, "and both of us—down—at last—to sail in through the Golden Gate and prance the streets of 'Frisco Town, the gayest two on earth!"

EVERYBODY'S for April will feature a complete novelette, "The Black Rooms in the Hilltop Inn," by Kenyon Gambier, author of "The White House and the Red-Haired Girl," and "The Girl on the Hilltop."

The setting of this whimsical romance is a roadside inn in Gloucestershire, where a gorgeous masque is given in honor of an American girl. Her wealthy host, Graham Pethick, stages a party of stunning magnificence, attended by the whole of his smart social world.

Pethick's vain efforts to identify the guest of honor, the mystery of her disguise, and the bewildering complications caused by the presence of guests at a wedding-supper in another part of the inn provide material for a story of unusual freshness that is in turn thrilling and amusing.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Betty's Painter

By L. H. Robbins

Expect me Thursday seventeenth.
Will stay all summer if agreeable.
ALFRED ARTHUR BANNIS.

JIM and Betty Corwin looked at each other with the longest faces they had worn in their three years of married life. Upon them was about to descend the misfortune dreaded by Betty's mother and sister and girl cousins and aunts, and no less by their men-folk. Jim and Betty were to have a visitation from Uncle Alfred, known among his kindred as Alfred the Terrible.

The best that could be said of Uncle Alfred was that he had three landscapes in the Metropolitan. There eulogy ceased and apology began.

Practically he was a tramp. Family tradition reckoned his wealth at a quarter of a million; but this was a mere guess, for Uncle Alfred never made a vulgar display of his opulence. In fact, his fondness for a celluloid collar, his abhorrence of tailors, and his practise of sojourning for long periods with his relatives enabled him to get along without showing any of his money at all.

"If agreeable," read the message. "That means," said Betty, "if agreeable to Uncle Alfred. We simply must do something about the bathroom walls, Jim, dear. We have just a week."

It was notorious of Uncle Alfred that with all his imperfections he expected perfection in his surroundings. In the previous winter he had almost caused a divorce in Cousin Sara's home by reason of the fuss he raised over a tuneful radiator-valve in his bedroom.

"We mustn't give him one little chance to find fault with us," Betty declared. "And those bathroom walls are a fright."

SOME months before, the tin roof above the bathroom of the Corwins's modest semi-bungalow in Longwellyn Estates had taken to behaving in the manner of a colander. A tinsmith had stopped the leaks, and Jim and Betty had done without meat for a while, except on Sundays, to pay his bill. The bathroom plaster still remained a study in rain-water colors. Uncle Alfred would never be satisfied with bathroom plaster like that.

Of the only interior decorator in Longwellyn the Corwins inquired how much it would set them in arrears to have the ceiling patched, the walls tinted, the woodwork enameled and the bathroom made otherwise suitable to environ a temperamental uncle. The decorator's estimate reminded them that Jim was only a five-thousand-dollar man. "Anyway, I couldn't do nothing for you before fall," he said, and explained that his workmen had gone on strike in order to live up the spoils of their gainful war years in the shipyard.

"I'll do the work myself," Jim announced, and was fondly applauded by

An earlier story of Mr. Robbins's, which appeared in EVERYBODY'S for July, 1920, has been selected for recognition by the Society of Arts and Sciences; his "Professor Todd's Used Car," written in much the same humorous vein as "Betty's Painter," and, like it, based on vexations familiar to the average householder, was one of the stories from which prize-winners of the 1920 O. Henry Memorial Reward were chosen.

Betty. At a paint house in the city he acquired materials and advice. Bright and early on Saturday morning he began his labors.

As Betty waited in the market that morning for the butcher to trim her sirloin steak, she heard a voice beside her.

"I'll have one just like Mrs. Corwin's, please."

It was Mrs. Jerome Tullis, with a lorgnette. The Tullises dwelt next door to the semi-bungalow, in a mansion almost ducal. "My husband is away to-day at his golf," she confided to Betty, "so I shall have to feed him well to-night."

"And my husband—" Just in time Betty's pretty teeth arrested her boastful tongue. Never had the Corwins known Mrs. Tullis's twenty-thousand-dollar husband to do a stroke of manual work. Above lawn-mowing, car greasing and like menial chores was Tullis. In a flash of social caution Betty saw that it might not be brilliant of her to advertise the plebeian activity then going on in the bathroom of the semi-bungalow. Not that Betty was a social climber, but—you know how it is, if you are a five-thousand-dollar person in a twenty-thousand-dollar suburb.

So with eyes twinkling she said only: "I have a painter to-day, and painters need square meals, too, you know."

"A painter!" cried Mrs. Tullis, instantly excited. "Do tell me where you found him. I'm fairly frantic to find a painter."

"Oh," Betty replied mysteriously, "I got him in the city."

Mrs. Tullis unburdened her soul. Three days that week she had spent in the city trying to lure painters out to Longwellyn to do her spring retouching. Her rose-trellises were disgraceful; her porch-screens not fit to put up, and mosquito-time at hand. "But not a man can I get, my dear, though I offer double pay. They all say there's a painters' strike here, and they won't come near."

"A painters' strike?" Betty echoed. "I don't believe my painter knows about it."

Home with the steak and the gossip she went. Jim had a dash of plaster in one eye, but was able to wink with the other over the privation of the fashionable Mrs. Tullis.

"It isn't the rich who have everything;" said Betty, and felt so pleased that she made up a little song. Mrs. Tullis might have gold, stocks and Liberty Bonds untold, more than a national bank could hold; but Betty had a painter. They laughed together like two happy, innocent children playing on the railway-track.

He had removed the screen from the bathroom window and taken down the roller-shade. On his step-ladder he stood exposed to view from the mansion almost ducal across the lawns. Betty became thoughtful.

"Jim, if she looks over here she can see you as plain as anything. Could you work if I put the shade back? You could turn on the electric light."

"And suffocate," he answered. "My child, don't you know that atmosphere is everything to a painter?"

"But think what I told her."

Having thought, he got down quickly from his ladder.

"I didn't really fib to her, Jim. I was only in fun. But if she discovers!"

"Can't you go over and tell her it was only your little joke?"

"It would make things worse. I don't know her well enough."

"We must rescue the family honor, that's clear," said he. "Go toast a cork over the gas."

"What for?"

"I'll black up. I used to play end on the minstrel team at Tech. I know a couple of coon songs, too. You didn't tell her your painter was white, did you?"

"But I want the walls white, Jim; and burnt cork— Wait! I know."

FROM the semi-attic she fetched a pair of old lace curtains, once the pride of her Aunt Frederica. "See how nice and porous they are, Jim, dear. They will let the air through beautifully—some air, at least, won't they?"

Scarcely had a veil been drawn over the Corwins' dreadful secret when the door-bell rang. On the porch stood Mrs. Tullis.

"Shan't we sit out here? It's so much cooler." Betty suggested to the caller, as from the bathroom drifted harsh language addressed by Jim to the step-ladder.

"I'll not stop a minute," replied Mrs. Tullis, coming in and sniffing the air. "What a heavenly smell to have in one's house! Banana oil; I love it. My dear, I've come to kidnap your painter—that is, when you're through with him. I came early to avoid the rush."

"The rush?" queried Betty.

"I'm such a fool, my dear. On the way home I met Mrs. Galloway and told her about your luck. She vowed not to eat or drink until she had hired him. So I hurried; and a good thing I did, for here she is now." A stately electric sedan had rolled up to the curb. "Remember, dear, I'm first."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A large woman was Mrs. Galloway, with nothing between her and the almshouse but a considerable proportion of the real-estate holdings in Longwellyn. She came up the steps puffing.

"Mrs. Corwin, I hear you've got a painter. Where on earth did you land him?"

"I told Mrs. Tullis I found him in the city," Betty laughed. "As a matter of fact——"

SHE would have to come out with the honest truth then and there if the telephone bell had not called her away. "How prettily she blushes," remarked Mrs. Tullis.

On the wire was Mrs. Wilber Crane, president of the Afternoon Arts and Letters Club. "I am told, Mrs. Corwin," she began, in her well-chosen way, "that you have a painter. Can it be true?"

Betty sparred for time to think. "Where did you hear it, Mrs. Crane?"

"From Mrs. Galloway; and though I feel more than a little embarrassed when I remember that Mr. Crane and I have never yet paid a formal call upon you and Mr. Corwin, often as we have promised ourselves the pleasure, I take the liberty of phoning you at once. I am such a busy woman, you know . . ."

Her need for a painter cried aloud at her, she explained, whenever she looked at her front stairs, where Mr. Crane's rude heels had dug great gouges in the drop-boards. Might she entertain the hope of falling heir to Betty's workman?

"I expect to keep him quite a while, Mrs. Crane. I have a good deal of work, you see."

"But you will be done with him some time; and then, if I had his address——"

"I can ask him to send it to you, Mrs. Crane. I ought to tell you, though, that several other women are ahead of you."

"Oh, very well." The tone of the president of the Arts and Letters Club was aggrieved. "Good day, Mrs. Corwin."

To a manly howl from above Mrs. Tullis and Mrs. Galloway harkened with wide-open ears.

"Hey, Betty! Hurry up those rags!"

"It's my husband," said Betty, turning pale. "He is at home to-day and——"

"And bossing the painter, the way a husband should," Mrs. Tullis finished for her. "I wish to goodness my husband took such an interest in his home. All that man is good for is to make money and play golf. I tell him if the house got on fire he wouldn't lift a finger to save it."

"You must see him anyway, Jim. I told him you were at home."

Up-stairs, Betty hurled herself at the painter and implored him to hush. "The house is full of society women wild for an introduction to you," she whispered. "Lock yourself in the bathroom and stop yelling."

She reached the reception hall again to hear, from Mrs. Galloway: "You have a lovely little home here, Mrs. Corwin. Did we understand you to tell Mrs. Crane that you had a lot of painting to be done?".

"Because your woodwork is perfect, as it is, I should think," Mrs. Tullis added; "and the outside will last for years. Stucco and shingles never do need paint."

"It's the up-stairs," Betty replied.

"I'm surprised to hear that," said Mrs. Galloway; "because I told Higgins, my builder, to do the up-stairs every bit as good as the down."

Betty gasped. "Did you build our house? I thought we bought from the realty company."

"That's me," said Mrs. Galloway. "I'm sorry if you were stung, for it means I was stung, too; I paid Higgins for an A-1 job. But what can you expect of labor nowadays! Twenty-three weeks his people have been out; and here when I need a man to do my trim, so that strangers in town will quit taking my place for an abandoned farm, I have to come begging. May I see your painter just a minute, Mrs. Corwin?"

"HE—he is in a frightful temper about something," Betty parried. "I'm almost afraid."

"Don't disturb him, then," said Mrs. Galloway, rising to depart. "Oh, I know them. Didn't I once tell a painter to move a potted geranium out of a window? And didn't he ask me if I took him for a blooming florist? And didn't he go home, and the rest of the gang with him, and stay off the job till I sent him an apology? I'll not add to your troubles now, my dear. But I'll be back."

"And I," said Mrs. Tullis playfully, "mean to watch your house the rest of the day, so that he shan't escape."

As the visiting ladies passed out at the gate, a little man in black came along and halted; a mild-looking, limp-leather little creature with a smile chaste and suave.

"Bless us, here's Dr. Whitehead hanging around," cried Mrs. Galloway. "Are you looking for a painter, too, Dominie?"

"I?—looking for a painter, Mrs. Galloway?" He flushed as he turned to Betty, on the steps. "How do you do, Mrs. Corwin? Does—ah—your husband chance to be at home to-day? I thought, as I was passing this way, I would speak with him about—ah—the communion service to-morrow."

Jim was a deacon in Dr. Whitehead's church. It was almost the only bit of social recognition the suburb had yielded to the Corwins in their three shy and hopeful years.

Hot and perspiring from swinging a brush at the ceiling in the air-tight bathroom, Jim unlocked the door at Betty's tap.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"But I can't see the man now, Betty." The white paint had run up his arms to the elbows, and more of it had gotten on his shoes and his last year's tennis trousers than he could afford to waste, at a dollar-thirty a pint.

"You must see him anyway, Jim. I told him you were at home. Oh! I'm in such a mess!"

"So'm I," said Jim, looking at his hands. "But you can wash in turpentine and be redeemed. I can't. I've told so many lies——"

He kissed away her tears, leaving a spot of porcelain undercoat in their place on her burning cheeks. In the course of time he appeared on the porch fresh from his cleansing, cool and neat in new white flannels.

"So this is a day you wear your slippers," said Dr. Whitehead observantly. "Ah, Corwin, I envy you business men your holidays. A minister never rests, except, of course, on his annual vacation. The unthinking world supposes Sunday to be his only busy day. It is but one of his busy days. They all are busy days, what with the countless petty demands upon his time, his pastoral calling, his. . ."

Jim wondered if the overworked clergyman had ever painted a ceiling on a warm spring Saturday.

"And what relief, what refreshment it must give you, my dear Corwin, to retire now and then to this sweet retreat of yours; to escape from the toiling, moiling marts of trade, from the greed, the envy, the deceptions and distractions of commerce and calmly invite your soul in the serene seclusion of Home! It is so pure, so restful, this cozy nook you call your own. Here Truth abides; here Honor makes her habitation; here the World is shut out. The World is too much with us, Mr Corwin."

"I'll say so," Jim agreed.

It was quite half an hour before Dr. Whitehead got around to say, with fine carelessness: "By the way, I understand—ah—from Mrs. Wilber Crane, that you have a painter at work here to-day."

"We had one," Jim admitted. "But he knocked off early. This is Saturday, you see."

"I SEE," said Dr. Whitehead, looking a bit vexed. "He will return on Monday, however?"

"We hope so."

"The thought occurs to me," said the clergyman, "that he might be willing to do a little work for me at the manse."

"I'll mention it to him," Jim promised, "when he comes back."

While Betty's painter was consuming steak that evening a new telegram arrived.

Changed my mind. Be there Monday morning. Be there Monday.

ALFRED ARTHUR BANNIS.

By such reiteration, when his tidings failed to stretch to ten words, Uncle Alfred was wont to get his money's worth out of the telegraph companies.

While Jim smoked on the porch in the twilight, over came Mr. Tullis for a neighborly chat. Betty was indoors with a splitting headache.

Tullis felt depressed. The country, he said, was going to the dogs. People were too proud to work. Labor had quit producing. A man could not enjoy his golf worrying about the state of the nation, also because the golf course was overrun with idlers who ought to have been at their jobs instead of loafing around in the way of the players.

"And when I get home at night all tuckered out from yelling 'Fore!' at people who don't know what I mean, I catch the dickens from my wife because I can't hire a man to paint her rose-arbor. How did you land your chap?"

"Well," Jim answered opulently, "of course I didn't get him for nothing. My man pulls down his five thousand a year."

"Think of it! I presume he plays golf and drives a couple of cars, eh?"

"Why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't a five-thousand-dollar man enjoy the luxuries of life—if he can find any that he can afford?"

"But a painter! A hundred a week for a painter! I can remember when painters worked for three per, and glad to get it."

Virtuous Jim replied: "That was in the good old times when almost everybody worked. Nowadays, with every one slacking that can, and with more work to be done than workers to do it, the law of supply and demand comes down on the parasites pretty hard."

TULLIS went back home and advised his lady that Corwin was a Bolshevik. She was more concerned to know why the Corwins had not sent their painter over to see her.

"I didn't ask. I was so sore I forgot," said Tullis. "What do you think the young upstart called me? A parasite!"

"I've been trying to think of that word all day," Mrs. Tullis sighed.

Her husband went out on his side lawn in the dusk and practised putting. "Parasite!" he snorted, and put the ball twenty feet past the cup.

By and by he saw a man turn in at the Corwin gate. It gave him a thought. "Do you notice who's calling next door?" he asked his wife, over the piazza rail. "It's Higgins, the boss builder. These confounded anarchists all hang together. That's why Corwin can get a painter when I can't."

"If you would become an anarchist for about a week," she hinted despondently, "I believe we could live it down."

It was no Russian love-feast, however, that Builder Higgins had come to hold with Jim. "I hear you people don't like your up-stairs. What's wrong with it?" was his gentle greeting.

Jim mollified him. The trouble was all in the bathroom, where the roof had leaked. He had repaired the roof; now he was doing the walls.

"By day labor?"

"You may say so, yes."

"Mind if I have a look? You see, you're to send the bill to the realty company after I put my O. K. on it. That's Mrs. Galloway's orders."

Cheerfully Jim led the builder up-stairs. Betty stole near while they inspected Jim's first day's decorating.

"My grief!" Higgins exploded. "They told me you had a painter!"

"He was the best I could get," said Jim resentfully.

"He must be a bird. What's his special line? Slaughter-houses?"

"If the work pleases us," spoke Betty pluckily, "I don't see that it matters to any one else."

Higgins gave a shrug. "All right, lady; this is your house; you have to live in it. Send me the bill when he says he's through. And here's a friendly tip to you. The boys are out on strike. If they get wind of this scab painter of yours coming into this burg to carry off their wages, I wouldn't like to say what they'd do to him. See?"

As he left, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Crane came up the walk. A call from the Wilber Cranes was an honor for which the Corwins had long waited.

"About your painter," hinted Mrs. Crane, when they had used up the weather.

"We wish we could get rid of him," said Betty quickly.

"We will take him off your hands any minute," Wilber Crane declared.

"But," answered Betty, "I'm afraid I can't recommend him. I'm sure Mrs. Crane wouldn't want him in her house. He—he swears fearfully."

"I could go away while he worked," Mrs. Crane mused. "In fact——"

"In fact, you're never at home, anyhow," her husband put in.

"And then," Betty went on, feeling for Jim's hand in the dark and giving it a squeeze, "he is a wretched workman."

"Ouch!" Jim took his paint-brush blisters out of her reach.

"Mr. Higgins inspected his work just now," Betty pursued. "He calls it the worst job he ever saw."

"But surely your man can scrape old varnish off a set of stairs and smear on some new," said Crane. "That doesn't require brains."

"Precisely what I tell you, Wilber," said Mrs. Crane. "You could do the work yourself, if you only would. But you won't. You won't do anything around the house. You think it would degrade you."

"I noticed I got supper three nights last week," retorted the proud man, "you being away at your clubs."

"We won't discuss that," said his wife.

In short, the Corwins found the Wilber Cranes delightful and promised to send the profane painter around to Miller Avenue when he was through swearing in the semi-bungalow.

LATE that night the harrowing effect of Uncle Albert's second telegram had not worn off. "What shall we do?" Betty mourned. "Could you finish the bathroom if you worked all day to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is Communion Sunday," he answered sadly, "and I am a deacon."

At noon next day Jim and Betty came home from church with scared faces. Everybody had been so cordial to them after the service. The Wilber Cranes had introduced them to the Jonathan Jessups and to the Oliver Kingslands (if you know Longwellyn society you know what that means), and Mrs. Galloway had drawn Betty into a corner and held a ten-minute conversation with her before the eyes of almost everybody of any account in the congregation.

But the knock-out jar was Dr. Whitehead's clear allusion to the Corwins in his sermon. Jim and Betty would not have been more startled if the pipe organ had gone to playing jazz.

The sacred hour, said the minister, should be approached only with spirits

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They threw him into the baggage-car on the eight-fifty-two and sent him back to the city hating Longwellyn at the top of his voice.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

refined of all worldliness. If any worshiper hid in his heart the consciousness of wrongdoing, let him confess in silent prayer. To be sure, no communicant of St. Vincent's could charge himself with offenses mortal or even serious. But the venial sins, the pretenses, the little, trivial—ah—falsehoods of daily life—how prone the best of people were to let them creep in!

THERE was a certain Christian gentleman, by way of illustration, who desired to secure a workman to do a piece of needed work at his residence. (Here Betty's heart skipped a beat.) Learning that such a workman was busy at a home in the parish, he went seeking him, well knowing that the workman was in great demand. Now, why did that Christian gentleman think it expedient to mask his true motive in calling? Why did he approach his objective by indirection? Alas! he was the victim of the easy morality of a spineless day.

When Betty dared to raise her eyes, she caught a smile from Mrs. Tullis, across the aisle, a delicate glance of sympathetic understanding from Mrs. Wilber Crane, one pew farther down, and a brazen wink from Mrs. Galloway, in the north transept.

The Corwin doorbell rang often that afternoon and the telephone bell oftener, and both rang in vain. Jim and Betty were busy settling a question. It was Betty who did the settling.

"I won't have you break the Sabbath for Uncle Albert or anybody else," said she. "If he doesn't like the bathroom the way he finds it when he comes to-morrow, then let him go where there's a bathroom he likes. And I won't have any more lies told. Not one more. To-morrow, when Mrs. Tullis and Mrs. Galloway and Mrs. Crane and Dr. Whitehead call to see the painter, I shall tell them who my painter is."

Some comforting from the painter was necessary here.

"Three years I've waited for those women to be nice to me. None of them could ever see me until yesterday. And their new niceness is based on a lie—the only lie I ever uttered. To-morrow I shall tell them the facts. If they snub me the rest of their lives, all right; I've had three years of training for it."

Jim suggested evasions. They needed only to say that their painter had gone the way of all labor and failed to return. By vigorous hunting they might actually find a painter willing to risk his scalp in strike-ridden Longwellyn. There were a dozen ways. . . . He paused, struck with an idea, and read Uncle Alfred's telegrams thoughtfully.

"Listen, Bettums, you've no call to hate yourself. Didn't the trouble start when we decided that Uncle Alfred should think we had a better bathroom than we owned? In a way, isn't Uncle Alfred to blame, being such a cussed old crank? Did he ever go anywhere yet without spreading sorrow?"

"All the same," replied Betty firmly, "I'm going to tell the truth to-morrow and take the consequences."

ON THE way to the city next morning Jim sent anxious thoughts back to Longwellyn. From the window beside his desk in the down-town sky-scraper he turned his glances across the river toward the suburb where the truth was to be told that day.

"Long Distance wants you, sir," spoke the office boy.

"This is Mr. Corwin," said Jim, in the booth.

"And this is Mrs. Corwin," said an eager voice in the phone.

"Betty!"

"Jim, dear, I can't wait till night to tell you. The grandest news, and the strangest! I don't know where to begin."

"Begin at the start," he suggested.

"Well, it seems there was a riot at the railway-station this morning. Almost the whole town has been here to tell me about it—Mrs. Tullis and the chief of police and Mrs. Galloway and everybody. They say a painter came out from the city on the eight-thirty, a tacky-looking old man with paint smears on his satchel. And Mr. Higgins's painters, who are striking, you know, got word of his coming and went in a body to the station and struck him.

"They hustled him around the platform and threatened to tar and feather him. They asked him if he wasn't a painter, and he answered that the whole civilized world knew he was. They asked if he wasn't headed for Mr. Corwin's, and he said yes, and swore that he wouldn't be stopped by any gang of insolent hoodlums. So they threw him into the baggage-car on the eight-fifty-two and sent him back to the city hating Longwellyn at the top of his voice. The chief of police heard him say that a steam tractor couldn't drag him back.

"NOW everybody thinks it was our painter, and they've all been here to condole with me, and there's simply no use in trying to tell them it must be a mistake, because he said before witnesses that he was coming to our house. Isn't it the strangest thing?

"But, Jim, what do you suppose? Mrs. Jonathan Jessup has left me a membership application blank for the Arts and Letters Club; and Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Kingsland would come to call to-night, only we shan't be at home, because Mrs. Tullis has invited us to bring Uncle Alfred over for dinner. And——"

"Betty."

"Yes, dear?"

"Has Uncle Alfred shown up yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Betty, my innocent love, don't you know who it was the strikers ran out of town?"

"Why, no, Jim."

"Think."

The wire was still for a second. Then came a horrified little shriek.

"Jim! Was it—could it have been——"

"Of course it was."

"But how—I don't see—James Corwin! Tell me the truth. You left home half an hour early this morning. Did you—did you arrange that riot?"

"What a question to ask," he laughed, "of a deacon in the church!"

Nocturne

By Grace Hazard Conkling

YOUR love has made me still.
The souls of the trees stir . . .
Dusk-held roses thrill . . .
I am quieter.

To-morrow we shall meet.
I have dreamed of it all day . . .
The hours on velvet feet
Stole away.

A little changing mood
Fluttered round your name,
Sometimes the green-lit wood,
Sometimes the sudden flame
Of the scarlet tanager,
Sometimes a word you said,
Or just the boy you were,
Or how you turned your head

Better to look at me,
These drifting dreams I had
Made a dear mystery
That kept me still and glad.

And now the evening glows
With wide unfolded wings
Brooding above the rose
That the wind lifts and swings.

I am remote, apart
From wind and rose and all,
Hearing you in my heart
Call me . . . and call . . .

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Beatrice Herford, popular monologist.

A One-Woman Show

By Dorothy Parker

CERTAINLY, the last place you would ever expect to find her is in the midst of a vaudeville show.

Up to the time of her entrance, things have gone along just about as usual. The two young men in the conventional jet-buttoned and velvet-collared black, with the extra-size silk hats pressing the tops of their ears outward, have danced individually and simultaneously, saving for the climax their inebriation specialty in which, with hats tilted to one side by way of atmosphere, they stagger rhythmically about the stage to the over-accented strains of "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."

The playlet about the young lady thief who robs the house of the prominent judge who turns out to be her father has reached its happy conclusion. The gentleman in the lavender dinner-coat and the basket-weave hat has indulged in a successful flirtation with the self-made blonde who trips on from the opposite side of the stage, the romance blossoming into several songs and dances, and a series of ever-shorter costumes for the lady. The individual who so sincerely flatters Al Jolson has told a series of loud stories, and has rushed back and forth, shaking the house with a song about the purely speculative diversions of Mrs. Julius Cæsar while her husband was away at war. The well-dressed black-face comedian has beguiled his hearers by addressing elaborately worded insults to the shabbily dressed black-face comedian.

Next month, following this sketch of the art of Beatrice Herford, will come one about Al Jolson, thereby adding a black-face comedian to a series of headline entertainers, which so far has included Irene Franklin, singer, and Joe Jackson, pantomimist.

And the audience has drunk all this in, enraptured. As the nature of the entertainment demands, they have laughed, or thrilled, or brushed away a tear, or gurglingly repeated the jokes to one another. They have applauded at each finale as if they could not bear to let the acts out of sight.

Then comes the time when, according to the program, Beatrice Herford is scheduled to appear. Nothing particular is done about it on the stage. There are no custom-made velvet curtains, no special orchestra, no trick-lighting effects; not even a strip of red carpet unrolled for the occasion. The setting is just whatever drop-curtain the management may happen to have around the house; possibly a gentleman assisting a lady into a swan-encircled gondola is painted upon it, or it shows a vast flight of strikingly realistic marble stairs, mounting out of sight in admirable perspective. Before it stands one small gilt chair, looking pitiably alone. The orchestra plays something in which neither it nor the audience takes much interest.

And then Beatrice Herford enters, not dramatically, or laughingly, or even whimsically. She just enters. She looks as if the thought of appearing in vaudeville were the last thing that would ever come into her head. With her softly arranged wavy hair and her conservative frock, it seems as though she had just been going down to the drawing-room to welcome her dinner guests, and had somehow got up upon the stage by mistake. She walks casually over, and stands behind the little gilt chair, just as anybody might. When she announces the subject of her first monolog, "The Hotel Child," perhaps, or "In the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store," or "At the Box-Office," her voice is distinct, but outside of that it is not so different from other people's voices. There is no trace of the booming of the professional elocutionist; pronouncing her words seems to be an entirely painless operation to her.

For one bad moment you think that they are not going to like her. You look nervously around at that audience, and your heart sinks. You recall how, not five minutes before, they were shrieking with laughter, when the well-dressed black-face comedian told his ragged partner that he was going to "knock him so far that it will cost ten dollars to send him a post-card." You recollect how they writhed in agonies

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of mirth when the ragged comedian retorted that he would make the first one "run so fast that people would see so much of the soles of his shoes they would think he was lying down." Things look pretty black for that audience; you feel that they will never make the grade.

But once Beatrice Herford is started on her monolog, you cease to worry about the audience. You are too much occupied with your own affairs. You have all that you can do to restrain your whoops of laughter, not so much because they might annoy your neighbors as because they might prevent your hearing some of Miss Herford's succeeding remarks. You want to rise and beg her to stop for a minute so that you can get all through appreciating one line before she goes on to the next. You want to implore her, when she reaches the end, to go back and do it all over again, in case you might possibly have overlooked something. You have plenty to hold your attention to your own concerns, and keep your mind off your neighbors.

When you suddenly do remember, with a guilty start, and give a thought to the audience, you find that they have been shifting for themselves very nicely indeed. They are laughing just as helplessly as you are, sitting forward just as eagerly so as not to miss anything, applauding for more just as beseechingly. Just as you have been doing, they recognize the characters in the monologs, calling breathlessly to one another, "Isn't that just like Aunt Annie?" or "Haven't you heard Cousin Bertha go on that way a hundred times?"

The only one who is not surprised at Beatrice Herford's success with vaudeville audiences is Beatrice Herford. When she first considered going into vaudeville, people who had nothing but her interest at heart begged her with tears in their eyes to see the light. It was for her own good, they sobbed on her shoulder, that they felt that they must tell her that, as a vaudeville performer, she would be the sensational failure of the age. She might be a great hit in a parlor, they conceded, reciting some of those clever little things of hers while the chicken salad was being served; but on the variety stage, filling in the space between a troupe of trained Bedouins and a dog and monkey circus—they all but broke down at the picture. Patiently they pointed out that her monolog would glide smoothly over the heads of vaudeville patrons. Subtleties slipped through the generous gaps in the two-a-day mind. The appreciation of the efforts of a seemingly intoxicated comedian to lean against the lamp-post painted on the back drop was about as far as vaudeville hounds went in the line of humor. For her own sake, she ought to realize that her place was in the home.

BUOYED up by their words, Miss Herford signed her contract and went on at one of Keith's Theatres. And vaudeville audiences ever since have been repaying, in applause and laughter, the compliment she paid them by her confidence in them.

It happened all over again when she thought of appearing in revue. By that time, people had become accustomed to her success in vaudeville, indeed, several were letting it be rumored abroad that it was by their advice she had gone on the variety stage. But revue was markedly something else again, and her monologs—it wasn't easy for them to say it, but they were not ones to let themselves shirk a duty—would never go over with revue audiences.

So, after listening attentively to them, Miss Herford entered a revue, and history obliged by repeating itself. She was the only thing that one can bear to remember of "Let's Go," William Rock's production, which shortly after its opening lived up to its name. Recently she provided a welcome bit of humor in "What's In a Name? for a season or thereabouts.

In between times she slips comfortably into vaudeville again. And whenever she can do it, she eludes the theatre altogether, and she and her husband go up to their home way off in Massachusetts, where she can be as virulently domestic as she yearns to be, cooking and darning and dusting, and taking part in all the other sports for which that part of the country is famous.

Beatrice Herford's career never had any definite starting-point. There never was any one great day when she suddenly felt the urge to go out in the world and do monologs. She was just born that way; that's all. Just as her clever brother Oliver was born the way that he is.

IT BEGAN in England, in Manchester, in so many words—where she was born, the daughter of a clergyman. As far back as her memory begins to function, she was always pretending that she was somebody else. She was not, it is gratifying to report, one of those quaint little things that go pallidly about making believe that they are Queen of the Snowflakes, or the Spirit of the Rosebush, or a little lost Sunbeam, or something of that delicate and whimsical nature. The fancies of young Miss Herford were of a more substantial nature; she looked on life with the material eye of Daisy Ashford. The parts which she allotted to herself, in her games of pretending, were nice, fat ones.

She was usually a rich and sought-after woman of the world, who had generously dropped in for a visit to the simple Herford family. A most unenthusiastic sister was coerced into playing the game with her, acting as a sort of feeder. It was no simple little pastime which could be indulged in at a moment's notice whenever nothing more attractive offered; it involved much preparation and many properties, for Beatrice Herford, with the thoroughness of a true artist, insisted upon a lavish amount of convincing local color. She carefully dressed in her conception of a traveling costume, commandeered a bag and umbrella, and arrived impressively at the front door. With sophisticated politeness she inquired of the apathetic small sister as to the health of her family, and, that over with, got on to the really interesting part of the game, an exhaustive recital of her doings, concerns and opinions as a woman of the world.

It was the birth of her monologs. At that time she had not quite caught the idea of sketching, in a few words, the characters she was impersonating. The game would go on for days at a stretch. From morning until night, not exclusive of the necessary time spent at the table, young Miss Herford played the part of the wealthy visitor; her abundant words were the words that would have been spoken by the distinguished guest. She lived the part, as the critics would say.

Then she would suddenly grow tired of being that particular rich lady, and would conceive a rôle for herself of an even wealthier and more important personage. After a time, she grew bored with playing only society rôles, and she began pretending to be certain of the people she saw about. Several of these impersonations she tried out on the family, meeting with instantaneous success. She had always liked reciting, and almost from the time she could speak at all, her father had encouraged her in it, listening attentively while she declaimed across the spaces of his study to him. He did it for her amusement, first, and for his own after a while.

It was just a step from giving her monologs in her own drawing-room to giving them in other people's. Then, after a while, she came over and tried them in American drawing-rooms. From there, any one can go on with the story.

Miss Herford writes every monolog that she uses. She sees potential characters for them everywhere—shops, railway stations, employment agencies, street-cars, and listens hungrily for them to say something that she can use. Unfortunately, they seldom do; people aren't like that. The things they say either aren't funny at all, or else they are incredible. Once she selects her type she must prayerfully work out the logical things for that character to say. Lines that are merely funny in themselves are of no use at all; they must be the exact lines that the character would say under the circumstances in which Miss Herford places him or her—it's always her, of course. It means that she can't dash off her monolog while humming a sprightly tune; they are the result of good, honest toil. But it also means that each one is perfect as a character study. Which is the difference between Beatrice Herford and other monologists.

USUALLY the word monologist brings to mind the picture of a nervous girl in a white dress, with the golden chain of her eye-glasses coiled behind one ear and a home-made silk rose tucked behind the other, reciting "Miss Hepzibah Sunnybrook's Thoughts on the First Robin," and receiving at its conclusion a bouquet of wired asters addressed in her mother's handwriting. You know you never think of Beatrice Herford as a monologist in that sense of the word. She manages it, somehow, so that you don't think of her at all. She hides behind each of the characters that she represents. There isn't any Miss Herford for the time being—there is a bored five-and-ten-cent store shopgirl, a weary servant-seeker, a friendly shopper for theatre tickets, an harrassed mother taking her offspring for a trolley ride, any one of dozens of familiar people.

You meet an old friend in each one of her creations. Every one in the company she presents may be promptly identified as Mrs. Cheney, or Cousin Abbie, or that woman in the apartment up-stairs. Sometimes she comes even nearer home, and does a portrait of you, yourself, and a startling likeness, too.

The curious thing is that you never recognize yourself. You go blissfully on saying, "Well, if that isn't just like that Mrs. What's-her-name, that moved to Utica last October—the one that had the two little boys and the husband in the hardware business!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

If Winter Comes

By A. S. M. Hutchinson

Author of "Once Aboard the Lugger," "The Happy Warrior," etc.

IV

THE STORY

IN THE year 1912, Mark Sabre, at the age of thirty-four, is living in a pleasantly picturesque English country town, Penny Green, suburb of the city of Tidborough. His habit of ceaseless inquiry into causes and his gift for sympathetic understanding of people, traits that earned for him the nickname of Puzzlehead in his school days, are still paramount. His wife, Mabel, is a distinctly nice girl, and childless.

In business Sabre is associated with the long-established Tidborough house of Fortune, East & Sabre, ecclesiastical and scholastic furnishers and designers, whose prestige in their line is enviable. That part of his work to which Sabre brings special enthusiasm is the publication of educational text-books, invariably referred to by Mabel as "those lesson books," a term of disdain applied to even his projected masterpiece, which is to be known as just "England," or "Sabre's England."

Something of the difference in interests and temperament between Mark and his wife is brought out in the numerous annoyances that her model housekeeping causes him, by his distaste for her fondness for gossip and the exclusive society of social equals, by her practicality and her lack of imagination.

Mabel is indifferent to Mark's fondness for books, his constant groping for light on the odd business of life, his seemingly commonplace friends, and his occasional sallies of humorous comment on subjects most grave and important from her point of view. Particularly obnoxious to her is his low taste for the bicycle, which he rides daily to and from business.

One morning as Sabre is bicycling toward Tidborough he stops to exchange greetings with Lord and Lady Tybar, recently returned after two years' absence abroad. Lady Tybar, who before her marriage had been Nona Holiday, was an old friend and neighbor of Sabre's.

On reaching the office Mark learns that his junior business associate, Twyning, has been taken into partnership by the Reverend Sebastian Fortune, senior member of the firm. Mark, mindful of Fortune's similar promise to him, asks the elder man for an explanation, but fails to get a satisfactory one. Disappointed, he decides to spend the rest of the day at home with his wife. He arrives just in time to receive a note from Nona Tybar inviting him to call.

Mabel, after telling him that her rector, the Reverend Mr. Boom Bagshaw, is coming to luncheon, reads Nona's letter and by her comments on the familiar tone of it, starts a disagreeable discussion. Mark's patience is further strained by the clergyman's mannerisms and positive opinions. After his departure there is a sharp passage of words between husband and wife, precipitated by Mabel's jealous suspicions of Nona.

A few days later Nona Tybar comes to see Sabre at his office, where they fall to discussing his work, in which Nona takes a friendly interest. Her visit is terminated by the arrival of Lord Tybar, who greets both with facetious mockery. Sabre begins dimly to realize that the bantering tone habitually used by the Tybars in their conversations with each other is a shield concealing some unhappiness.

His next meeting with Nona is an accidental one in Tidborough. After having tea together they motor to Northrepps, the Tybar estate, and as they chat for a few minutes before parting, Nona tells Sabre that her marriage with Tybar who, for all his captivating charm, is utterly graceless, without heart, conscience or a scrap of moral principle, was a mistake—that she should have chosen him, Mark. The current instalment of the story finds Sabre, profoundly moved by Nona's confession, walking home while he attempts to focus his scattered thoughts.

Chapter Twelve (*Continued*)

AND he was suddenly shot into an encounter of extraordinary incongruity with his thoughts and of extraordinary intensity. A voice accosted him. He was astounded, as if suddenly awakened out of heavy sleep, to see to where he had come. He was in the narrow old ways of Tidborough Old Town, approaching The Precincts, by the ancient Corn Exchange. A keen-looking young man, particularly well set up and wearing nice tweeds, was accosting him. Sabre recognized Otway, captain and adjutant of the depot, up at the barracks, of the county regiment, one of the crack regiments, famous as "The Pinks."

Otway said, "Hullo, Sabre. How goes it? Are you going to this show to-morrow?"

He was pointing with his stick to a poster displayed against the Corn Exchange. Sabre read it. It announced that Field Marshal Lord Roberts was speaking there, under the auspices of the National Service League, on Home Defense—a Citizen Army.

"I hadn't thought about going," Sabre said. He wanted to get away.

OTWAY was staring at the poster as though he had never seen it before; but he had been staring at it when Sabre came along the street. "You ought to," Otway said. "You ought to hear old Bobs. Of course the little chap's all wrong."

He seemed to be talking to himself, staring at the poster, more than to Sabre. Sabre despite his pre-occupation was surprised. "All wrong? Good Lord, I should have thought you of all people——" And immediately a torrent of Otway was let loose upon him, bursting into his thoughts like a stone chucked through a study window.

Otway spun round in his keen, quick way to face him. "All wrong in the way he's putting his case I mean. All these national service chaps are. Home defense they talk about, nothing but home defense. It's like chucking sawdust into a fire—the fire being all the bloody fools who are opposed to military training. Any fool can knock the bottom out of this home defense business."

"Well then?" said Sabre. "What's the argument? What's the harm in knocking the bottom out of—this?" he nodded towards the poster.

Otway spoke with astonishing intensity. "Why, good God alive man, don't you see, we *do* want a nation in arms, we want it like hell. But we don't want it for *here*, at home, we want it to fight on the continent. That's where we've got to fight. That's where we're *going* to fight before we're many years older."

In his intensity he had extended his left hand and was beating his points into it with the handle of his stick. "See that?"

Sabre was not in mood to see anything. He only wanted to be away.

"No, I'm dashed if I do. What are we going to fight on the continent for—supposing we ever do have to fight anywhere?"

The stick hammered away again. "Because we've got *obligations* there. We've got to defend Belgium for one. And if we hadn't—if we hadn't any obligations we'd pretty soon, we'd damn soon find them as soon as ever Germany breaks loose. That's what these national service Johnnies ought to tell the people, that's what Bobs ought to tell them, that's what these blasted politicians ought to tell them; you don't want national service to defend your perishing homes. The navy's going to do that. You want it like hell because you've got to defend your *lives*—out there." He waved his stick toward "out there." "My God!" he said. He was consumed with the intensity of his own emotions. "My God!"

Despite himself, Sabre was impressed. The man would have impressed anybody. His eyes were extraordinarily penetrating. There actually were tiny little points of perspiration about his nose.

"I never thought about that," Sabre said doubtfully. "I never thought there were any obligations. I doubt any member of the government would admit there were any."

"I KNOW damn well they wouldn't," Otway declared. "And they'd be helped to deny it, or to evade it, by the howl of laughter there'd be in the Commons if anyone had the guts to get up and ask if we had any obligations. There's no joke goes down like that sort of joke. Well—" His manner changed. He tucked his stick under his arm and took out a silver cigaret case. "Cigaret? Well—they'll laugh the other side of their chuckle heads one of these days."

Sabre took a cigaret. "You're pretty sure there's going to be a war, aren't you?"

The extraordinary man, who had become smiling and airy, immediately became extraordinary again. He had struck a match, held it to Sabre's cigaret and was applying it to his own. He extinguished it with violent jerks of his arm and dashed it on to the pavement. "Sure? My God, sure? I tell you, Sabre, you won't be five years, I don't believe you'll be two years, one year, older before you'll not only be sure—you'll *know*. I've just finished a course at the Staff College, you know. We finished up with a push over to Belgium to do the battle-fields. We went into Germany, some of us. They fed us in some of their messes. Do you know, those chaps in those messes there talked about fighting us as naturally and as certainly as you talk with your opponents about a coming footer match. They talked about, 'when we fight you'—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

not 'if we fight you' 'when,' as if it was as fixed as Christmas. And they didn't talk any of this bilge about fighting us in England, they knew, as I know, and every soldier knows—every soldier who's keen—that it's going to be out there. In Europe."

He had not taken two puffs at his cigaret but he wrenched it from his mouth and dashed it after the match. "Sabre, why the hell aren't people here told that? Why are they stuck up with this rot about defending their shores when they can see for themselves that only the navy can defend their shores? What are they going to do when the war comes? Are they going to lynch these bloody politicians who haven't told them they've got to fight for their lives? Are they going to turn around and say they never knew it so they'll be damned if they'll fight for their lives? Are they going to follow any of these politicians who will have betrayed them? Do you suppose any man who's been party to this betrayal is going to be found big enough to run a war? I tell you that's another thing. Do you suppose a chap who's been a miserable vote snatcher all his life is going to turn round suddenly and be a Heaven sent administrator in a war? You can take your oath Heaven doesn't send out geniuses on that ticket. What you've lived and done in fat times—that's what you'll do in lean. Heaven's chucked stocking divine fire."

"I'M WITH you there," Sabre said. He did not believe half this intense man said, but he conceived a sudden and great admiration for his intensity. And he had had no idea that a soldier ever thought so far away from his own subject, which was sport and one chance in a million of fighting, as to produce aphorisms on habit and development. "But you know, Otway," he said, it's jolly hard to believe all this inevitableness of war stuff that chaps like you put up. Do you read the articles in the reviews and the quarterlies? They all pretty well prove that, apart from anything else, a big European war is impossible by the—well, by the sheer bigness of the thing. They say these modern gigantic armies couldn't operate, couldn't provision themselves. And there's the finance. They prove you can't fight without money and that credit would go and the thing would stop before it had begun, pretty well. I don't know anything about that sort of thing but the arguments strike me as absolutely sound."

Otway was waiting with fidgetty impatience. "I've heard all that. I don't give a damn for it. Of course you don't know anything about it. No one does. Least of all those writing chaps. It's all theory. Every one thought that with modern this, that and the other you were as safe on the last word in liners as in your own bedroom. Then comes along that Titanic business in April and where the hell are you with your modern conditions bilge? Fifteen hundred people done in. I tell you it isn't that things that used to happen can't happen now, it's simply that they'll happen a million times worse. What's the good of theories when you've got facts? Look at the things there've been with Germany just this year alone. Old Haldane over in Germany in February for 'unofficial discussions,' Churchill threatening two keels to one if the German navy law is exceeded. That was March. In April the Germans whack up their navy law amendment, twelve more big ships. That chap Bertrand Stewart getting three and a half years for espionage in Germany; and two German spies caught by us here, that chap Grosse over at Winchester assizes, three years, and friend Armgaard Graves up at Glasgow, eighteen months. An American cove at Leipzig taking four years' penal for messing around after plans of the Heligoland fortifications. Those five yachting chaps in July arrested for espionage at Eckernfords. War, too, skits of it. Turkey and Italy hardly done when all these Balkan chaps set to and slosh Turkey. Have you seen to-day's papers? I'll bet you they'll send Turkey to hell at Kirk-Kilisseh or thereabouts before the week's out."

He had been ticking these points off on his fingers, much astonishing Sabre by his marshalling of scattered incidents that had been merely rather pleasing newspaper sensations of a couple of days. He presented the ticked off fingers bunched up together. "There, there's concrete facts for you, Sabre. Can you say things aren't tightening up? Why, if war—*when* war comes people will look back on this year, 1912, and wonder where in hell their eyes were that they didn't see it. What are they seeing?" He threw his fingers apart. "None of those things. Not one. All this doctors and the Insurance Bill tripe, Marconi Inquiry, Titantic, Suffragettes smashing up the West end, burning down Lulu Harcourt's place, trying to roast old Asquith in the Dublin Theatre, Seddon murder, this triangular cricket show. Hell's own excitement because there's so much rain in August and people in Norwich have to go about in boats, and then hell's own hullaballoo because there's no rain for twenty-two days in September and people get so dry they can't spit or something." His keen face wrinkled up into laughter. "Eh, didn't you read that?" He laughed but was immediately intense again. "That's all that really interests the people. By God, they'll sit up and take notice of the real stuff one of these days. Pretty soon. Tightening up, I tell you. Well, I'm off, Sabre. When are you coming up to the mess again? Friday? Well, guest night the week after. I'll drop you a line. So long." He was off, carrying his straight back alertly up the street.

He said one day: "You see, there's this, Nona. What you've done, you've done. It may take only a minute in doing, or in the saying, but it's done, or said, for all your life."

V

HIS going was somehow as sudden and startling as his appearance had been sudden and tumultuous. He had carried away Sabre's thoughts as a jet from a hosepipe will spin a man out of a crowd;

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

smashed into his pre-occupation as a stone smashing through a window upon one deep in study; galloped across his mind as a cavalcade thundering through a village street—and the effect of it, and the incongruity of it, as, getting his bicycle from the office, he rode homeward, kept returning to Sabre's mind, as an arresting dream will constantly break across daylight thoughts.

Nona had said that Tybar knew she thought often of him. "He knows I think of you." That was the way she had put it. It explained that mock in his eyes when they met that day on the road, and Mrs. Winfred's remark, and her look, and Tybar's, that day outside the office. Extraordinary, Otway bursting in like that with all those ridiculous scares. Here he was riding along with all this reality pressing enormously about him, and with this strange and terrible feeling of being at the beginning of something or at the end of something, with this voice in his ears of "You have struck your tents, and are upon the march;" and there was Otway, up at the barracks, miles away from realities, but as obsessed with his impossible stuff as he himself with these most real and pressing dismays. What would he, with his apprehension of what might lie ahead, be saying to a chap like Otway in two or three years and what would Otway with his obsessions be saying to him? Ah, two or three years . . .

But Nona loved him. But his duty was here. And he could have taken her beautiful body into his arms and held her beloved face to his. But he had said not a word of love to her, only his cry of "Nona, Nona." His duty was here. But what would the years bring? But what might have been! What might have been!

VI

HE FINISHED his ride in darkness. The green, as he passed along it on the free-wheel run, merged away through gloom into obscurity. Points of light from the houses showed here and there. The windows of his home had lamplight through their lattices. The drive was soft with leaves beneath his feet.

Lamplight, and the yielding undertread, and all around walled about with obscurity. It was new. It had shown thus now for some nights on his return. But it was the first time he had apprehended it. New. Different. A commencement. An ending.

He left his bicycle in the roomy porch. He missed Low Jinks with her customary friendly greeting. It was very lonely, this. He opened the hall door and entered. Absolute silence. He had grown uncommonly accustomed to Low Jinks being here. Absolute silence. It was like coming into an empty house. And he had got to go on coming into it, and living in it, and tremendously doing his duty in it.

Like an empty house.

He stood perfectly still in the perfect stillness.

Take down: it is beginning. You have struck your tents and are upon the march.

PART III

Chapter One

A Sensational Year

BUT life goes on without the smallest regard for individual preoccupations. You may take up what attitude you like toward it or, with the majority, you may take up no attitude toward it but immerse yourself in the stupendous importance of your own affairs and disclaim any connection with life. It doesn't matter tuppence to life. The ostrich, on much the same principle, buries its head in the sand; and just as forces outside the sand ultimately get the ostrich, so life, all the time, is massively getting you.

You have to go along with it.

And in October of the following year, October 1913, life was going along at a most delirious and thrilling and entirely fascinating speed. There never was such a delicious and exciting and progressive year as between October 1912 and October 1913.

And it certainly took not the remotest notice of Sabre.

In February Lord Roberts, at Bristol, opened a provincial campaign for National Service. The best people—that is to say those who did not openly laugh at it or, being scaremongers, rabidly approve it—considered it a great shame and a great pity that the poor old man should thus victimize those closing years of his life which should have been spent in that honorable retirement which is the right place for fussy old people of both sexes and all walks of life.

Sabre, reading the reports of the campaign—two or three lines—could not but reflect how events were falsifying, and continued to falsify, the predictions of the intense Otway in this regard. Deliciously pleasant relations with Germany were variously evidenced throughout 1913. The King and Queen attended in Berlin the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter; and the popular press, in picture and paragraph, told the genial British public what a thoroughly delightful girl the Kaiser's daughter was. The Kaiser let off loud "Hochs!" of friendly pride, and the press of the world responded with warm "Hochs" of admiration and tribute; and the Kaiser, glowing with generous warmth, celebrated the occasion by releasing and handsomely pardoning three of those very British "spies" to whose incarceration in German fortresses (Sabre recalled) the intense Otway had attached such deep significance. This was a signal for more mutual "Hochs." Later the Prince of Wales visited Germany and made there an extended stay of nine weeks; and in June the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor William's accession was "Hoch'd" throughout the German Empire and admiringly "Hoch'd" back again from all quarters of the civilized globe.

It was all splendid and gratifying and deeply comforting. So many "Hochs!" and such fervent and sincere "Hochs!" never boomed across the seas of the world, and particularly the North Sea or (nice and friendly to think of) German Ocean, in any year as in the year 1913.

II

NOT that relations with Germany counted for anything in the whirl of intensely agreeable sensations of these excellent days. Their entirely pleasing trend prevented the scaremongers from interfering with full enjoyment of the intensely agreeable sensations, otherwise they were, by comparison with more serious excitements, completely negligible. The excitements were endless and of every nature. At one moment the British public was stirred to its depths in depths not often touched (in 1913) by reading of Scott's glorious death in the Antarctic; at another it was unspeakably moved by the disqualification of the Derby winner for bumping and boring.

At one moment the loyal public were thrilled by the magnificent enrolment of the Ulster Volunteers, and at another moment outraged by the seditious and mutinous enrolment of the Nationalist Volunteers; in one month the devoted Commons read a third time the Home Rule Bill, the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill and the Plural Voting Bill, and in the very same month the stiff-necked and abominable Lords for the third time threw out the Home Rule Bill, the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill and the Plural Voting Bill. It was terrific. The newspapers could scarcely print it, or anything, terrifically enough. Adjectives and epithets became exhausted with overwork and burst. The word crisis lost all meaning. There was such a welter of crises that the explosion of those that came to a head was unnoticed, and pushed away into the obscurest corners of the newspapers, before the alarming swelling of those freshly rushing to a head.

It was magnificent.

It was a deliciously thrilling and sensational year. A terrific and stupendous year. Many well-known people died.

III

IT WAS naturally a year of strong partisanship. A year of violent feelings expressed; and amidst them, and because of them, Sabre found with new certainty that he had no violent feelings. Increasingly he came to know that he had well expressed his constitutional habit, the outstanding trait in his character, when, on the day of that talk in the office with Nona, he had spoken of his disastrous inability—disastrous from the point of view of being satisfactory to single-minded persons, or of pulling out that big booming stuff called success—to see a thing, whatever it might be, from a single point of view and go all out for it from that point of view.

He used to think: "I can't stand shouting and I can't stand smashing. And that's all there is. These newspapers and these arguments you hear, it's all shouting and smashing. It's never thinking and building. It's all destructive; never constructive. All blind hatred of the other views, never fair examination of them. You get some of these Unionists together, my class, my friends. They say absolutely nothing else but damning and blasting and foaming at Lloyd George and Asquith and the trade-unionists. Absolutely nothing else at all. And you get some of these other chaps together, or their newspapers, and it's exactly the same thing the other way about. And yet we're all in the same boat.

"There's only one *life*—only one *living*—and we're all in it. Come into it the same way and go out of it the same way; and all up against the same real facts as we are against the same weather. That fire the other night in High Street. All sorts of people, every sort of person, lent a hand in putting it out. And that frightful railway disaster at Aisgill, all sorts of people worked together in rescuing. No one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Cottar swung the door open. The room was full of men and tobacco smoke and noise. A very tall youth, one Sikes, was standing on the table, a glass in his hand.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stopped to ask whether the passengers were first class or third. Well, that's the sort of thing that gets me. Fire and disaster—those are facts and everybody gets to and deals with them. And if there was a big war everybody would get to and fight it. And yet all these political and social things are just as much facts that affect everything, and all anybody can do is to shout and smash up the other man's rights in them. They all do it—in everything. Religion's as bad as any—worse. Here's one of these bishops saying he can't countenance churchmen preaching in chapels or dissenters being invited to preach in churches because the church must stand by the rock principles of its creed and to preach in a chapel would mean politely not touching on those principles. You'd think Heaven didn't come into the business at all. And you'd think that life doesn't come into the business of living at all. All smashing. Well, I can't stick shouting nor smashing."

And there they were, shouting, smashing; and Sabre could not do either and retired dismayed from the arenas of both.

Chapter Two

Sabre's Locked Refuge

IT MUCH affected his relations with those nearest to him—with Mabel, with Mr. Fortune, and with Twyning. In those months, and in the months following, the year changing and advancing in equal excitement and strong opinions through winter into spring, he found himself increasingly out of favor at The Precincts and increasingly estranged in his home. And it was his own fault. Detached and reflective in the fond detachment of the daily bicycle ride, awake at night mentally pacing about the assembled parts of his puzzles, he told himself with complete impartiality that the cause of these effects was entirely of his own making. "I can't stick shouting and smashing"—"I can't help seeing the bits of right in the other point of view," those were the causes. He was so difficult to get on with; that was the effect.

"Really, Sabre, I find it most difficult to get on with you nowadays," Mr. Fortune used to say. "We seem never to agree. We are perpetually at loggerheads. Loggerheads. I do most strongely resent being perpetually bumped and bruised by unwilling participation in a grinding congestion of loggerheads."

And Twyning: "Well, I simply can't hit it off with you. That's all there is to it. I try to be friendly; but if you can't hear Lloyd George's name without taking up that kind of attitude, well, all I can say is you're trying to put up social barriers in a place where there's no room for social barriers, and that's in business."

And Mabel: "Well, if you want to know what I think, I think you're getting simply impossible to get on with. You simply never think the same as other people think. I should have thought it was only common decency at a time like this to stand up for your own class; but, no. It's always your own class that's in the wrong and the common people who are in the right."

"Always." He began to hate the word always. But it was true. In those exciting and intensely opinionated days it seemed there was never a subject that came up, whether at The Precincts or at home, but he found himself on the other side of the argument and giving intense displeasure because he was on the other side. In Mabel's case—he did not particularly trouble himself about what Twyning and Fortune thought—but in Mabel's case, much set on his duty to give her happiness, he came to prepare with care for the dangerous places of their intercourse. But never with success. Places whose aggravations drove her to her angriest protestations of how utterly impossible he was to get on with never looked dangerous as they were approached; he would ride in to them with her amicably or with a slack rein—and suddenly, mysteriously, unexpectedly, he would be floundering, the relations between them yet a little more deeply foundered.

II

AT THE Precincts the increasing habit of seeing the other side of things was confined, in its increasing exemplifications of how impossible he was to get on with, to the furiously exciting incidents of public affairs; but the result was the same; the result was that, just as, on opening his door on his return home at night, he had that chill and rather eery feeling of stepping into an empty house, so, on entering the office of a morning, he came to have again that sensation that it was a deserted habitation into which he was stepping; no welcome here; no welcome there; he began to look forward with a new desire for the escape and detachment of the bicycle ride; he began to approach its termination at either end with a sense of apprehension, gradually of dismay.

Like living in two empty houses; empty this end; empty that end. More frequently, for these estrangements, appealed to him the places of his refuge; the room of his mind, that private chamber wherein, retired, he assembled the parts of his puzzles; that familiar garment in which, invested, he sat among the fraternity of his thoughts; the evenings with Young Perch and old Mrs. Perch; the evenings with Mr. Fargus.

Most strongly of all called another refuge; and this, because it called so strongly, he kept locked. Nona.

They met no more frequently than, prior to her two years' absence, they had been wont to meet in the ordinary course of neighborly life; and their lives, by their situations, were much detached. Northrepps was only visited, never resided at for many months together.

His resolution was not to force encounters. Once, very shortly after that day of her disclosure, he had said to her: "Look here, we're not going to have any arranged meetings, Nona. I'm not strong enough—not strong enough to resist. I couldn't bear it."

She answered: "You're too strong, Marko. You're too strong to do what you think you ought not to do; it isn't not being strong enough."

He told her she was very wrong. "That's giving me strength of character. I haven't any strength of character at all. That's been my failing all my life. I tell you what I've got instead. I've got the most frightfully, the most cursedly, vivid sense of what's right in my own personal conduct. Lots of people haven't. I envy them. They can do what they like. But I know what I ought to do. I know it so absolutely that there's no excuse for me when I can't do it, certainly no credit if I do. I go in with my eyes open or I stay out merely because my eyes are open. There's nothing in that. If it's anything it's contemptible."

She said: "Teach me to be contemptible."

III

IN THOSE words he had expressed his composition. What he had not revealed—that very vividness of sense of what was right (and what was wrong) in his conduct forbidding it—was the corroding struggle to preserve the path of his duty. Because of that struggle he kept locked the refuge that Nona was to him in his dismays. He would have no meetings with her save only such as thrice happy chance or most kind circumstance might apportion. That was within the capacity of his strength. He could "at least" (he used to think) prevent his limbs from taking him to her. But his mind—His mind turned to her, automatically, when he was off his guard, as a swing-door ever to its frame; frantically, when he would abate it, as a prisoned animal against its bars. By day, by night, in Fortune's company, in Mabel's company, in solitude, his mind turned to her. This was the refuge he kept locked, using the expression and envisaging it.

He used to think: "Of course I fail. Of course she's always in my mind. But while I make the effort to prevent it, while I do sometimes manage to wrench my mind away, I'm keeping fit; I'm able to go on putting up some sort of a fight. I'm able to help her.

To help her. But helping her, unfolding before her in his own measured words, as one pronouncing sentence, rectitude's austere asylum for their pains, watching her while she listened, hearing her gentle acquiescence—these were most terrible to his governance upon himself.

IV

HE SAID one day: "You see, there's this, Nona. Life's got one. We're in the thing. All the time you've got to go on. You can't go back one single second. What you've done, you've done. It may take only a minute in the doing, or in the saying, but it's done, or said, for all your life, perhaps for the whole of some one else's life as well. That's terrific, Nona.

"Nona, that's how life gets us; there's just one way we can get life and that's by thinking forward before we do a thing. By remembering that it's going to be there for always. What's in our hearts for one another, Nona, is no hurt to to-morrow or to next year or to twenty years hence, either to our own lives or to any one else's—no hurt while it's only there and not expressed, or acted on. I've never told you what's in my heart for you, nor you told me what's in your heart for me. It must remain like that. Once that goes, everything goes. It's only a question of time after that. And after that, again, only a question of time before one of us looks back and wishes for the years over again.

She made the smallest motion of dissent.

He said: "Yes. There's right and wrong, Nona. Nothing else in between. No compromise. No way of getting round them or over them. You must be either

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The news caused him at six o'clock in the evening to have been standing two hours in the great throng that filled Market Square gazing toward the offices of the County Times.

one thing or the other. Once we took a step toward wrong, there it is forever, and all its horrible things with it—deceit, concealment, falsehood, subterfuge, pretense; vile and beastly things like that. I couldn't endure them; and I much less could endure thinking I had caused you to suffer them. And then on through that mire to dishonor. It's easy, it sounds rather fine, to say the world well lost for love; but honor, honor's not well lost for anything. You can't replace it. I could not——"

The austere asylum of their pains. He looked back upon it as he had unfolded it. He looked forward across it as, most stern and bleak, it awaited them. He cried with a sudden loudness, as though he protested, not before her, but before arbitrament in the high court of destiny: "But I can not help you upward; I can only lead you downward."

She said: "Upward, Marko. You help me upward."

Her gentle acquiescence!

There swept upon him, as one reckless in sudden surge of intoxication, most passionate desire to take her in his arms; and on her lips to crush to fragments the barriers of conduct he had in damnable sophistries erected; and in her ears to breathe: "You are beloved to me! Honor, honesty, virtue, rectitude—words, darling, words, words, words! Beloved, let the foundations of the world go spinning, so we have love."

He called most terribly upon himself, and his self answered him; but shaken by that fierce onset he said thickly, "I'll have this. If ever it grows too hard for you, tell me—tell me."

V

IT MUST be kept locked. In grievous doubt of his own strength, in loneliness more lonely for his doubt, more deeply, as advancing summer lengthened out his waking solitude, he explored among his inmost thoughts; more eagerly, in relief from their perplexities, turned to the companionship of Fargus and the Perches. How very, very glad they always were to see him! It was the strong happiness they manifested in greeting him that most deeply gave the pleasure he had in their company. He often pondered the fact. It was, in their manifestation of it, as though he brought them something—something very pleasurable to them and that they much wanted. Certainly he, for his own part, received such from them; a sense of warmth, a kindling of the spirit, a glowing of all his affections and perceptions.

His mind would explore curiously along this train of thought. He came to determine that infinitely the most beautiful thing in life was a face lighting up with the pleasure of friendship; in its apotheosis irradiating with the wonder of love. That frequent idea of his of the "wanting something" look in the faces of half the people one saw; he thought that the greeting of some one loved might well be a touching of the quality that was to seek. The weariest and the most wistful faces were sheerly transfigured by it. But he felt it was not entirely the secret. The greeting passed; the light faded; the wanting returned.

But he determined the key to the solution lay within that ambit. The happiness was there. It was here in life, found, realized, in loving meeting, as warmth is found on stepping from shadow into the sun. The thing lacking was something that would fix it, render it permanent, establish it in the being as the heart is rooted in the body.

Something? What?

He thought: "Well, why is it that children's faces are always happy? There's something they must lose as they grow out of childhood. It's not that cares and troubles come; the absurd troubles of childhood are just as terrific troubles to them as grown-ups' cares are to grown-ups. No, it is that something is lost. Well, what had I as a child that I have not as a man? Would it be hope? Would it be faith? Would it be belief?"

He thought: "I wonder if they're all the same, those three—belief, faith, hope? Belief in hope. Faith in hope. It may be. Is it that a child knows no limitation to hope? It can hope impossible things. But a man hopes no further than he can see. I wonder——"

And suddenly, in one week, life from its armory discharged two events upon him. In the next week one upon the world.

Chapter Three

Concerning Otway's Prediction

TOWARD the end of July there was some particularly splendid excitement for the newspaper-reading public. Ireland provided it; and the newspapers, as the events enlarged one upon the other, could scarcely find type big enough to keep pace with them. On the twenty-first the King caused a conference of British and Irish leaders to assemble

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

at Buckingham Palace. On the twenty-fourth the British and Irish leaders departed from Buckingham Palace in patriotic haloes of national champions who had failed to agree "in principle or detail."

Deadlock and Crisis flew about the streets in stupendous type; and though they had been doing so almost daily for the past eighteen months, everybody could see, with the most delicious thrills, that these were more firmly locked deadlocks and more critical crises than had ever before come whooping out of the inexhaustible store where they were kept for the public entertainment.

Austria, and then Germany, made a not bad attempt on public attention by raking up some forgotten sensation over a stale excitement at a place called Sarajevo; but on the twenty-sixth Ireland magnificently filled the bill again by the far more serious affair of Nationalist Volunteers landing three thousand rifles and marching with them into Dublin.

Troops fired on the mob, and the House of Commons gave itself over to a most exciting debate on the business; the Irish Party demanded a large number of brutal heads to be delivered on chargers; and Unionist politicians, press and public declared that the heads were not brutal heads, but loyal and devoted heads, and should not be delivered; on the contrary they should be wreathed.

It was delicious.

II

IT WAS delicious and it was, moreover, reassuring. In these same days between the summoning of the Buckingham Palace conference and the landing of the Nationalist guns, continental events arising out of the stale Sarajevo affair reared their heads and looked toward Great Britain in a presumptuous and sinister way to which the British public was not accustomed and which it resented. The British public had never taken any interest in international affairs and it did not wish to take any interest in international affairs.

It certainly did not wish to be disturbed by them, and at this moment of the exciting Irish deadlock the Wilhelmstrasse, the Ball Platz, the Quai d'Orsay and similar stupid, meaningless and unpronounceable places intruded themselves disturbingly in British homes, much as the writing on the wall vexatiously disturbed Belshazzar's feast, and were similarly resented. Belshazzar probably ordered in a fresh troupe of dancers to remove the chilly effect of the stupid, meaningless and unpronounceable writing, and in the same way the British public turned with relief and delight to the gun-running and the shooting.

It was characteristically intriguing in the nature of its excitement. It was characteristically intriguing because, like all the domestic sensations to which the British public had become accustomed, it in no way interfered with the lives of those not directly implicated in it. Like them all, it entertained without inconveniencing. They knew their place, the deadlocks, the crises and the other sensations of those glowing days. They caused no member of their audience to go without his meals. They interfered neither with pleasure nor with business.

III

SOMETIMES this was a little surprising. Fresh from newspaper instruction of the deadness of the deadlock, the poignancy of the crisis, or the stupendity of the achievement, one rather expected one's own personal world to stand still and watch it. But one's own personal world never did stand still and watch it.

Sabre, on the day reporting the affray in Dublin, was made to experience this.

In the town, on his arrival, he purchased several of the London newspapers to read other accounts and other views of the gun-running and its sensational sequel. His intention was to read them the moment he got to his room. He put them on a chair while he filled a pipe.

They remained there unopened till the charwoman removed them in the evening. On his desk, as he glanced toward it, was a letter from Nona.

He turned it over in his hands—the clear, neat script. She never before had written to him at the office. It bore the London post-mark. She would be writing from their town house. It would be to say she was coming back. But she never wrote on the occasions of her return and never to the office.

Mr. Fortune appeared at the communicating door. Sabre put the letter into his pocket and turned toward him.

Mr. Fortune came in. With him was a young man, a youth, whose face was vaguely familiar to Sabre; Twyning behind.

"Ah, Sabre," said Mr. Fortune. "Good morning, Sabre. This is rather a larger number of visitors than you would commonly expect, but we are a larger staff this morning than we have heretofore been. I am bringing in to you a new member of our staff." He indicated the young man beside him. "A new member, but bearing an old name. A chip of the old block—the old Twyning block." He smiled, stroking his whale-like front rather as though this pleasantry had proceeded from its depths and he was congratulating it. The young man smiled. Twyning, edging forward from the background, also smiled. All the smiles were rather nervous. This was natural in the new member of the staff, but in Twyning and Mr. Fortune gave Sabre the feeling that for some reason they were not entirely at ease. His immediate thought had been that it was an odd thing to have taken on young Twyning without mentioning it even casually to him. It was significant of his estrangement; their self-conscious manner was even more significant; it suggested that he had been kept out of the plan deliberately.

He gave the young man his hand. "Why, that's very nice," he said. "I thought I knew your face. I think I've seen you with your father. You've been in Blade & Parson's place, haven't you?"

Young Twyning replied that he had. He had his father's rather quick and stiff manner of speaking. He was fair haired and complexioned, good-looking in a sharp-featured way, a juvenile edition of his father in a different coloring.

Mr. Fortune, still stroking the whale-like front, produced further pleasantry from it. "Yes, with Blade & Parson. Twyning here has snatched him from the long arm of the law before he has had time to develop the long jaw of the legal shark. In point of fact, Sabre"—Mr. Fortune ceased to stroke the whale-like front; he moved a step or two out of the line of Sabre's regard and standing before the book-shelves addressed his remarks to them as though what else he had to say were not of particular consequence—"in point of fact, Sabre, this very natural and pleasing desire of Twyning to have his son in the office, a desire which I am most gratified to support, is his first—what shall I say—feeling of his feet—establishing of his position—in his new—er—in his new responsibility, duty—er—function. I like this deeper tone in the 'Six Terms' binding, Sabre. I distinctly approve it. Yes. What was I saying? Ah, yes, Twyning is now in partnership, Sabre. Yes. Good."

He came abruptly away from the shelves and directed the whale-like front toward his door in process of departure. "A little reorganization. Nothing more. Just a little reorganization. I think you'll find we shall all work very much the more comfortably for it." He paused before young Twyning. "Well, young man, now you've made your bow before our literary adviser. I think we decided to call him Harold, eh, Twyning? Avoid confusion, don't you agree, Sabre?"

"If that's his name," Sabre said. He had remained standing looking toward father and son precisely as he had stood and looked at the party's entry.

Mr. Fortune glanced sharply at him and compressed his lips. "It is," he said shortly. He left the room.

IV

TWYNING spoke his first words since his entry. "Well, there we are, old man." He smiled and breathed strongly through his nose as if tensing himself against some emergency that might arise.

Sabre said: "Yes, well done, Twyning. Of course he promised you this long ago."

"Yes, didn't he? Glad you remember my telling you. Of course it won't make the least difference to you, old man. What I mean is, if anything, I hope I shall be able to give you a leg up in all sorts of ways. I've been telling Harold what a frightfully smart man you are, haven't I, Harold?"

Harold smiled assent to this tribute, and Sabre said: "I suppose we shall go on much as before?"

"Oh, rather, old man."

"Harold be working in your room, eh?"

"Yes, that's the idea, for a start anyway. They're just shoving up a desk for him. Come along in and see how we're fixing it, old man."

"I'll look in presently."

"Righto, old man. Come along, Harold." At the door he turned and said: "Oh, by the way, I want you to show Harold through the work of this side of the business a bit later on."

Sabre looked quickly at him. "You *want* me to?"

Twyning flushed darkly. "Well, he may as well get the hang of the whole business, mayn't he? That's what I mean."

"Oh, certainly he should. I quite agree. Send him along any time you like."

"Thanks awfully, old man."

But outside the door Twyning added to himself: "You thought that was an order, my lord; and you didn't like it. Pretty soon you won't think. You'll know."

(*Continued on page 90*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Man *with the* Diamond *in* His Head

By Charles Chadwick

It was one thing to solve the mystery surrounding the death of the retired chemist who had a process for making synthetic diamonds. Even with that done there still remained the problem of accounting for the disappearance of the finished stone seen in his hand a few minutes before the fatal shot was heard. The double difficulty of the task required some skillful detective work on the part of the lawyer who attempted it, and the record of his efforts makes a most absorbing mystery story.

I HAD just arrived at the office that morning, more bored than usual with the prospect of buckling down at once to the preparation of respondent's proposed amendments to an interminably dreary and intensely important proposed case on appeal, when the boy brought in a card and I read: Mr. Francis Ledyard.

Wondering vaguely who or what Francis Ledyard might be, I tossed the card on the desk, sighed and said, "Show him in." Then I glanced up to see a tall, pale young man, nervous to a ridiculous degree, looming above the office boy. As junior partner in the law firm of Roebuck and Linter, I resented this unwarranted and hasty intrusion into my private office, but a moment's glance assured me that the man was suffering, mentally, to an unusual extent.

"You are Mr. Linter?" he said. "I simply have to see you at once. Mr. Roebuck isn't in. I am a nephew of Ezra Santos."

Mr. Roebuck, my partner, was away in Washington at the time. But, though I had never heard of Francis Ledyard, the nephew, I did know something about Ezra Santos. Mr. Santos was one of our richest clients. His affairs consisted chiefly of the administration of a few parcels of city real estate. He was a retired wholesale chemist who lived quietly in the suburbs, and who occasionally paid a visit to my partner, Mr. Roebuck. He was an old man and somewhat eccentric. I rose at once to take the nephew's hand. "What can I do for you, Mr. Ledyard?" I said.

The tall, pale young man looked around at the retreating form of the office boy, plainly frightened in his manner; his hands trembling, he made several unsuccessful nervous attempts to shut the door, and finally did so. Then he came and sat down and leaned his worn, terrified face in his hands.

I waited.

PRESENTLY he looked up, his shifting eyes seeking and yet at the same time avoiding my gaze. He spoke in a cold, detached voice, that covered a world of trepidation. "My uncle was shot and killed this morning," he said.

"What!" I cried. "Mr. Santos dead? How did it happen? Burglars? What was it?"

"We don't know," he answered; "he was all alone—when we broke in." He began to tremble more violently. His face grew quite white.

"Tell me all about it." I put my hand on his shoulder to steady him. Gradually he calmed himself enough to unfold the following facts, punctuated by relapses to a shivering condition of near-hysteria.

The tragedy, he informed me, had happened that morning at seven o'clock. Ezra Santos lived, as I have said, quietly in the suburbs. He was a widower, with one daughter, and one maid-of-all-work. He was inclined on the one hand to spend money on his daughter, and on the other hand to be niggardly about certain things which she would rather have had than the direct outlay of money, as, for instance, a home and comforts befitting her father's wealth. Mr. Roebuck, my partner, had told me this. But Mr. Santos insisted on living in this retired and rather exiguous fashion in a small rented house.

His eccentricity went farther than this, in that he practically forbade visitors to the house, though his daughter was free to get what she could in the way of social life out of visits to friends. The nephew, Francis Ledyard, was admitted, of course, as a member of the family, but was barely tolerated. I gathered that his visits had been few and rather uncomfortably envisaged. I began to feel, as he talked to me, the particular sense of friction which you find in all families of adults. Ledyard had gone out to spend the week-end of the time in question, and that morning, early, the morning of his visit to me, had gotten up alone, without seeing a soul, and gone down-stairs and out around the house.

He had glanced up in passing the wing of the house, and had seen his uncle peering down at him out of an upper window. The old man asked him what he was doing. He replied that he had slept badly and was getting a breath of air. His uncle withdrew his head and closed the window. A moment later, practically at that instant, he heard a shot. The noise seemed to come from the room where his uncle was. Then he heard another shot a moment later. It seemed to come from the front of the house. He went into the house and up the stairs, wondering a little what had happened, though not particularly worried, and on his way to his own room had passed his uncle's door.

The door was shut, and he hesitated a moment, and then knocked. He called, received no answer, and tried it. It was locked. He got a little worried then, thinking about the two pistol shots, and after banging a while he broke it in. The door was a light, frame affair, and the casing of the jamb offered no particular resistance to being splintered by the pressure of his shoulder; one lurch did it. The housekeeper or cook happened to be going by at that moment in the upper hall, either coming up-stairs or going down, he didn't know which. She ran to him asking what was the matter. They burst into the room together. Mr. Santos was not in the bedroom.

Beyond the bedroom, leading out of it, and accessible only through the bedroom was another small apartment. It was used as a laboratory, and was so fitted up with all the necessary paraphernalia. Mr. Santos employed his leisure moments in laboratory work, having retired from business. He played with chemicals as with toys. He didn't do anything in particular, his nephew said, just amused himself. There on the floor, not far from the window, the same window through which he had just spoken, Mr. Santos lay, a bullet hole in the center of his forehead, a dark, discolored break, with a little blood oozing out. He was stone dead. And the windows and doors had all been shut and locked. Even the window he had looked out of was now locked on the inside. Ledyard was sure of that. He tried the window to see. The revolver had only one cartridge in the chamber. It was exploded, and the shell remained at the point of contact with the barrel.

"IT LOOKS like suicide," I said gently.

"Yes," he replied, "except Mary found the revolver on the bed in the bedroom, and the body lay in the laboratory, quite a distance away. It's very puzzling. I don't see how——"

"Who's Mary?"

"She's the cook."

"Hm," I said, "it does look mysterious. Some one else was in there."

"That's impossible," he said. "We looked in the closet, under the bed, everywhere. Instantly. There was no one. We searched the house. No one could possibly have been there and have escaped us. We rushed out and found Madeleine at the foot of the stairs. She fainted, of course, when she learned what had happened, poor girl."

He broke suddenly into a passion of weeping, and, as suddenly, checked himself.

"Madeleine is his daughter—your cousin?"

"Yes."

"Where did you find her?"

"Down-stairs. She had been out, too. Her arms were full of flowers for the breakfast-table. It was the minute after we went out of the room. She dropped the flowers, fainted dead away when we told her—fell to the floor."

"When did you find the revolver?"

"The minute we broke in. Mary saw it first lying on the bed and pointed to it, speechless. My uncle couldn't have shot

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

himself. That's plain enough. Then we glimpsed the body in the other room. I went in, but Mary stayed by the bed. She picked up the revolver. She had it when I turned around and came back. I took it from her and examined it. She got hysterical, too, for just a little while."

I sat still and thought it over. It was mysterious enough I had to admit. The locked room—the two shots—the one cartridge in the revolver.

"I'm going to call up a friend of mine," I said at last. "He's an expert on these criminal matters. His name is Ellis."

Ledyard trembled visibly. "Is it—is—well, yes, all right," he stammered, and then shut his mouth tight.

I called up my friend, Bob Ellis. He happened to be in his office and came around at once. He listened carefully to Ledyard's story, aided by my reminders, asked no questions at all, but lit a cigaret, lolled back in a chair, and studied the ceiling. Bob is a peculiar fellow, but his mind works like lightning. He has had a remarkable experience in criminal law, particularly in crimes of mystery, and he is working hardest when he appears to be loafing the most. But he kept quiet so long on this occasion that I finally asked him what he thought of the case.

He drew one knee up like a jack-knife over the arm of his chair and blew a few rings of smoke. "I wonder," he mused, "how you'd go to work to locate it."

"Locate what?" I asked.

"An automobile," he answered.

"What for?"

"An automobile is the clue to this," he said, I must confess, to my utter surprise. But I took note of Ledyard, who at this remark glanced at Ellis with an apprehensive kind of awe. It was just a glance, and that is the best way I can describe it. Ellis didn't vouchsafe an explanation for his clue, and I was accustomed to his rather abrupt methods of solving things all by himself and leaving you in the dark until he was ready to tell. I didn't see any connection between a locked pair of rooms, a revolver with a single cartridge in one, a dead man in the other, the noise of two pistol shots—and an automobile. Neither, I inferred, did Ledyard; but we didn't question Ellis. Instead we acquiesced in his suggestion to take the next train out. Ledyard had come in on the 8:21. We left on the 10:12, and got to Santos's home *via* a jitney from the depot, at about eleven.

"It isn't suicide. It's murder—I guess." That was all Ellis said on the way out there.

AS WE swung up the driveway and came to a stop we were met at the porch by a very beautiful girl. She gazed rather excitedly at us, and her eyes fastened at once on Ledyard. I am accustomed to studying people. You can often feel a situation without exactly formulating your reasons for it. What I got from that one flashing glance exchanged between the cousins was the feeling of a love affair, and an old man who had opposed the match and who now lay dead up-stairs, a bullet in his brain. Ellis for his part seemed to notice nothing whatever. He was busy looking for his cigarets and complaining because he had lost them. I gave him one of mine. He forebore to light it, however, on seeing the girl. He gave her his hand on being introduced, in a polite though somewhat perfunctory fashion, and relapsed into a rather detached dreamy state, saying nothing.

"Frank!" the girl had cried out on first seeing us. "Oh, I thought you had—I didn't know where you'd gone! Why did you leave us?"

"I—I was in a hurry, Madeleine, to see about it," Ledyard answered weakly and rather shamefacedly.

The cook, Mary, came to the door. Her face was bathed in tears, and red. We left Madeleine down-stairs, and Mary and Ellis, Ledyard and I went up-stairs. We entered a back room. Ellis stopped to examine the lock first. The woodwork was splintered away and the catch plate had fallen to the floor. There were a bed and bureau inside, the ordinary bedroom furniture. The bed was made.

THE room leading out of the bedroom, called by Mr. Santos, his laboratory, was a strange affair. This was the first time I had ever been in his house, and I took note of everything. In the first place the room was a severe contrast to the rest of the rather well-furnished little house. The walls were boarded up like the interior of a carpenter's shop. The bare floor was of narrow, hard-wood planking. Shelves around the walls contained a bewildering assortment of glass bottles, test tubes, and other things, resembling chemical appliances. The furniture consisted of two chairs and several rude wooden tables. On the tables were machines of a curious and complex pattern, some under inverted glass cases, and there was a chemist's balance for weighing minute particles. Running around the room were electric wires, switches and fixtures, and a black electric cable was looped overhead, with wires crossed in various intricate ways to the tables.

A dynamo was set up in one corner. There was a small writing-desk, and beside it a sofa of moderate size. And on the floor, not three feet from the closed and locked window, with its half lowered curtain, lay the body of Mr. Santos, curiously still and small, and unlike the bustling little man I had known so briefly in life. He was dressed in old rough tweeds, stained with acids and with holes burnt in the coat, a flannel shirt and no tie. Evidently his working garb. He lay outstretched upon the floor, his face upturned, his eyeballs still, a bullet hole in the center of his forehead. We stood at the threshold in silence.

I expected Ellis to make a careful examination of the room with its appurtenances, a proceeding he usually followed. Instead of that, he took one hasty glance at the body and its surroundings, and then walked to the window, raised the shade a trifle and looked long and steadily out at the grounds below.

Finally he swung around on his heel. "Got a tape-measure?" he asked suddenly. Then his eye fell on a yard-stick standing slantways beside the door leading to the bedroom. He took hold of the body of Mr. Santos, stretched it out, feet to the baseboard, and measured it. "Your uncle was five feet four and one-half inches tall," he said in a perfectly detached matter-of-fact way, turning to Ledyard.

Ledyard was very pale and said nothing.

"What's that got to do with the cause of death?" I asked.

"Everything," he replied concisely if not illuminatingly. "Where's the revolver?"

"Here on the mantelpiece, sir," said the cook.

"Where did you find it, Mary?"

"On the bed, sir, in the other room."

"Mr. Ledyard, let me have your story again, in detail," commanded Ellis.

Ledyard complied, telling the same facts with which the reader is already acquainted, and on being questioned, Mary, the cook, corroborated him in the details with which she was connected. She was just about to go down-stairs to cook the breakfast, she said, when she saw Mr. Frank trying to break in the door. She came over to him and entered with him just as he had said.

"Well," observed Ellis, when he had finished with her, "there's nothing to be done here. This will be a coroner's case; we'd better wait for the results of the autopsy by the coroner's physician—and see the bullet."

Madeleine appeared at the door. She was pale and trembling, and had evidently nerved herself up to do what she was doing. "I must come in," she said. She avoided, after the first glance, looking at the body of her father, and turned aside to the desk in the corner of the room. There was a key in a little upper drawer in the center of the desk, but the drawer was not locked. She pulled it out and ran her hand through it. The drawer was empty.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was looking for something," she replied; "it doesn't matter—it isn't here." That was all she said. She closed the little drawer and left the room. But before she left I saw her glance wide-eyed and surprised, pale and shocked, at Ledyard. It was the second glance I had seen the pair interchange, but unlike the first one I gathered nothing from it, nothing, that is, but a vague boding of trouble.

On the way back to town I tried to make Ellis talk, but he wouldn't. I arranged to come out again and take charge of the papers, and the house, as left by Mr. Santos. That was all I could think of to do.

One more slight incident impressed itself on me. We had just said good-by to Ledyard at the front gate. The jitney was waiting to take us to the station. Ellis instead of getting in at once walked up and down the road, hands in pockets, head forward, staring at the dirt and grass beneath his feet. All at once he bent over and picked up something, looked at it, and put it in his vest pocket.

"Yes," he mused, half to himself and half to me, "I must find that automobile. It's just a bare chance. One chance in a thousand."

What he had picked up from the grass was a cut violet, a dried up, dead, blue violet, which may have fallen from some one's bouquet. I was to learn more later on about Ellis's remarkable ingenuity and almost supernatural gift in following clues, from that little dead violet he picked up by the roadside.

II

THE next morning Ellis came around to my office. "I have been thinking over the case," he said, "and it seems to me we ought to get something else out of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"It was on a desk in his workroom or laboratory, whatever he called the place. He saw me looking at it. 'Don't touch that revolver!' he said."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that girl. Could you send for her? What do you think about it?"

The telephone rang. I picked up the receiver. Miss Santos was on the phone. She said she wanted to see me at once. She would be down in half an hour. After I hung up the receiver Ellis smiled. "Well," he said, "that's the best way. She'll talk better if it's on her own initiative. Coincidence, wasn't it?"

When Miss Santos came in I noticed in her the same trepidation I had seen the day before in her cousin, but she had her emotions under better control. She was a rather tall, extremely beautiful girl, with a pale, oval face, and a wistful expression about her mouth. She concealed her feelings under a well-bred manner, but her eyes showed sleeplessness and suffering. She bowed to Ellis with a quiet smile of recognition and took the chair I offered her.

"I want to see you, Mr. Linter," she began, "and the sooner it's over the better. There is something that ought to be told. Oh—" with a quick effort at control she went on, "Frank—Frank—oh, how can I tell you? But I must. Frank was in there with father before he was shot."

I nodded gravely.

"I was up early in the morning to pick—flowers in the garden for the breakfast-table," she went on. "From the garden you can see through to the upper part of the house; through the trees there is a vista. I saw them both at the window. They didn't see me. That is all. I thought nothing of it and went on picking flowers. Then I heard the shot."

Ellis nodded. "You heard two shots," he said.

"No—I don't know—I think there was only one. Frank said there were two, and of course I believed him. But I was thinking of nothing at the time, I only remember wondering what the noise was. And as I think back over it I can only remember one shot. Still I am not sure. I came into the house. It was only a minute later, and I heard them breaking in the room. Then Frank came and told me father was killed. He was white as a sheet. I fainted, and when I came to, Mary was with me, but he had gone. But Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Linter—I must say it—*I don't believe Frank was out in the yard at all, as he says.*"

She looked straight at me out of the clearest and most direct eyes I ever saw in a girl's head. Her inference was obvious. Ellis voiced it in a sentence.

"YOU think your cousin killed your father then, and afterward locked the door, so he could break in and appear innocent, but that he made the mistake, in his hurry and fright, of leaving the pistol on the bed, so that after all it couldn't look like suicide."

She shuddered. "Please," she gasped, "please don't make me say it!"

Ellis said nothing.

"I'd give the world," she exclaimed, "to know he was not guilty! He—he—But I saw him with father, in the plain sunlight—and then the diamond."

"What diamond?" I asked.

"It was gone—from the little drawer in the desk. Father always kept it there, locked. He showed me only the night before. But it was gone when I looked. The night before he was—was shot I was in there, and he showed me that diamond. It was the last talk he ever had with me. He seemed so happy." The poor girl burst into a passion of dry sobbing at the memory. She checked herself. "'It will make us rich, richer than any one in the world,' father said. It was the last thing he ever said to me."

"How could a diamond, one diamond, make you rich?" I asked.

My question opened up an interesting statement of facts; and while what Madeleine Santos told us threw no more light on the question of her cousin's obvious guilt in slaying her father, or very little more, it made the solution of the whole problem vastly more complex and serious.

It seems that Ezra Santos, a retired dealer in wholesale chemicals and drugs, had a passion for scientific investigation, and had fitted up the laboratory I have described in the little suburban house, in order to carry on at his leisure certain scientific experiments. His daughter had been his only confidant, and she, as will appear, not completely so. He kept the matter, for obvious reasons, as secret as possible, for these experiments had to do with the manufacture of what is known as synthetic diamonds.

I POSSESSED no information on the subject, though Ellis seemed pretty well aware of it. But even he was surprised at Madeleine's revelations. It is a fact known to science, that diamonds—not imitation stones, but real diamonds—can be artificially made. The process, described to us at some length by Ellis, in corroboration of Miss Santos's statements, consists, roughly speaking, in fusing carbon by means of an intense electrically produced heat. It results in diamonds very small in size and costing, in the process of making, much more than the price of similar natural diamonds in the open market. The subject therefore has a scientific interest but is a matter of no commercial importance. But Miss Santos told us that her father had worked for some years on certain experiments, at first without even confiding in her, until he claimed that he had discovered a formula for the successful creation of diamonds as large as one carat or over, and that he had actually produced one. Ellis asked her if this was really true.

"I believe it; I am sure of it," she answered, "because he showed me the diamond, and that was the diamond that was stolen when he was shot."

Ellis looked her in the eyes, and after a long thoughtful scrutiny he nodded. "That's wonderful; really a remarkable thing, if it's true," he said, "and I am inclined to believe you. Your father must have possessed genius."

"I think he did," replied the girl. "He used to say to me all the time, tapping his forehead, 'the diamond is in my head. It is nowhere else!' "

"The diamond in his head," repeated Ellis, "and I suppose now, whether for better or worse, the formula of this great discovery has perished with him."

The girl threw out her hands. "What do I care—my father, my own father is dead—what would untold wealth be to me now, what did it ever matter to me!" She clutched her breast in agony but did not weep. Her pain was too real for that. My heart ached as I watched her. "He is dead," she said sadly, "and now I think Frank is—" she broke off, unable to finish her sentence.

I would have given the world to have even hoped for the vestige of a clue which might lead to the proof of her cousin's innocence. But I knew in my heart he was guilty; and the remainder of her statement only confirmed me the more in that belief.

She went on to tell us how her father's imagination had been fired by the possibility of arriving at the process, how after success had crowned his efforts he had promised her immense, unaccountable wealth, if the secret was carefully guarded, and they did not ruin the market by overproduction. This secret process had haunted him for years. The fear of its discovery had finally worked on his mind, had at last, after he had reached success, turned his head.

She believed her father had finally come to harbor a monomania. This began after he had made the diamond and was spending some time in perfecting details of the experiment. "The secret of the diamond is in my head," he kept repeating, always tapping his forehead significantly, "it is nowhere else. The diamond is in my head." It was only in the last six months that he had announced to her his final success and shown her the diamond, which had been cut, and was flawless and of the purest blue-white. After that she had felt a gradual change in him. He seemed, if possible, to grow more absent-minded. He had always been somewhat suspicious of those about him. For a long time he had kept the key to his rooms, had even made his own bed, or let the servants in only when he could contrive to be there and watch them.

BUT lately he was constantly discharging servants. "They are agents in disguise, spies, after my secret," he would say. Finally, toward the end he seemed to become a little bit demented. Miss Santos's lip quivered as she came to this part of her story.

Ellis pressed her to tell in just what way her father had shown this. She hesitated at first, and then she said that he had appeared to take a series of useless precautions to hide the formula, to prevent its discovery. And that when at last he had succeeded in making the diamond he told her it must be hid.

"If anything should happen," he said to her the night before he was shot, "that diamond will never be found. Even if I have only five seconds' notice, and they get me, yet they will never get the diamond." He was always talking about his precautions against "them," the mysterious agents he imagined to be prying into his affairs. He seemed in the last few days to have harped on the idea that the diamond he had made, and those he intended to make, must never be found in his possession by "them." His phobia, which originally related to his discovery for making synthetic diamonds, had now transferred its content to secrecy about the diamond itself.

When she came to the part of the story in which she repeated what she had told us about not finding the diamond in the locked drawer of the desk, I recalled the queer look she had given Ledyard.

"Let me ask you one more question,"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Ellis put in, almost as though he had the same thought as myself, "you must pardon me for asking this—but, is there anything between you and Mr. Ledyard?"

"Frank asked me to marry him. I refused, because I knew father didn't want me to marry him—still—but," her lips quivered. "Oh!" she cried suddenly in anguish. "Now—now—the murderer of my father!"

After she left, both of us, I must admit, somewhat shaken by our sympathy with her, I asked Ellis his opinion.

"It's an interesting case," he said. "Of course she loves the man."

"Who is guilty?"

"Perhaps."

"What?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Let's send for him and see what he has to say now."

"What's the matter with you, Bob?" I insisted. "The fellow told a lie. He's guilty as hell."

But we did not at the time send for Ledyard, because our investigation was interrupted by the news that the District Attorney of the county had stepped in, gotten sworn statements, and inside of an hour from his appearance had sent out a bench warrant. Our task was at once superseded by the local authorities. We had nothing to do but step aside and wait, or tell what we knew if called upon.

In the light of this news, what Ellis said as he left my office the morning Madeleine talked to us, recurred to me as rather strange.

He turned at the door, leaving my office. "And now," he remarked, "I have a clue as to the real cause of death."

He was gone before I really took in the sense of what he said.

III

THREE days later I read in the paper of the arrest of Francis Ledyard in Albany, on the charge of murder in the first degree. We had been expecting it. Though why he had gone to Albany, whether it was an attempted escape, or a vague planless panicky flight, I never knew. For except for his one visit to me I had not seen him. Indeed the matter now became one in which our firm occupied a peculiar position. As attorneys for the estate of Ezra Santos, deceased, and as personal attorneys for his daughter and heir, Madeleine, we naturally occupied a position in favor of the prosecution. And yet, as Francis was a member of the family, and had in fact put himself in my hands in that one interview, our firm naturally could not take any steps against him in aid of the authorities, even though as a matter of fact we believed him guilty. In the light of all this I was surprised by a call from Ellis on the telephone.

"I am going to appear for Ledyard," he announced abruptly. "I'll put in a defense. And I would like to bring you over and let you listen to his story. Of course in confidence."

"I don't quite see what for," I replied, rather taken aback. "Of course between ourselves there's only one view of the case. You know that."

"Wait till you hear him," Ellis said. "I want to see what you think. Will you come?"

An hour or so later I met Ellis by appointment at the office of the county jail. My practise lies almost wholly outside of the criminal law, and on the rare occasions I have entered such a building I have never failed to be impressed by a certain vague sense of guilt and terror. The heavy iron door swinging open enough to let one through and just enough, the uniformed phlegmatic attendant with his huge key. The almost medieval atmosphere of cruelty and darkness, which, in spite of its excellent administration, a prison conjures up in the mind just because it is a prison, all combines to oppress the mind. We were taken to the counsel room. An orderly was dispatched, and in a few moments Francis Ledyard was alone with us.

The young man much to my surprise wore an air of self-possession very different from the uncontrolled nervous condition which he exhibited when I had first met him. The blow had fallen and he had, seemingly, reacted to it. He was quiet and subdued in his talk and withal forceful. His bearing prejudiced me greatly in his favor even though I knew the man to be guilty. And I reckoned such a quiet, dignified attitude, under the ordeal, would go far to impress and confuse an average jury. I wondered all the time just what motives could have predominated, what fortuitous combination of circumstances have occurred, what sudden rage, long suppressed, have flared forth, to make a man of that type, a gentleman in every line of his face and figure, go so far astray as to commit a ruthless murder on an eccentric and harmless relative. I could not arrive at any adequate hypothesis.

"Mr. Ledyard," Ellis began, "I want you to tell your story to Mr. Linter exactly as you have told me, and I want him to cross-examine you if he wishes. Anything you may say to him, to both of us, of course, is under the inviolable seal of professional confidence. You understand me?"

Ledyard flashed a glance at Ellis, and then looking me squarely and easily in the eye, and yet with a touch of an anxious frown natural under the circumstances, began as follows:

"When I came to see you first, Mr. Linter," he said, "I—well I lied to you. I was scared. It was all so sudden. I didn't dare tell the truth as I knew you wouldn't, you couldn't possibly believe it."

"Go on," I said.

"Well," he continued, "let me see."

"Begin with your getting up in the morning. Give it all," said Ellis.

"I will. I got up about six-thirty. I mean of course the morning my uncle was shot, and went out of the house before breakfast."

"Why?" I asked.

LEDYARD hesitated, looked at Ellis a moment, and then answered, "I hadn't slept well. I went out to get the air. I had gone out to spend a week-end there to be with my cousin Madeleine. I suppose I may tell you in confidence we were—well, almost engaged. I felt she cared for me, but that her father's opposition weighed with her very strongly. And now this—" his lip trembled a moment, then he smiled. It was the smile of a brave, determined man. Guilty as he was, I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. "I must fight through—beat it," he said half to himself. He sighed and went on. "I thought she might be out early gathering flowers. I waked early myself. Then I went out to find her. But I didn't see Madeleine and so I came back into the house. I went up-stairs and passed my uncle's bedroom door. It stood open. He was in there and saw me, and asked me what I was doing up so early. He had acted queerly toward me before."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I MEAN he seemed to be suspicious of me. He openly accused me of spying on him; of trying to get at some secret. There was a lot of whispering with Madeleine, veiled references to a great secret of some kind which I judged from Madeleine's attitude to be nothing of any real importance. Of course I didn't attempt to find out. Yet he was suspicious of me, of my motives, of everything I did. When he saw me passing the door he accused me again of spying on him. I went into the room. I was mad, in a way, at him. I denied it indignantly. He said that if I killed him I couldn't find his secret. It was in his brain. It would die with him. Well, it has, I suppose."

"He mentioned your killing him just like that, out of a clear sky. *You* said nothing about killing?"

"Yes, that's right."

"You expect me to believe that, Mr. Ledyard?"

"No," he answered. "I don't. But it's so."

"Well, go on," Ellis put in.

Ledyard continued. "My uncle seemed to be excited. I shut the door and went over to the window in the farther room. I followed him over to talk to him. His behavior struck me as very queer. 'What's the matter anyway, Uncle Ezra?' I asked. I couldn't get anything from him but angry muttering. I saw a revolver on the desk in his workroom or laboratory, whatever he called the place. He saw me looking at it. 'Don't touch that revolver!' he said. I hadn't touched it; hadn't thought of touching it. We talked at cross-purposes a little while longer. He got badly on my nerves. When he wasn't looking I put the revolver in my pocket. Then I ran out. I was getting irritable myself. He ran after me. I heard him slam the bedroom door and lock it behind me as I went down the stairs. I went out of the house."

"You went out the second time?" I asked.

"Yes. I ran down-stairs and out. I thought I would go out and shoot at a mark——"

"Of all the absurd—" I interrupted.

"Let him finish," commanded Ellis.

"—shoot at a mark. I went toward the back of the house. On my way out I had opened the revolver to see if it was loaded. There was only one cartridge in it. I suppose that put the idea in my head, but I really don't remember. It was a suggestion, a mental suggestion, an impulse to go out and shoot at a mark."

"Humph!" I exclaimed.

"I went toward the back of the house. There's a hill there. A small white birch made a very good line against the hillside. I leveled the revolver. Suddenly I heard him calling to me out of the window above. 'Don't shoot! Come back with that. Bring it back. Don't shoot. You'll kill me!' he cried, 'if you shoot!' He was frantic, crazy, I thought. 'All right,' I said. He shut the window. I couldn't

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

understand him, and I began to be worried at the idea of leaving a loaded revolver in the possession of a seemingly demented old man. I intended really to speak to Madeleine about it. I decided to take back his revolver to him empty. I fired it off—there was only one cartridge in it as I told you—and went up-stairs."

"How fired it off?"

"In the air; overhead."

"Where were you standing?"

"On the path near that wing of the house."

"And you fired the pistol off in the air?"

"Yes."

"His window was shut?"

"Yes."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, I saw him shut it."

"Then you went up-stairs and broke in the door. Why?"

"A vague worry. I was going to give him back the now empty and harmless revolver. I knocked and he didn't answer. It wasn't like him. If he had come to the door and spoken angrily I would have gone away. I waited a long while. I threatened to break the door in. Even that brought no answer. Then I became worried and did break it in. Mary heard me and came in too. That part is true as I told you at first. When I saw him dead with a bullet hole in his forehead, and realized I had a discharged revolver in my pocket, I became scared, and when Mary wasn't looking I dropped it on the bed, where she afterward saw it. I knew there was no connection between me and his being shot, yet the thing was so unexplainable and mysterious, so wantonly coincidental, that—well—I was just frightened, that's all."

"Mr. Ledyard, just why did you try to hide your connection with that revolver. I mean, what is the real reason?"

He looked at me blankly. "I don't know," he said, "any more than I've told you."

"What did you do then?"

"I sent for a doctor for Madeleine, and came to see you."

"What about the missing diamond, Mr. Ledyard?" I asked suddenly, fastening my gaze upon him.

"Diamond! What diamond?" he replied blankly.

"There was one missing from the desk," I said.

"Never heard of that," he rejoined. "What of it?"

"IT MIGHT look as though you stole it, that's all," I said. He flashed an indignant, surprised look at me, and denied the thing with considerable heat. If he was acting a part he did it very well, though it occurred to me afterward that the indignation was perhaps a trifle overdrawn.

"One minute, Mr. Ledyard," put in Ellis. "I want you to go back to the time you were in the yard."

"Is it necessary for me to hear any more of this, Bob?" I asked, with some asperity.

"Well, perhaps not. I wanted to see how it would strike you."

We came away. As we walked down the steps of the prison I drew a breath of relief.

"Bob," I said, "with a man's life at stake, are you going to a jury with that kind of a yarn?"

"Yes," replied Ellis simply.

IV

I ATTENDED the inquest into the death of Ezra Santos. Francis Ledyard, held without bail on the coroner's warrant, sat as a prisoner. Beside him, sat Ellis. The assistant district attorney, a young fellow by the name of O'Connor, a stranger to me, put in his evidence with the object of having Ledyard held on probable cause for the grand jury. Following this would come the indictment and trial for murder. The inquest therefore was a preliminary proceeding in the nature of a magistrate's examination.

Nevertheless, as an occasion upon which the evidence tending to establish the cause of death was brought out officially and put on record, it formed a fairly important link in the chain of events. Even though the finding of the coroner's jury was not final and could be altered by the grand jury, the fact remained that the case against Ledyard would probably stand throughout as produced.

It was therefore with mingled feelings of sympathy as a man and interest as a lawyer, that I sat through a long morning in the little court-room in the basement of the county court-house. Young O'Connor ran off his case in fairly good time in spite of the rather pompous irrelevance of the coroner himself. O'Connor, as representing the district attorney's office, was the real person in power, and knew it. He showed a practised hand in getting his material on the record, in spite of his youth.

Ellis to my surprise did not display any particular quickness or zeal for the prisoner. He sat beside his client, in a negligent, loafing attitude, his long legs stretched out under the table, his thin, aquiline profile turned now this way, now that, in lazy contemplation of the jury, the coroner, the high desk, the railing, the window. A blank sheet of paper and a pencil lay on the table before him. Occasionally his attention recurred to the proceedings, indifferently, with an apartness in his manner, much in the way a person day-dreaming in church reverts now and then to the sermon. He was little more than a spectator. He allowed irrelevant, incompetent evidence, leading questions, to go in unobjected. He did not call on the coroner for a single ruling.

The evidence consisted first of that of the coroner's physician, a rather brisk businesslike man, who was excused after a few questions. He testified that he had performed the autopsy after the usual identification of the body, and found the cause of death to be a bullet in the brain. He produced the bullet. O'Connor offered it as evidence. Ellis did not object, he merely reached over and took it from the court officer, weighed it idly in the palm of his hand, and laid it on the table.

The doctor who had been called in to attend Madeleine also testified. His story merely corroborated the general state of affairs as found on the morning of Mr. Santos's death.

Madeleine Santos was put on the stand. She was pale but self-possessed. I noticed that she did not once look at the prisoner, except when compelled to by the question as to his identity, and that then she looked away quickly. Ledyard had his eyes on her as she walked to the witness chair, but he kept them lowered during the time that she testified, and did not once exchange glances with her. She repeated the story the reader knows, in detail; how she had seen her cousin and father together at the window, how she had later on heard a shot, and afterward had come in the house, and how her cousin had run down-stairs and met her and had run away and come back later with a lawyer. At this point I was directed to rise and be identified as the lawyer in question.

Then, under O'Conner's deft handling, she brought out in a steady voice the story the prisoner had told her, in which he claimed to have been in the yard and not with her father in the room up-stairs just before and at the time of the shooting. She asserted positively that she had not seen Francis Ledyard outside of the house. She was also positive about the missing diamond having been in the little drawer of her father's desk the night before.

The cook, Mary, told of hearing a shot, of seeing Mr. Frank outside the door. She had not seen him go out or come in until after the shooting when he left, as it appeared later, to go to make his hasty call on me. She also told of going into the room after him and finding the revolver on the bed, and she corroborated Madeleine as to the story Mr. Frank told about his being in the yard at the time of the shooting.

"Is that all you know?" O'Connor asked at the conclusion of her statements.

The woman flushed up and hesitated.

"Were you outside Mr. Santos's door, I don't mean the bedroom door, but the door leading to his laboratory which is blocked off from the inside, some time on that morning before the shooting?"

THE woman hesitated and answered "Yes," in a weak voice.

"Speak up."

"Yes, sir, I was."

"What were you doing there?"

"I went back and forth in the upper hall several times. I was counting the linen in the linen closet, and——"

"You passed the door of the laboratory several times in the upper hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hear anything?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you hear?"

"I heard voices in the room."

"Whose voices?"

"Mr. Santos's and Mr. Frank's. They were quarelling."

"Did you hear what they said?"

"I did not hear what Mr. Frank said, but I heard Mr. Santos say, 'If you kill me you won't find my secret.' Then afterward I heard him cry out, 'Don't! Don't shoot! You'll kill me.'"

"Well, what then?"

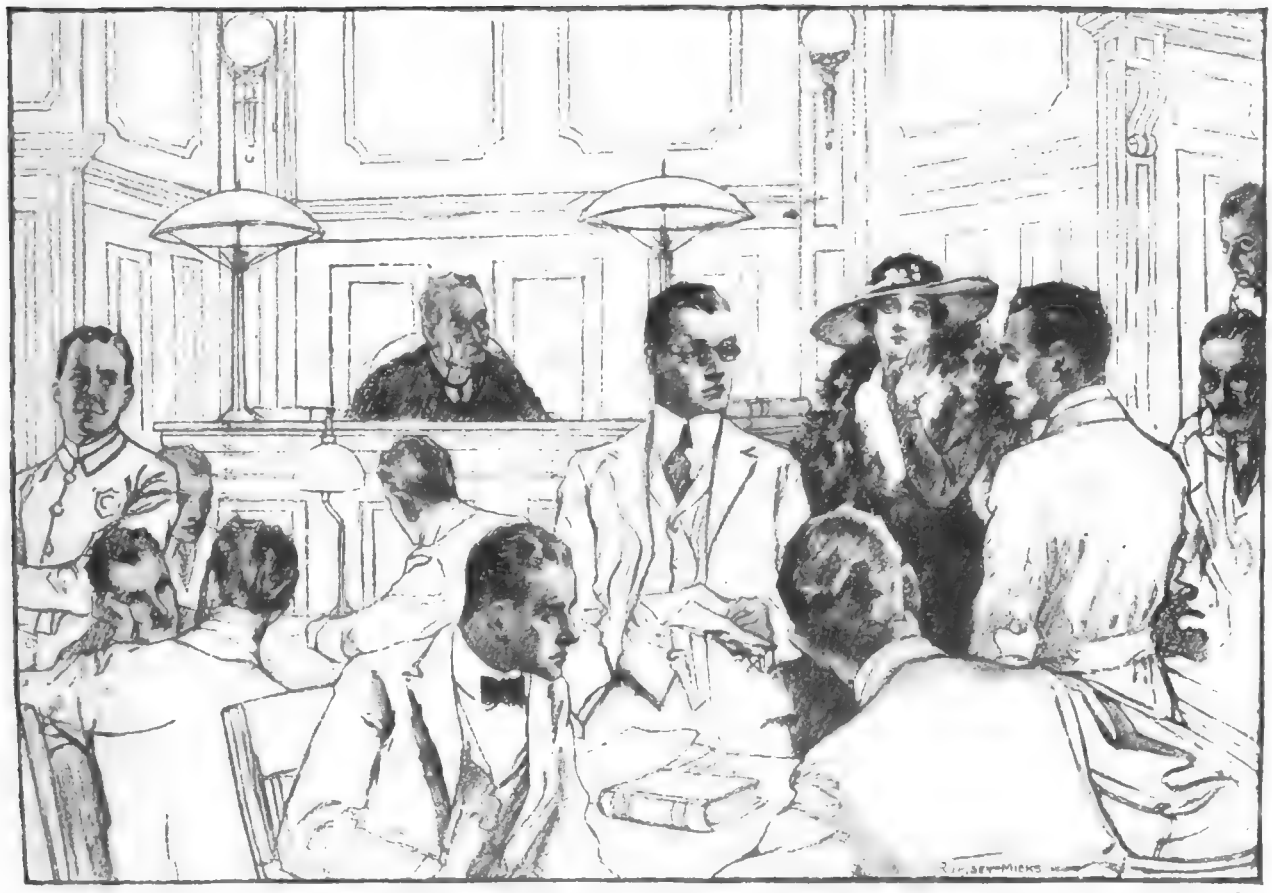
"I heard a revolver go off."

"Where?"

"It sounded inside the room."

"Your witness," said O'Connor, triumphantly, resuming his seat. Indeed that part of the woman's story had quite surprised me, capping the climax of the evidence which tightened around Ledyard. To my utter surprise, also, Ellis remarked casually, "No cross-examination," and let the woman's damning story go unchallenged.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"I suppose, Mr. Ledyard, you wish his honor to believe this fantastic story about going out to shoot at a mark?"

Altogether when O'Connor finished, there was adduced against the prisoner the facts which may be briefly grouped as follows:

He had been in the room with the deceased just prior to the shooting; there had been a quarrel; the revolver had been found at a distance from the body which eliminated any hope of a suicide theory; the bullet found in the deceased's brain fitted the revolver; the deceased had been heard to say, "Don't shoot, you'll kill me;" the prisoner had been in the room not only before but after the shooting; he had run away at once to consult a lawyer; he had told a story which contradicted the known facts, and while of course my evidence was privileged as to what he had told me, this lying story he afterward told in presence of others was not; that damning story and the rush to a lawyer, followed by the flight to Albany, and, to cap it all, the missing diamond, made an overwhelming case against him.

Ellis had cross-examined only one witness—Madeleine—and that briefly. He had chivalrously omitted any mention of her relations to the prisoner, but he had succeeded in bringing out briefly and succinctly her knowledge of her father's eccentricity, his experiments with diamonds, and his fear of the discovery of his great secret. But all that seemed to me to weigh very little, if at all, in favor of the prisoner. I could not see how it could throw even a suspicion of a doubt on the evidence as it stood against Ledyard. It seemed to me practically irrelevant.

Court closed for the noon recess. As I filed out with the little crowd that had packed the place I saw Ledyard being taken away by the officer and, suddenly, with a little flutter of surprise, knowing all I knew about them, I saw Madeleine walking slowly down the corridor, and realized the second before it happened that they were going to pass one another. I was not fifteen feet away as I stood still and watched. They raised their eyes and their glances met. I caught the steely preparedness of gaze which crept into their faces in that instant of surprise, but before that I caught something else, which lasted for just a second, something unpremeditated. And it went to my heart. They had loved each other! They passed on, their faces like masks, but that one fraction of a look had told me the poignant story of a tragic romance the outcome of which I shuddered to think about.

V

THE inquest was resumed that afternoon. Ellis to my surprise put Ledyard on the stand. I had supposed he would simply regard the coroner's inquest as the preliminary hearing and save any ammunition he might have for the trial. Judge of my amazement then when he allowed Ledyard to go on and tell under oath the strange tale I had already listened to in the counsel room of the prison. Ledyard told it simply, directly, almost word for word as he had done before. O'Connor rose at the conclusion of it, smiling broadly, a quizzical frown of incredulity wrinkling his forehead.

"I suppose, Mr. Ledyard, you wish his honor to believe this fantastic and impossibly concocted story of yours about going out to shoot at a mark?"

Ellis had begun to rise to his feet before the question was half out. He drew himself up slowly and lazily to his full length, holding out a warning hand to prevent Ledyard from answering. He was at last going to object to something.

"I object," he drawled out, measuring his words slowly and distinctly, "if your honor please, to what Mr. O'Connor supposes. And I object to his characterization of my client's sworn testimony as fantastic and impossibly concocted. That is a matter for your honor and the jury to say. And if you will permit me, sir, I would like to respectfully suggest that had I descended to the level which the learned Assistant District Attorney implies, of concocting a story, my concoction would have been neither fantastic nor impossible of belief. I ask your honor to credit me with at least rudimentary skill in criminal defense, and I beg furthermore to accept my learned friend's characterization of our defense as fantastic and impossible to this extent that my client's story is therefore plainly not concocted."

Ellis had scored the first point for the defense. He sat down with a quiet air of indignation as the coroner, right for once in a ruling on evidence, sustained his objection.

O'Connor, nothing abashed, smiled and proceeded. He picked up the weapon from the counsel table and held it in one hand and the bullet and empty shell in the other.

"This you recognize as the revolver

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

found in the room after Mr. Santos was shot?"

"Yes."

"Now, Mr. Ledyard, how do you account for your uncle's death if you, as you say, fired this revolver in the air outdoors and your uncle fell back dead in a closed room indoors?"

"I can't," replied Ledyard.

"Neither can I," added O'Connor sarcastically.

"I object to Mr. O'Connor's powers of accounting," broke in Ellis, on his feet again. "They or their lack are not relevant evidence."

"And I object to my clever friend's attempt to confuse matters by constant interruption!" shouted O'Connor.

"I have a right to object," said Ellis sulkily.

"Gentlemen!" remonstrated the coroner.

I saw a ghost of a smile linger in Ellis's eye as he exchanged a glance with O'Connor. He was playing the game, a game for a human life. Both men were playing it and understood one another. O'Connor, perfectly convinced, of course, of the man's guilt and of his own duty in the premises, went hammer and tongs at his cross-examination. It was an easy matter to rip to shreds such an improbable story as Ledyard told, and O'Connor performed the job in about the space of half an hour. He made it, if possible, more ridiculous than it was, and took the utmost advantage of comparing it with Ledyard's first admittedly false account of his actions on the morning of the shooting.

One thing, however, I noticed, that O'Connor did not accomplish, he did not put Ledyard personally in a state of confusion. The young man stuck to his ridiculous story through thick and thin. Evidently he had been well coached by Ellis as to his manner on the stand, and as a lawyer I could not help feeling, that unconsciously, Ledyard's quiet bearing produced upon the court and jury its due effect of sincerity. O'Connor himself must have also been aware of this, though on the surface his bearing was one of huge amusement, tempered by the dignity of the public prosecutor in the performance of a serious duty.

In the course of his cross-examination O'Connor pinned Ledyard down to the most trifling and minute details. For instance, he asked, "Mr. Ledyard, tell us exactly which point of the compass you faced in firing off that pistol, as you have said."

LEDYARD thought a minute before answering. "I faced about East," he replied, "away from the house. The morning sun was in my eyes."

"I see, then your back was to the house."

"Yes."

"Tell in detail exactly what you did after that."

"I went into the house—along the path to the porch."

"Carrying the pistol in your right hand?"

"Yes."

"Go on. What else did you do, or see, or hear?"

"I heard another shot."

"When and where?"

"The other shot came just a second or so after I fired off the pistol. It sounded as though it came from around the house somewhere. I couldn't tell exactly from the sound just where to place it."

"Ah—another shot? That's true is it?"

"Yes."

"As true as anything else you've told us?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on."

"When I got to the porch I went in the house—that's all."

"You saw no one?"

"No—except out in the road beyond I remember noticing a red automobile with some people in it?"

"Thank you for bringing that out. I expected you might," Ellis remarked *sotto voce*.

O'Connor flashed round on him. "I must beg my learned friend to confine his remarks to objections put upon the record," he snapped out, "and not to converse under his breath with the jury in an obviously unfair and unprofessional manner!"

Ellis sat quietly and said nothing.

"NOW go on, Mr. Ledyard," continued O'Connor. "You noticed a car and people in it. That was out beyond in the road?"

"Yes."

"Then what? Who else did you see?"

"Nothing. No one. I stood on the porch a second before I went in."

"You did! Why?"

Ledyard paused a moment before replying. "My cap fell off. I picked it up."

"Oh it did, did it. How did your cap come to fall off?"

"I brushed against a stray stem of a rose-bush from the vines on the porch-climber. My cap came off. I picked it up and went in the house."

"Picked it up with your right hand?"

"Yes."

"I thought you said the pistol was in your right hand."

Ledyard hesitated. "I—I think I put the pistol in my pocket before I went over to pick up the cap."

"I see. Your powers of invention, Mr. Ledyard, keep pace easily with my questions."

Ellis smiled and took no exception to this comment either.

"You have heard Miss Santos testify she heard only one shot?"

"Yes."

"And you heard two? Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you say the other shot was fired off inside the house?"

"I don't know. It might have been."

"Mr. Ledyard, isn't it a fact that you shot your uncle, and then went out and locked the door so that you might hide your guilt, and appear innocent when you broke in?"

"It is not," replied Ledyard.

"Well, then, who shot your uncle?"

"I don't know."

"Did he kill himself and then leave the pistol on the bed in the other room?"

"No, he couldn't have done that."

"Some one shot him?"

"I suppose so."

O'Connor persisted on that strain, until he had exhausted the possibilities. With every question and answer the young man's predicament appeared more pitilessly severe; his story, as O'Connor himself had characterized it, more fantastic and impossibly concocted. At last Ledyard was excused, and with bowed head and an exhausted air resumed his seat beside Ellis.

Ellis rose and turned to face the crowd of newspaper men and others in the little court-room. The case had attracted the attention of the public press, and I had noticed a newspaper artist making sketches of Ellis, O'Connor, Ledyard and Madeleine during the morning. It was a front-page sensation, this mysterious slaying of a rich old man. I could not but feel that in allowing his client to take the stand Ellis had simply tightened the noose about his neck. I wondered what possible plan he had left, and from a professional point of view felt rather contemptuously sorry for him in his weak handling of the case, and more than sorry for his client. But I had not long to wait. "Is Mr. Walling in court?" Ellis called out.

A stout, trimly built man stepped forward, took the stand and was sworn. In a few brief questions he qualified as an expert on firearms, and as a mechanical engineer.

"Mr. Walling, did this bullet come from this revolver?" Ellis asked, holding out the exhibits to the witness who took them.

"I don't know," he replied, glancing at the bullet, the revolver and the empty shell, "but from an examination I have made I can say that the bullet is one which might have been shot from this shell, through the barrel of this revolver. In other words it fits the gun."

"I see. Now Mr. Walling, you went to Mr. Santos's house at my request and made certain measurements and calculations. Did you not?"

"Yes sir."

"I now show you an object. What is it?"

"THAT is an iron support taken from a drain-pipe leading from the eaves of Mr. Santos's house."

"It holds the pipe in position?"

"Yes."

"I offer it for identification. I now show you a photograph. When did you take this?"

"On the occasion of my visit there at your request."

"Is it a good photograph of the drain-pipe, the eaves, and the window of Mr. Santos's laboratory, in the condition you saw it at that time?"

"It is."

"I offer it in evidence."

O'Connor took the photograph, scanned it carefully, thoughtfully, and then said, "No objection."

"Point out on the photograph," Ellis continued, "the position of this iron support."

The witness complied, and Ellis then put the piece of iron work also in evidence.

"Have you measured, with his honor's permission, the body of deceased?" Ellis asked.

"I have. I measured his height: five feet four and one half inches."

"What other measurement?"

"I measured the distance from his feet to the bullet hole in his forehead, allowing for the thickness of his shoes, five feet one and one-eighth inches."

"Describe what further measurements you made at my request."

"I measured the distance from the floor of the laboratory to the lower edge of the

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

upper window-sash—five feet and seven-eighths of an inch. In the lower left-hand corner of the second pane of glass—the panes are nine by eleven—there is a break shown in this photograph. One corner of the pane of glass, about half an inch of it, is broken off, leaving an opening large enough for a bullet to pass through. Assuming that a man of Mr. Santos's height were standing close to the window, looking out, and assuming a bullet fired from directly across somewhere. I mean a bullet traveling in a westerly direction toward the house. And assuming that the bullet passed through the break in the window-pane, it could have inflicted the wound I discovered in the forehead of Mr. Santos."

O'Connor objected and moved on various grounds to strike out this far-fetched and hypothetical piece of testimony. There was a long wrangle between him and Ellis, but the coroner, impressed probably by the importance of the witness and his general style of language, decided in Ellis's favor.

ELLIS was permitted then, but not without a rapid-fire series of interrupting objections and caustic comments from O'Connor, to put on the record the further statement of the witness that he had measured the angle from the small hole in the corner of the window-pane to a mark on the flat surface of the iron support of the drain-pipe, and that he had projected a line from there using the same angle of refraction, which said line hit a point on the edge of the path beneath the window.

So that, he said, a revolver fired in the air by a man standing at that point on the path and facing away from the house, could have recoiled enough to deflect the initial course of the bullet slightly so that it would strike the iron support in question, nearly overhead; and from that glance off and enter the house through the small break in the corner of the window-pane. There was a mark on the piece of iron which the witness stated could have been made by a glancing lead bullet.

The accuracy and ingenuity of this conception was to my mind its own undoing. For as a defense to a crime it amounted to practically nothing. It was a mere possibility, picked out of an infinite number of other possibilities. O'Connor, obliged to admit the accuracy of the witness's testimony as to the possibility of the bullet's taking that course, nevertheless brought out on his cross-examination the utter hypothetical nature of the possibility, and the fact that the witness had not seen, nor had any one else seen the bullet so fired, that there was no real corroboration for the prisoner's absurd story that he did actually fire in the air outdoors beside the house.

But there was a surprise in store, and as I look back on it I do not know whether to wonder most at my friend Ellis's fanciful ingenuity in devising a remarkably fantastic defense, or his skill and uncanny thoroughness in following up clues, and finally getting away with it. For strange as it may appear, that is actually what Ellis did—he got away with it. His explanation to me came later, as to how he had arrived at his solution, but so far as the inquest went these are the facts remaining to be told:

At the conclusion of Walling's testimony, Ellis turned around, facing the courtroom and asked, "Is Mayor Hollis in court?" There was a stir. Few if any had been aware that the chief officer of the rather thriving little suburban county-seat in which the inquest took place was present. There was considerable craning of necks. Mayor Hollis was a young man, about thirty-five. He walked with a definite upright carriage, as he took the stand and was sworn.

Ellis began. "You have come here at my request?"

"I have."

"You are mayor of the town, and were such on the day in question, Mr. Hollis?"

"I was."

"You remember that day—the day Ezra Santos was shot?"

"I remember the day, yes. I didn't know then he was shot."

"You were acquainted with Mr. Santos, the deceased?"

"I was."

"Where were you on the morning of that day? What did you do?"

The young mayor crossed one leg over the other, sank to a comfortable position in the chair, put his finger-tips together, and glanced keenly back at Ellis.

"I had planned a little vacation trip of a few days, Mr. Ellis. My wife and I were to start that morning—did start in fact, on a little touring trip. We had breakfast about six, as we wanted to make as much distance as possible the first day. We left the house say six-thirty or thereabouts."

"Who was with you?"

"Just my wife, and the chauffeur of course."

"In what kind of a car?"

"A red locomobile."

A red car! Suddenly the whole thing dawned upon me. I saw now what Ellis was driving at, and there flashed over me with a curious access of wonder at Ellis's uncanny quickness, his only comment on that very first day when Ledyard told us his first lying account of the shooting—the automobile. Well, Ellis had finally located his automobile, and as he had himself said at the start, it was the clue to the solution. But how he had done it I did not find out till later.

Sufficient now that he had, I leaned forward with eagerness and no little excitement as I followed the brief remainder of the testimony, and I caught Madeleine's white, eager profile a short distance from me.

"Did you pass Mr. Santos's house?" Ellis was asking.

"I did."

"Tell what happened."

THE mayor continued slowly, carefully choosing his words, convincingly, and perfectly at ease.

"Just before we got to the house—we took the turn down Lincoln road and then across, so that we were going westerly—just as we got there Mrs. Hollis accidentally dropped a bunch of violets I had bought for her, by the roadside. She called to the chauffeur to stop. He did so, backed the car up the road again, and got out to pick up the violets. While he was doing this I happened to look across at the house and saw a man."

"Mr. Ledyard, stand up. Do you identify the prisoner positively as the man you saw."

Mayor Hollis looked carefully at Ledyard.

"I do not," he answered. Then he added: "The man I saw was, I should say, about the same size and general appearance as Mr. Ledyard. I think it was he, only I can not say positively at that distance."

"I see. Now Mr. Hollis, tell exactly what happened."

"The man was standing beside the house pointing, as I thought, to the rear. Some one spoke to him out of the window above. He dropped his hand and looked up. I did not hear what was said. I saw the window shut. Then I saw that the man had a pistol in his hand. He fired it off in the air. He came walking around the side of the house and turned in at the porch."

"Is that all that happened?"

"No, just after he had shot off the revolver my chauffeur got in and started. We had a break in one of the shoes. My chauffeur thought it would last another day. I didn't. I was right. Just there in front of Mr. Santos's house we had a blowout and we had to stop long enough to put on the spare tire."

"The blowout made a noise like a pistol-shot."

"It did."

"And it occurred almost immediately after the pistol was fired off?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"It was while my man was doing that—putting on the spare rim—that I saw the man go into the house. He put the gun in his pocket. His cap fell off on the porch. He picked it up and went in the house. A few minutes later I drove away."

Ledyard's fantastic story was true! After all, it was true! It must have been, true! With those words of Mayor Hollis's corroborating Ledyard in every detail, it was, you might say, all over but the shouting. The verdict brought in by the jury a few minutes later was accidental death, and I felt sure no indictment would lie from the grand jury. As the young mayor had spoken I saw Madeleine's white face go a shade whiter and suddenly drop into her hands.

Francis Ledyard was not guilty! He was free! The suddenness of it must have overcome her. It certainly took my own breath away. The last thing I remember was O'Connor taking Ellis by the hand, and congratulating him with quiet dignity on his handling of the defense. It was all one to O'Connor; win or lose it was just part of the day's work.

VI

THE final scene in this little drama took place in Ellis's office in town where we all repaired the next day at his request, and it contained one element of the unexpected a degree more surprising if possible than anything which had yet occurred. I judged that Ellis wanted to explain to us just how he had arrived at his successful solution of the case, but I was absolutely unprepared for the final detail of it.

"I have sent for a plumber," he remarked casually after we had been shown in, as though sending for a plumber to come to a law office was the most ordinary proceeding in the world.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I laughed. "In heaven's name, Bob, a plumber! What for?" I demanded.

Ellis only smiled. "Wait and see," he replied.

There was a pause. Then Ellis continued. "I have asked you all to come here because although I proved in court, Mr. Ledyard, that you were not guilty, I want to show it now beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Oh, don't I *know* it!" exclaimed Madeleine suddenly. "You don't need to tell me any more, Mr. Ellis. And Frank has forgiven me for ever doubting."

Ledyard looked her squarely in the eyes. "You don't doubt—anything—do you Madeleine?" l e asked.

She flushed and returned his look. "No, of course not."

"But about the diamond?"

"I don't care where the diamond went. That's nothing. It wouldn't matter to me if you did take it, Frank."

I SAW a tiny spectre of grim doubt, distrust, fear, born in his eyes, and grow. What was the affair of the missing diamond anyway? Still it *was* missing, and I felt that this senseless diamond, trivial as it was, had somehow come between the lovers. The whole tragedy had laid its heavy hand on them, and perhaps a readjustment now, a return of their belief and trust in one another, was after all not so simple a matter as had been the legal proceedings, because it involved the depths of two souls. So long as Madeleine had any doubts about the possibility of Ledyard's taking the diamond, so long would Ledyard lack full trust and confidence in her, supposing he hadn't stolen it.

It seemed absurd to put it that way after the serious affair of her father's death had been cleared up, absurd and trivial. But yet there it was, a grain of dust absurdly small, yet all the more a disturbance perhaps because it was small, in the machinery of their mutual belief in one another; and the diamond, in spite, of a thorough search, had never been found. I saw Ellis watching them and I thought I detected the ghost of a smile light the corners of his eyes.

"Bob," I asked, "however did you dope this out?"

"It was easy enough," he replied. "I'll tell you while we're waiting for that plumber. In the first place I figured that the story of the two shots was improbable, because there was only one cartridge in the revolver. In order to credit the second shot it would be necessary to create a whole chain of circumstances supporting it. These were entirely absent from the case. I had therefore to explain the noise of the shot, and nothing more. The noise came from the direction of the road. What more natural than that I should think of the blowout of an automobile tire. It always sounds, you know, like a pistol shot. And as all I had to explain was the sound, it seemed the simplest way out of the matter as an hypothesis. The next clue was the violet in the road. People who ride in cars might wear violets, and when a blowout occurs it is always necessary to stop and put on another tire. Therefore I reasoned on the possibility that there might be a witness at the time and place of the shooting, some one to corroborate Mr. Ledyard. It was only a guess, to be sure, but it is never safe to leave a guess open. But the problem was, supposing my guess correct, that there was an automobile there, to locate it."

"Yes, I remember your saying that at the very start, Bob, when you first came to my office and met Mr. Ledyard."

"Well, I thought over a dozen schemes, but they were all too slim in their offers of results, and so I waited. Then, after Mr. Ledyard was arrested and sent for me, I got the whole story from him and learned that my guess had been correct. He did remember seeing a car, though he attached, of course, no importance to it, as why should he? Even then the problem was rather serious The car might belong to any one in the United States or Canada. A red car. That was all. The owner several days later might be anywhere on the continent. Still, clinging to a bare hope, I tried a newspaper ad. I put it in a hundred selected newspapers all over the country. Something like this: 'Will the lady who rode in a red car, wearing a bunch of violets, through the town of so and so, date, time, and so on—' Well, I fixed it, made it read so that I would get an answer if the party in question should ever get hold of it and read it. I can't help feeling that right here just dumb luck and no skill of mine came to our aid. Four days after I had scattered that ad over the country, I got a letter from Mrs. Hollis in Palm Beach.

"I replied by telegram. I got Mr. Hollis on the long-distance telephone. He and Mrs. Hollis were coming back anyway, and he consented to appear at the inquest. I examined him separately, before I let him meet Mr. Ledyard, and found to my great joy that he had observed Mr. Ledyard, though Mrs. Hollis and the chauffeur had not, and that he could corroborate him. But even without Mr. Hollis's assistance I had a strong conviction of the truth of Mr. Ledyard's story. In all my experience of criminal affairs I have never yet found an improbable story told by an educated person that wasn't true to the last detail. And the more improbable it is, the greater likelihood of its truth. What is it, Edward?"

This last was to the office boy. "There's a man, sir, to see you."

"Send him in," said Ellis.

A workman entered, dressed in overalls and carrying a bag of tools and a soldering outfit. Ellis glanced at him. "I shall need you in a few moments; wait here," he said.

"AND now," Ellis continued, "we come to the very last detail of the mystery—that diamond. It is impossible for the diamond to be nowhere, therefore it is somewhere. Let me recall the facts bearing on it, and let me state, to begin with, that I do not know at the present moment any more than any of you where the diamond is. Here are the facts: A man with a secret for making synthetic diamonds; a man with a delusion that others were after the secret; a man who says 'They will never get it. The secret of the diamond is in my head.' A man who finally harbors the delusion that any one finding the diamond itself would in that way learn his secret. A very natural delusion, absurd, and yet under the circumstances reasonably created in the overworried, imaginative brain of one who had devoted years to a single experiment of untold value. The diamond itself must be hid. This problem faces the brain of the man who had the genius to discover a formula for its successful manufacture, faces it now in its unfortunately deluded condition. Furthermore, the diamond must be so hid Mr. Santos believed, that at a moment's notice it can be disposed of, for Mr. Santos feared, as we know from Miss Santos's statement, that some one of these nameless imaginary enemies would break in on him at any moment of the day or night.

"THAT was Mr. Santos's problem. He solved it the night before he was shot. He took the diamond out of that drawer and spent part of that evening preparing its hiding-place. He took the diamond out of the drawer and hid it somewhere in that room and in such a way that he could get rid of it with great speed. But where and how? I have a theory that what one man can invent, another man can also invent. That where one mind can go, another mind can follow. What would I myself have done under all the circumstances had I been in Mr. Santos's place and been afflicted with his delusion? Well, several things. But let us get at it from the logical angle. The diamond was hid in the room. A thorough painstaking search on the part of trained detectives shows it is not in any part of the room. It is certainly not in this revolver taken from the room." Ellis picked up the revolver from his desk as he spoke, "And the autopsy shows it is not in or on the body."

"If my theory as to where Mr. Santos put the diamond, and his deluded reason for putting it there, is correct, we'll know in a minute. At least I'll say this much in advance, my theory fits every known detail of the case. And now for the experiment."

Ellis beckoned to the plumber. "What tools and things did you bring? Oh, yes. I see." He went over and took the soldering outfit and set it in the middle of the floor, and lit the flame. Then he took from his desk the bullet which had been found in Mr. Santos's brain, and tossed it into the melting-pot. We all leaned over with amazement and curiosity.

Gradually around the bottom there began to float a tiny drop of shining melted lead, the dull-gray bullet sank slowly into the shining silvery liquid, and in a few moments it was gone.

In its place, at the bottom of the little crucible, floating on top of the dross-covered, shining teaspoonful of liquid metal, there appeared a glittering one-carat diamond. The diamond had been inside the bullet! The light streaming in the window of the office was reflected from its facets. It shone like the light of truth, which had lain long hidden under the heavey-leaden weight of lies, the dross of circumstance. And like the light of the diamond was the light I saw in the eyes of the lovers as they turned upon each other an amazed, happy glance.

The untold wealth of unlimited diamonds, it is true, was lost to them forever. They had but the paltry single diamond left to show for all the hopes and plans of the poor, deluded inventor, whose secret had perished with him. But there remained for them a greater untold wealth revealed to me in that final glance exchanged between them in which I read, tragedy, hope, deliverance, faith, and a world of love and happiness!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He could turn out weighty economic articles, stories, advertisements, editorials, interviews and speeches without changing the tone of his voice.

"I Love You Exclamation Point"

By J. George Frederick

Here is something brand new in the way of a love story. Imagine courting a girl in business hours—even in an informally conducted office like that of the Mercury Publicity Agency—when your motives are divined and your every movement watched by eight pairs of critical eyes. But love will find a way, as even so gentle a soul as Mr. Candler demonstrates when he puts a standard office device to a use undreamt of by its inventor.

IT WAS a crazy office—so everybody said who had ever worked in it. You couldn't call an office anything but crazy which had no office hours, no boss that you could notice, and boasting a little china closet in a corner from which dainty tea-cups came out promptly at four every afternoon when Miss Madden, the manager of the Mercury Publicity Agency, served tea to all, even to the office boy.

Some people, including Mrs. Haggarty, the cleaner for that floor, who looked in at some late hour of night, would have said that the craziness of this office consisted of the ferocious and cheerful manner with which the employees worked overtime, unmindful of the clock, and content with a mere mess of sandwiches for a meal. Certainly that did need some explaining, as you could note by the way the other tenants peered in the door curiously.

Others were sure that the office must be a crazy office because of the incredibly unsystematic way it was kept, from the efficiency engineering point of view. There weren't twelve square inches of clear space on any desk in the place, and every room was literally bursting with bulging, exploding letter files—overhead, underfoot, to the rear of you, to the front of you, to the side of you. There was always a blizzard of papers, and nobody ever stopped to shovel a path. Poor Mrs. Haggarty was at first in nightly fear that she had destroyed precious documents after she had made a feeble onslaught upon them, with no more success than the New York snow-cleaning commissioner in the blizzard of 1920. But after a while she got calloused to it—just like the snow-cleaning commissioner—and she scratched away what she could and called it a night. About once a week they came to her and asked anxiously about some paper or other that had been lost, but she turned them a deaf ear.

AGAIN, there were others who knew Mr. Armstrong Strayer, the owner of the business, who would have said the office was crazy because Mr. Strayer was a genius or a fool, according to whom it was you talked. Sarcastic critics who kept one ear cocked for scandal sometimes put it as their guess that it was a crazy office because, with but one exception, Mr. Strayer had only women employees—all types and kinds, short, tall, fat, lean, beautiful and homely—and apparently did not control them; and yet they all openly admitted they adored him!

But the employees themselves had their own ideas as to why it was such a crazy office—and you could tell from the way they said it that they loved it. For one thing, no girl had ever come into that office who didn't get engaged or married inside of six months. And what's more, three of those who had married came back to work again as soon as they were married, and one of them was working afternoons and looking after housework and baby in the morning. One of them got up from her typewriter twice during the day to go home and see if the baby was all right! One of them was married to a man another girl in the office had divorced! Yes, it was a crazy office.

For one thing there was such a never-ending stream of excitement in the Mercury Publicity Agency. Romance, "big business" and politics focused there, in a way which made any other office seem like a country town, because of the publicity work being done and the visitors of all kinds who came. Ethel Barclay, one of the brightest of the staff, one day decided that she could do better with a bigger company. Of course she could! Anybody could have told her that! So she

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

went—with the blessings of the office and of the head of the business. But in two weeks she was back!

"I never was so bored in my life," she avowed frankly. "There I sat all day long on this great floor with a hundred other executives, and only office boys, mail carriers, petty clerks and stenographers visited me. I was in the organization but I was the smallest, most God-forsaken cog you could imagine! Once or twice a week I went in to see my chief, and he was like a steel trap. I just couldn't stand it. Me for less money and a job under a man with some brains and a personality, even if I'm half worked to death!"

That afternoon, to celebrate Barclay's return to the staff, the boss sent for some ice-cream and then like the brilliant devil he was, told such an unceasing string of good new stories and so deliciously teased the esthetic, shy Mr. Candler, his assistant, in the presence of a client—a public official who had come in and joined in the fun—that it was only with difficulty that they got their plates emptied! And that night they worked until nearly midnight getting some rush stuff into the mails. Nor was it by the boss's orders, either. They knew the situation, and acted on their own initiative as a matter of course. . . . You begin perhaps to see why the office was so undeniably crazy. . . .

Mr. Candler was the mystery of the office. He no more belonged in that nest of bright girls than he belonged in the zoo among the grizzlies; and apparently he knew it and took on what the Neo-Freudians call a self-protective coloration. He clung to his little cubby-hole, rarely venturing out, and when forced to do so, walked with a nervous, rapid stride, wearing a smoke-screen look of low visibility, and stepping a bit daintily among the inevitable litter, both of papers and of girls; for with the scarcity of office space, high rents and sudden onrush of work, there were more girls than ever and more papers, but no more room.

Mr. Candler was a mystery, first because you simply could not get acquainted with him. If you talked with him, he appeared to agree self-consciously with everything you said; and as soon as you stopped talking, he appeared to think the conversation was at an end and moved on. But what he wrote when he sat in his private little office—which became crowded the moment he sat in it, for all his slenderness—was like the fine-spun web of a deft spider. He could turn out weighty economic articles, stories, advertisements, editorials, interviews and speeches—with which more than one politician made his hit—without changing the tone of his voice as he sat holding the tube of the dictating-machine with his slim hands, and looking absently into space. Nor would he miss a punctuation point in his dictation, or mix up one sentence in five hundred.

THE girls of the office made themselves so at home in it that they dominated it. It was a parlor, and not at all a mans' haven, like most offices. Mr. Strayer was out most of the time, and even when he was there he was so adaptable a person that he never felt out of place. But poor Mr. Candler felt more or less constantly like a man who stays at home and gets in his wife's way and feels in danger of being compelled to do small talk at his wife's tea. Which is precisely what occurred in this crazy place every day, for although Mr. Candler had for three years refused every day without fail—except on the few days when Mr. Strayer insisted—to join the girls at tea, nevertheless each day they asked him again.

It was like a ceremony. Miss Madden, who had bobbed hair and wore a smock, and could have snapped Mr. Candler's thin arms in two with her athletic arms, would say each day with the same particularly graceful smile, "Won't you join us at tea, Mr. Candler?" and the office would wait for Mr. Candler's faint tones, "No, thank you." It was like a game to try to "smoke out" Mr. Candler, or to try to marry him off to some new girl in the office, or to make advances to him, on a dare. Yet in his own way, Mr. Candler was very "light on his feet," for he could retreat in a greater variety of wavs and manners from the combined onslaughts of the staff than they could think up ways to trip him.

BUT one day shortly after a new dictation-machine operator, in the person of a particularly sad-eyed and gentle-mannered girl, had been hired, the girls were dumfounded to see Mr. Candler sharpening a pencil for her. Eight feminine eyebrows rose almost as one and gazed at Mr. Candler, who, observing, blushed as he had never been known to blush and fled precipitately to his little corner. It was what is popularly termed "a dead give away;" utterly unprecedented, strange, exogamous and revolutionary. It was rich gravy for the unprincipled female brigands of the office, this sudden flowering, right in their midst, of a violet of romance in the barren heart of Mr. Candler.

Having been thwarted in their own efforts to marry off Mr. Candler, they were out to thwart him. A cabal was instantly formed to place obstacles in love's path. Every device, fair and foul, was used to prevent the girl from talking to Mr. Candler, or from meeting him coming or going, at the office. It then watched in delicious anticipation for Mr. Candler's pussy-foot moves to accomplish even such a pathetically modest a tryst as carrying to the girl's desk a cylinder of dictation to obtain a moment of perfunctory conversation. Cruelly was he denied even this by the seemingly accidental but never-failing nearness of some one with a rude interruption. The smoke-screen on Mr. Candler's face became less and less inscrutable, as he obviously showed his disappointment. Also he became more bold and callous in his plannings to talk to her.

He appeared with his hat always about the time she left, with a studied air of accident, entirely inconsistent with his previous habit of staying in his office until the girls had gone. But one of the girls—or a bevy of them—managed, from the time the girl rose until she left the building, to be engaged in pouring a long and absorbing description of doings the night before into Miss Hathaway's bewildered ears, until the confused girl must have imagined she was listening to eight cylinders of dictation at once.

The look of distress on Mr. Candler's face was a signboard of suffering for all to see. He was in a lioness' den; eight lionesses were in his path and he was apparently helpless.

In a tight situation we all use the weapons and the tools we are familiar with, because they are the only ones we know how to use. Mr. Candler's delicate, slender fingers hadn't familiarly grasped any weapon or tool, not even a pen, for most of his adult lifetime. The livelong day he sat clutching the tube and mouthpiece of a dictation machine. He hated pens or pencils or typewriter keys, and on such occasions when his dictation-machine was out of order temporarily, he stood up idly and disconsolately, looking out of the window with a sense of bereavement, like a shoemaker deprived of his awl.

But what he could do with his machine and the magic cylinders of it was as artistic a series of performances as one could well imagine. He would start in of a morning, let us say, to prepare, in behalf of the Cotton Seed Crushers' Association, a learned disquisition to be offered for publication to the farmers' journals of the country; and this is what his smooth, cultivated voice would say into the glass mouthpiece:

> "Seven copies on onionskin single space line close to top released for publication June twenty eight headline in capitals Cottonseed Mash Declared Coming Cattle Food Paragraph Scientists have been giving considerable time to the problem of cheaper cattle food dash a problem very closely related to the H C of L, capitalize, period Among these scientists professor Frazer f-r-a-z-e-r has comma it is now announced comma arrived at a highly important conclusion semicolon so important comma indeed comma that the quote bugaboo b-u-g-a-b-o-o end quote of porterhouse steaks as a luxury for the rich only may now be averted period"

THEN would follow details of protein content, and a great deal of technicality with which, to hear Mr. Candler, you would swear he had been familiar for years; whereas the Cotton Seed Crushers had only several weeks ago called on Mr. Strayer to plead that he do something to help them, and had little or no data to offer. And Mr. Candler never mishandled a fact or propagated a lie; he was one of those rare publicity men who could make unnoticed truth blossom like a rose. He did not use either lies or adjectives to win his publicity battles; he used well-dressed fact.

Lifting deftly the cylinder from the machine after half an hour of this, he would put another on, and with the same easy nonchalance and the same far-away look in his eyes, he would then say—in behalf of the Democratic political campaign:

> "Two copies white and carbon double spaced line close to top suggested editorial headline in capitals The League of Nations as a Great Business Enterprise Paragraph World affairs are business affairs in the main period Disraeli capital d-i-s-r-a-e-l-i once said comma in a burst of temper to parliament capital p comma that world business was being left in the hands of pirates and pack pedlars instead of statesmen period"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And then Mr. Candler would expound gently, until the end of the cylinder, the thesis that we owed it to the greatness of the nation to take up our world responsibilities. Slipping off the cylinder and in a trice putting another on he would proceed to prepare for the hardware trade papers some news items about a newly patented double boiler for housewives or a very imposingly couched communication to the medical journals about modern practises in anesthetics; or notices about a Salvation Army Fund "drive."

SITTING, mouthpiece in hand, Mr. Candler, however, one morning seemed unable to continue his dictation; a thought seemed to obsess him. His eyes quite distinctly did not have a far-away look in them; they seemed particularly shining and real. Perhaps the noticeable flush on his face set them off to advantage. Fifteen minutes before he had once more been checkmated in a very innocent-looking effort to say a few words to the dictaphone operator.

Suddenly he leaned over to the rack of fresh cylinders and examined one after another of them. He selected finally a particularly new and smooth one, set it snugly on the machine, with a delicate pat of his slender fingers, and settled back in his chair. Slowly the same far-away look came into his eyes, and his head assumed the familiar slant and his voice started off in the familiar monotone:

> "One copy no carbon special white vellum bond paper folded Salutation Dearest girl in all this troubled sphere Paragraph I love you exclamation point paragraph As I sit here comma day after day comma talking into this machine comma it seems a joy dash just because I know you alone will listen all day long to my words period paragraph quote love's apostrophe s wireless quote comma as the poet Dowson capital d-o-w-s-o-n put it comma is the term that might be applied to this dictation machine comma don't you think so interrogation point I seem to have no other way of reaching you period I may be discoursing about cotton mash semicolon urging to contribute to the doughnut d-o-u-g-h-n-u-t fund comma or pleading for a candidate comma but my inner voice seems always aware that I'm really talking to the only woman I ever cared about period If I could only hear your voice in return exclamation point I almost fear to ask you whether you care for me comma because perhaps you have not heard anything in my voice but cotton mash or candidates period If you do like me a little comma won't you to-morrow before the girls come in dictate a little answer on this cylinder and put it on my desk so I can put it on my cylinder and listen to your voice interrogation point It will be wonderful period Please believe me to be sincerely in earnest period"

Gravely Mr. Candler lifted the wax cylinder from the machine—having used up not quite half of the surface—and placed it on the tray with the five or six other cylinders. The half-asleep office boy came in after a bit and took them out—

A new operator was hired in the person of a particularly sad-eyed and gentle-mannered girl.

rather roughly handling the tray, to the exquisite pain of Mr. Candler.

That evening the girls in the office as usual bustled off with Miss Hathaway in their midst, but Mr. Candler made no move to see her.

As he walked with his light step to his office the next morning no one saw any difference in Mr. Candler's demeanor. But when he saw on his desk a lone cylinder his eyes sparkled, and slipping it on his machine and reversing its levers for listening instead of dictating he held the mouthpiece to his ear, his eyelids fluttering, as with a scraping whirr the needle found the right place, subjoining his own dictation, where a new dictation had been put on the cylinder. A very small voice said:

> "No copy no carbon use only memory no salutation I do like you comma and I must admire you period I could not help that semicolon your work compels it period Sometimes I have thought four asterisks and wondered five asterisks I wish dash but then again comma you may really only be amusing yourself period"

Twice, three times, four times Mr. Candler listened to this cylinder, until the wax began to wear down. There was still plenty of room on the cylinder, so he placed it for dictation. In the same work-a-day voice he said:

> "One copy no carbon special white vellum bond Salutation My Precious Girl Paragraph I knew your voice would be like that dash like a Columbine capital C-o-l-u-m-b-i-n-e in some far hyphen off garden of the moon period I wish you had kept on talking until you quote ran off the cylinder end quote period What did you wish interrogation point and why did you wonder interrogation point I repeat comma I love you exclamation point"

FOR several weeks there were many more cylinders shaved than the ordinary work of the office called for, but watchful as were the clever cordons of females in the office, they saw only "business as usual" and not a single move on Mr. Candler's part.

"He's getting over it," grinned Ethel Barclay to the other girls one day. "He's dictating work like mad these days. Nothing like hard work to nip romance!"

Now it happens in a crazy office like that of the Mercury Publicity Service that all sorts of sudden emergencies arise; and one evening when Mr. Armstrong Strayer, the head of the business, was at dinner, he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was appealed to by a prominent woman conducting a most worthy "drive" to raise money for the stricken of Europe. "There've been so many, many drives," she complained, "and I've been unable to raise money enough to speak about, and we must close this week. It's dreadful. *Won't* you think up something bright at once that will get us some publicity?"

And having a heart, Mr. Armstrong Strayer did think of something that might persuade editors to give the cause a little space. He went to his office late that evening to dictate it to the machine before the ideas vanished from his mind. The office was closed but he rummaged about to find some cylinders. He found one in the operator's desk and put it on his machine. He was about to talk into the mouthpiece when to his astonishment the cylinder began to talk. It said:

"One copy no carbon special white vellum bond Salutation My Darling Helen Paragraph A little poem of Rosetti's capital r-o-s-e-t-t-i apostrophe s which I read last night comma and which I want to whisper in your ear as my own words to you comma determined me to ask you comma without further delay comma to marry me period I know now that it would be unutterable u-n-u-t-t-e-r-a-b-l-e folly to try to go through life without you period I love you exclamation point dash love you exclamation point dash love you underline the words exclamation point When will you marry me interrogation point I have only a meager salary comma but Mr. Strayer once said I might hope to be taken into the firm period Please don't delay answering me double exclamation point"

Mr. Strayer heard the machine rasp at this point and presumed the message was finished, and smiled in great enjoyment. But in another moment a small voice came from the cylinder, which Mr. Strayer at once recognized:

"No copy no carbon write it on your heart. Salutation Dearest Poet hyphen Spirit Paragraph There is nothing in the world more beautiful to me to think of than for you and me to spend our lives together period I love you so much five asterisks that it hurts period Yes I will marry you whenever you feel you can period Under the circumstances comma I promise you I will manage oh so economically period Now comma I'm going to send you kisses on this cylinder dash just listen carefully k-i-s-s-s-s-s-s——" .

AT THIS point Mr. Strayer jumped up, shut off the machine and strode around the room. In a few moments he came back, saw that there was still space on the cylinder for further dictation, and then he spoke into the machine:

"Two copies and one carbon white vellum bond Mark one for Mister Candler and one for Miss Hathaway Give carbon to me for my files Salutation Bless You My Children exclamation point paragraph My apologies and congratulations on the same cylinder period I accidentally listened to this cylinder to-night while here to dictate a memorandum period I apologize period You happy things exclamation point May you have a wonderful life together comma and I know you will period Armstrong Strayer P ,S This will also serve as a memorandum that on September first we're going to incorporate this firm comma with you as vice-president comma at fifty f-i-f-t-y per cent increase in your salary period Also I suggest you both take off August at full pay for a honeymoon period"

Several days later Miss Madden got from the boss a memo as to the spacing of vacations. He had marked himself down for July and made a note that August was to be marked off for Mr. Candler and Miss Hathaway.

Miss Madden looked sharply at it and then called one of the girls. "Just look at this," she said. "Vacation for a whole month for Mr. Candler and Miss Hathaway at the same time! *What* is the boss up to, after we've been so faithfully putting obstacles in love's pathway?"

It being a crazy office, and it being teatime anyway, the girls went to Miss Hathaway's desk where she was demurely typing.

"*Why* are you taking a whole month's vacation *the same* time that Mr. Candler is away?" they asked, eight pairs of eyes fastened on her.

"Why, we're going to be married then," she said, lifting the ear-pieces from her head, in her mouse-like way, as though it were the most natural of things to say.

"*Married?*" chorused the baffled girls, aghast—"married! Oh, what a pretty one on us! *Oh! Oh!*"

Miss Madden kissed the girl, and the other girls followed suit. One of them was a bit impetuous and overturned a cylinder standing in its case on the desk. Miss Hathaway sprang forward with a little cry of concern, examined to see if it was broken, and tenderly tucked it in a drawer of her desk. The girls' eyes opened wide as saucers, as Miss Hathaway's face reddened guiltily. Four fingers pointed accusingly at the cylinder being tucked away. "*It's his proposal!*" they said, almost as one voice; and Miss Hathaway did not deny it.

Just then Mr. Candler came out of the office with more cylinders. "Will you join us at tea?" asked Miss Madden, precisely as of yore, with the full battery of eight females an attentive audience.

Mr. Candler looked at Miss Hathaway, squared his shoulders, and said—in a distinctly new tone of voice entirely devoid of fear—"Certainly; in a few moments."

Victory

By Theodore H. Banks, Jr.

NOT like the beast, O God, not like the beast!
Let me not fling away the conscience gleams
Lighting the dark, my spirit-stirring dreams
And star-fixed vision for a gross flesh-feast.
I stand at the flushed gateway of the East;
Round me the light of youth's fresh morning streams;
The richest gifts of life are mine, it seems,
And with the best I would not change for least.

Earth claims her sensuous due of life and death;
Yet, if I yield not wholly to her lure,
I at the last triumphant shall arise;
And though I vanish like a frosty breath,
I shall outstrip the sun, outsoar the skies,
And when the stars are dead, I shall endure.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In Red and Gold

A Romance of the Greatest River

By Samuel Merwin

Author of "Temperamental Henry," "The Hills of Han," etc.

VII

THE STORY SO FAR

ON BOARD a Chinese river steamer are brought together a party of Americans which includes Dawley Kane, American millionaire, his son, Rocky Kane, a much-spoiled youth, and three notorious characters of the China coast, Tex Connor, the Manila Kid and a girl, Dixie Carmichael. The native Viceroy of Nanking, with his daughter, Hui Fei, and retinue, are passengers. Both are impressed by the forceful personality of the dignified mate of the steamer, Griggsby Doane, whom they invite to luncheon. Rocky attempts a brutal flirtation with the Chinese girl, who he does not know is the daughter of the Viceroy, later sending her an insulting note, which comes to the capitain. Doane, going to Rocky's cabin to warn him, discovers that he is an opium smoker.

At the luncheon is revealed something of the Viceroy's unhappy position between the old and the new worlds of Chinese life. At the end Doane meets the Viceroy's daughter, Hui Fei, who asks to see him later alone. At Kiu Kiang, two deserting soldiers of the Viceroy are shot; there are rumors of outbreaks up the river. Dixie Carmichael learns the meaning of all this through young Kane, and tries to get Tex Connor and the Manila Kid to plan a raid on the priceless collection of jewels at the Viceroy's ancestral home. Hui Fei tells Doane her father is returning there to take his life, in obedience to the orders of the tottering Imperial Court. She herself is to be taken to the Court as wife of some Imperial favorite.

At a dance on board, an evening later, Rocky Kane, moved by remorse, asks Doane to interpret his apology to the Viceroy and asks Hui Fei for a dance. She politely rebuffs him. Rocky in a fit of depression goes out to smoke opium in Dixie Carmichael's cabin. That night a battle breaks out between the revolutionists and the Viceroy's soldiers on board and later the steamer is found afire, and is beached. The Viceroy's party is rescued, but a child, the little princess, sister of Hui Fei, is accidentally left behind. Rocky Kane, roused by Doane, finds her, and with Doane swims ashore with her. Hui Fei warms to the young man's heroism.

Her father thanks Doane, who improves the occasion by offering to help the Viceroy to escape the fate that awaits him. The Viceroy is moved by this evidence of friendliness, but is resigned to the Imperial edict. He invites Doane to accompany him home. Meanwhile, young Rocky Kane, stranded on the beach with Hui Fei and the child princess, declares his love for the Chinese girl and confesses that his opium lamp had started the fire on board the steamer. An English gunboat comes to the rescue of the white folks. On their way out to the boat on a tender, Rocky learns from his father of the impending danger to the Viceroy's family and swims ashore to protect Hui Fei.

Dixie Carmichael, Tex Connor and the Manila Kid, who fled the fire in the same small boat, reach a Chinese junk, which they immediately press into service and direct toward Huang Chow, bent on plundering the Viceroy's estate. At the instance of Dixie, the Kid attempts to kill Connor and instead meets death himself. When the junk arrives, Dixie disobeys Connors' orders and follows him ashore.

Presently, finding herself in the garden of a pretentious private estate, she suddenly surprises Tex as he is transfering a string of pearls to his pocket. Both are in turn surprised by a drunken band of native soldiers. Dixie has scarcely time to hide before they shoot Tex and carry away most of the plunder, leaving only a cape of pearls which she conceals beneath her middy-blouse. Next appears a group of Manchu soldiers escorting a Mandarin. When they stop to examine Tex's body, they are fired upon from a near-by grove by the drunken Chinese from the junk, who put the official party to rout and cut off the Mandarin's head.

Meanwhile Rocky Kane, in a conversation with Hui Fei on the steamer's deck, is astonished at her knowledge of Western culture, her erudition and her love of poetry, accomplishments that make him regret for the first time his neglect of educational opportunities. Touched by her grace and beauty, he is in an unaccustomed mood of appreciation. With the spell of Hui Fei still on him, he later questions Griggsby Doane as to the possibility of an American's making the Chinese girl happy. Doane, noting the marked change in the young man's manner, advises him to make a thorough study of the Chinese point of view, mentions the difficulty of reconciling the traditions of East and West and gives him a brief outline of Chinese contributions to art and civilization. Their conversation is cut short by the arrival of the boat at his Excellency's estate.

The Emperor, who holds the Viceroy responsible for the murder of the Mandarin, sends an armed guard to bring him to Peking to answer for it. Doane prevails upon the Viceroy to flee the sure death this mandate promises, and during the night they escape to a river junk, taking Dixie Carmichael along with them. Her chief concern is to hide the pearls, which she sews in her undergarments. To keep aloof and avoid suspicion she becomes volunteer cook of the reunited company. Rocky makes ardent love to Hui Fei and later, his interest fired by his affections, takes a lesson from Doane in the appreciation of Chinese prints.

Chapter Twelve

At the Hour of the Tiger

I

THEY passed, that evening, the region of Peng-tze where Tao Yuan-ming, after a scant three months as district magistrate, surrendered his honors and retired to his humble farm near Kiu Kiang, there to write in peace the verse and prose that have endured during sixteen crowded centuries; and on, then, moving slowly by the hilly island of Hsiau-ku-shan, through the precipitous Gateway of Anking and, later, around the bend that bounds that city on the west, south and east. Those on deck could see, indistinctly in the deepening twilight, the vast area of houses and ruins —for Anking had not yet recovered from the devastations of the T'ai-ping rebels in the eighteen-sixties—where half a million yellow folk swarm like ants; and very indistinctly indeed, farther to the north, they could see the blue mountains. Slowly, quietly, then Anking, with its ruins and its memories, fell away astern.

Half an hour later the sweeps were lashed along the rail. The great dark sails, their scalloped edges between the battens of bamboo, seeming more than ever, in the dusk, like the wings of an enormous bat, were lowered; and with many shouts and rhythmic cries the tracking ropes were run out to mooring poles on the bank. Forward the mattings were adjusted for the night. The smells of tobacco and frying fish drifted aft. A youth, sipping tea by the rail, put down his cup and sang softly in falsetto a long narrative of friendship and the mighty river and (incidentally) the love of a maiden who slipped away from her mother's side at night to meet a handsome student only to be slain, as was just, by the hand of an elder brother. From the cabin aft drifted a faint odor of incense.

A flageolet, forward, mingled its plaintive oboe-like note with the song of the youth by the rail. From a near-by village came soft evening sounds, and the occasional barking of dogs, and the beat of a watchman's gong. The greatest of rivers —greatest in traffic and in rich memories of the endless human drama—was settling quietly for the night; heedless, or ignorant, of casual new bloodshed, careless of the death of one government as of the birth of another, for the endless drama would surely, endlessly, go on.

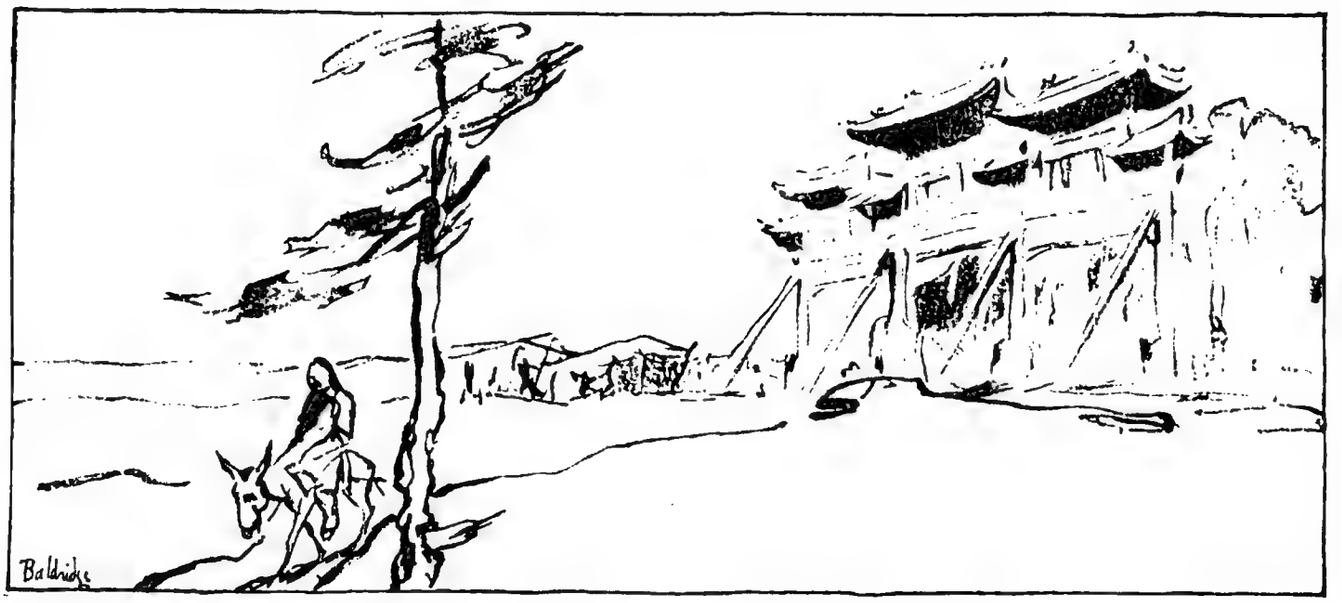
AT THE first rays of dawn the forward deck would be again astir. Sails would be hoisted, ropes hauled aboard and coiled; and the shining yellow craft would resume her journey down-stream, with carven and brightly painted eyes peering fixedly out at the bow, with carefully tended flowers perfuming the air about the after gallery, a thing of rich and lovely color even on the rich and lovely river; slipping by busy ports, each with its vast tangle of small shipping and its innumerable families of beggars in slipper boats or tubs awaiting miserably the steamers and their strangely prodigal white passengers. T'ai-ping itself, of bloody memory, lay still ahead; and farther yet Nanking the glorious, and Chin-kiang, and the great estuary.

Slowly the huge craft would drift and sail and tie, moving patiently on toward the Shanghai of the ever-prospering white merchants, the Shanghai that somewhat vaingloriously had dubbed itself "the Paris of the East." And no one of the thousands, here and there, that idly watched the golden junk as it moved, not without a degree of magnificence, down the tireless current, was to know that a Manchu Viceroy, a prince hunted to the death by his own blood, a statesman known to the courts of great new lands, was in hiding within those timbers of polished cypress. Nor would they know that a princess, his daughter, yet strangely of the new order, voyaged with him clad in the simple costume of a young Chinese woman. Nor would they dream of certain inexplicable whites. Nor would they have cared; for the voyage of the yellow junk was but a tiny incident in the crowded endless drama of the river; to the millions of struggling, breeding, dying souls along the banks and on the water merely living was and would be burden enough.

So China merely lives—dreaming a little but hoping hardly at all—with every eye on the furrow or the till; lives, and dies, and—lives again and on.

Late in the third afternoon, Rocky

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Slowly, quietly, Anking, with its ruins and memories, fell away astern.

Kane, sitting, head forlornly in hands, in his narrow room, heard a light step—heard it with every sensitive nerve-tip—and, springing up, softly drew his curtain. But the quick eagerness faded from his eyes; for it was Dixie Carmichael.

Her thin lips curved in the faintest of smiles as she moved along the corridor toward her own curtained door. But just then, as she paused and glanced back, her skirt, in swinging about, caught on a nail; caught firmly; and as she stooped to release it, a string of pearls swung down, broke, and rolled, a score of little opalescent spheres, along the deck, a few of them nearly to Rocky's feet.

HE STOOPED—without a thought at first—picked them up and turned them over in his fingers; then, stepping forward to return them, observed with an odd thrill of somewhat unpleasant excitement that the girl had gone an ashen color and was staring at him with something the look of a wild and hostile animal. She turned then; glanced with furtive eyes up and down the corridor; and swiftly gathering up the remaining pearls clutched them tightly in one hand, extending the other and saying, in a quick half-whisper:

"Give me those."

He hesitated, confused, unequal to the quick, clear thinking he felt, even then, was demanded of him.

"What are you doing with them?" he asked.

"Not so loud! Come here!" She was indicating her own doorway; even drawing the curtain; while her head moved just perceptibly toward the room immediately beyond her own where Miss Hui Fei, he knew, would be resting at this time.

"Where did you get them?" he asked, huskily, doggedly.

There was a long pause. Again her subtle gaze swept the corridor.

"You'd better step in here," said she, very quietly. "I've something to say to you."

Sensing, still confusedly, that he ought to see the thing through, struggling to think, he yielded to her stronger will.

She followed him into the room and let the curtain fall.

"Give me those pearls," she commanded again. He shook his head.

During a tense moment she studied him. She moved over by the transulucent window of ground oyster shells, itself, in the mellow afternoon light, as opalescent as the pearls in her hand and his. Her gaze, for an instant, sought the wide stain on the floor where the Manila Kid had, so recently, wretchedly died; and her instant imagination considered the incomprehensible mental attitude of these quiet Chinese that had, without a word, disposed of the body and painstakingly cleansed the spot. No one, observing them day by day, now, as they calmly pursued their tasks, could suspect that the slanting quiet eyes had so lately seen murder. As for the youth before her she was, now that her moment of fright had passed, supremely confident in her skill and mental strength. He was, still, little more than an undeveloped boy. And his position, now that he had set up his flag of reform, would be absurdly vulnerable.

"Once more"—her low voice was cool and soft as river ice—"give them to me."

He shook his head. "Tell me first where you got them."

"If you're determined to make a scene," said she, "I advise you to be quiet about it. You wouldn't want—her—to know you're in here."

"I—I"—this was the merest boyishness—"I've told her about—well, that I tried to make love to you. I'm not afraid of that."

"Still—you wouldn't want her to hear you in here now."

This was awkwardly true. And his hesitation as he tried to consider it, to work out an attitude, ran a second too long.

"The pearls are mine," she pressed calmly on. "The best advice I can give you is to return them and go."

"But——"

"Do you think I want the people aboard this junk—anybody—to know that I have them?"

"I believe you stole them from the Viceroy's place."

"That, of course— Well, never mind! What you may believe is nothing to me."

"Will you tell Mr. Doane about them?"

"Certainly not. And you won't."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"It's none of your business."

"Perhaps it's my duty."

"Listen," she went on—he felt himself wholly in the right, yet found difficulty in meeting her cold, pale eyes—"it's my impression that I've been acting rather decently toward you. Of course I could have——"

"What could you have done?"

"For your own good, keep your voice down. I will tell you just this—you were pretty wild in Shanghai for a week or two."

"Well?" This was hurting him; but he met it.

"And there's no likelihood that you've told her all of it. Were you such a fool as to think you could keep it all secret? Out here on the coast—and from a woman with as many underground connections as I have?"

"There's nothing that I——"

"Listen! I'm not through with you. You've been a very, very rough proposition. I know all about it. No—wait. There's something else. I knew all about you when you were making up to me on the steamer. I could have trapped you then—tangled your life so with mine that you could never have got away from me, never in the world. But I didn't. I liked you, and I didn't want to hurt you—then."

"You do want to hurt me now?"

"It may be necessary."

"SINCE you're taking this position"—he was finding difficulty in making his voice heard; there seemed to be danger of explosive sounds—"probably I'd better just go to Mr. Doane myself with these things."

"If you do that I'll wreck your life."

"You don't meant that you'd——"

"You seem to be forgetting a good deal."

"But you——"

"I will defend myself to the limit. I've really been easy with you. You see, you don't know anything about me. Least of all what harm I can do. You'd be a child in my hands. Turn against me and I'll get you if it takes me ten years. You'll never be safe from me. Never for a minute."

He looked irresolutely down at the lustrous jewels in his hand.

"You had these sewed in your skirt. There must be more there."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Are you proposing to search me?"

"No—but!"— His black youth was stabbing now, viciously, at his boyishly sensitive heart; but still, in a degree, he met it. "I'm going to Mr. Doane. I don't care what happens to me."

He even moved a soft step toward the door; but paused, lingered, watching her. For she was rummaging among the covers of her bed. He caught a brief glimpse of a handbag that she meant him not to see. She took from a bottle two green tablets. Then she faced him.

To the startled question of his eyes she replied—"They're corrosive sublimate. I shall take them now unless you—give me the pearls. If you want to have my death on your hands, take them to Mr. Doane. But it's only fair to tell you that if you do it—if you mix in this business—your own life won't be worth a nickel. They'll get you, and they'll get the pearls. You're caught in a bigger game than you can play. Get out, while you can—" As the low, swift words came she reached out and took the pearls from his nerveless hand—"and I'll protect you. You can have your pretty Manchu girl. You can ride around in a rickshaw and look at old temples and buy embroideries. Just don't mix in affairs that don't concern you."

"I—" he was pressing a hand to a white forehead—"I've got to think it over."

"REMEMBER this, too—" she laid a hand on his arm—"you could never fasten anything on me. The proof doesn't exist. Nobody can identify unmounted pearls. As a matter of fact I got these"—during a brief but to her perverse imagination an intensely pleasing moment, she closed her eyes and lived again through that strange scene on the steps of the pavilion; again in vivid fancy rolled over the inert body that had been Tex Connor, took the amazing cape of pearls from his shirt and rolled the body heavily back. "I got these from a man I knew—an old friend. Just mind your own business and no one will harm you. But remember, you're walking among dangers. Step carefully. Keep quiet. Better go now."

He found himself in the corridor; walked slowly, uncertainly, up to the deck; sat by the rail and, head on hand, moodily watched the river and the hills. His brain was racing as it had raced often in the old wild days. He asked himself if he had, by his very silence, struck a bargain with the girl; but could find no answer to the question, only bewilderment. Could it be that she was only a daring thief? It could, of course, but how to get at the truth?

Abruptly then his thoughts turned inward. Those wild days had seemed, since his change of heart, of the remote past; but they were not, they had still been the stuff of his life within about a week. It was unnerving. He thought, something morbidly, as the sensitive young will, about habits. The day had gone awry, too, in the matter of his love. A reaction had set in. Hui Fei was keeping much to herself. It had become difficult to talk with her at all. And that had bewildered him. He was all adrift, with neither sound training nor a mature philosophy to steady him, life had turned unreal on his hands; nothing was real—not Hui or her father, certainly not himself, not even Mr. Doane. His background, even, was slipping away, and with it his sense of the white race. This, it seemed, was a yellow world—swarming, heedless, queerly tragic. His soul was adrift, and nobody cared. Toward his father and mother he felt only bitterness. There were, it appeared, no friends.

He thought, it seemed, confusedly, excitedly, of everything; of everything excepting the important fact that he was very young.

III

EARLY on the following morning Doane found the little princess playing about the deck, and with a smile seated himself beside her. She settled at once on his knee, chattering brightly in the Mandarin tongue of her play world.

He responded with a note of good-humored whimsy not out of key with her alert clear imagination. It was pleasant to fall again into the little intimacies of the language that had become, during these twenty years and more, almost his own. He pointed out to her the trained cormorants diving for fish, and the irrigating wheels along the bank with whole families, here and there, working on the treadmills; and then told quaint stories—of the first water buffalo, and of the magic rice-field.

Soon she, too, was telling stories—of the simpleton who bought herons for ducks, of the toad in the lotus pool, of the child that was born in a conch-shell and finally crawled with it into the sea, of the youngest daughter who to save the life of her father married a snake, of the magic melon that grew full of gold and the other melon that contained hungry beggars, of the two small boys and the moon cake, and of the curious beginning of the ant species.

She scolded him for his failure, at the

"A matter has come up that concerns you, Rocky, and I don't feel that I can delay telling you about it. First, you had better [illegible] you."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

first, to laugh with her. Her happy child quality stirred memories of old-time days in T'ainan-fu, when his own daughter had been a child of six, playing merrily about the mission compound under his study window.

They were poignant memories. His eyes were misty even as he smiled over the bright merriment of this child, and in his heart was a growing wistful tenderness. To be again a father would be a great privilege. He was ripe for it now, tempered by poverty and sorrow, yet strong, with a great emotional capacity on which the world about him had, apparently, no claim to make.

He was simply cast aside, left carelessly in an eddy with the great stream of life flowing, bank full, by. The experience was common enough, of course. In the great scheme of life the fate of an individual here and there could hardly matter. He could tell himself that, very simply, quite honestly; and yet the strength within him would rise and rise again to assert the opposite. The end, for himself, lay beyond the range of conscious thought; but at least, he felt, it could not be bitterness. He seemed to have passed the danger.

The little princess was soberly telling the old story of the father-in-law, the father, and the crabs that were eaten by the pig. At the conclusion she laughed merrily; and then finding his response somewhat unsatisfactory, scowled fiercely and with her plump fingers bent up the corners of his mouth.

He laughed then; and rolled her up in his arms and tossed her high in the air.

When Hui Fei came upon them they were gazing out over the rail. Mr. Doane seemed to be telling a long story, to which the child listened intently. She moved quietly near, smiling; and after listening for a few moments seated herself on the deck behind them.

The story puzzled her. She leaned forward, a charming picture in her simple costume, black hair parted smoothly, oval face untouched with powder and paint. She smiled again, then, for his story was nothing other than a free rendering into Chinese of Stevenson's:

> "In Winter I get up at night
> And dress by yellow candle-light——"

He went on, when that was finished, with a version of—

> "Dark brown is the river,
> Golden is the sand——"

—and other poems from "A Child's Garden of Verse."

HUI FEI'S eyes lighted, as she listened, for she had found pleasure in Stevenson. Mr. Doane, it appeared, knew nearly all of these exquisite verse-stories of happy childhood and exhibited surprising skill in finding the Chinese equivalents for certain elusive words. What a mind he had—rich in reading as in experience, ripe in wisdom, yet curiously fresh and elastic! It seemed to her a young mind.

The little princess was especially pleased with "My Bed is a Boat," and made him repeat it. At the conclusion she clapped her hands. And then Hui Fei joined in the applause, and laughed softly when they turned in surprise.

"Won't you do 'The Land of Counterpane?' " she asked.

IV

IT WAS later, when the child had run off to play among the flowers, that he and she fell to talking as they had not talked during these recent crowded days. There were silences, at first. Despite his effort to seem merely friendly and kind, he felt a restraint that had to be fought through. In this time, so difficult for her at every point, he felt deeply that he must not fail her. Her greatest need, surely, was for friendship. The excited youth who dogged her steps and hung on her most trivial glance could not offer that. And melancholy had touched her bright spirit; he sensitively felt that when the little princess ran away and her smile faded. Sorrow dwelt not far behind those dark, thoughtful eyes.

Early in the conversation she spoke of her father. Her thoughts, clearly, were always with him.

"I wan' to ask you," said she, simply and gravely, "if you know what he is doing."

Doane moved his head in the negative.

"He has been in his room for more than a day. When I go to his door he is kin' but he doesn't ask me to come in. And he doesn' tell me anything."

"He is not confiding in me," said Doane.

"I don't like that, either, Mis'er Doane. For I know he thinks of you now as his closes' frien'. There is no other frien' who knows what you know. An' you have save his life an' mine. My father is not a man to fail in frien'ship or in gratitu'."

Doane's eyes, despite his nearly successful inner struggles, grew misty again. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse he took her hand gently in his. At once, simply, her slender fingers closed about his own. It seemed not unlike the trusting affection of a child; he sensed this as a new pain. Yet there was strong emotional quality in her; he felt it in her dark beauty, in the curve of her cheek and the lustrous troubled splendor of her eyes, in the slender curves of her strong young body.

She was, after all, a woman grown aroused, doubtless, to the puzzling facts of life; a woman, with an ardent lover close at hand, who was—this as his wholly adult mind now saw her—already at her mating time; and feeling this he gripped her hand more tightly than he knew. But even so, he was not unaware of his own danger. It wouldn't do; once to release his own tightly chained emotions would be to render himself of no greater value to her in her bewilderment than any merely pursuing male. He set his teeth on that thought, and abruptly withdrew his hand.

She did not look up—her gaze was fixed on the surface of the river. The only indication she gave that she was so much as aware of this odd little act of his was that she started to speak, then paused for a brief instant before going on.

"I ask—ask myself all the time if there is anything we coul' be doing."

Doane's head moved again in the negative.

"If not even his gratitu'——"

"Gratitude," said Doane, gently, "becomes less than nothing when it is demanded."

"True, it canno' be ask', but it can be given."

"Sometimes"—he was thinking aloud, dangerously—"I wonder if any healthy human act is free from the motive of self-interest. Generosity is so often self-indulgence. Self-sacrifice, even in cases where it may be regarded as wholly sane, may be only a culmination or a confusion of little understood desires."

She looked up at this; considered it.

"Certainly," he went on, "your father owes me nothing."

Her hand moved a little way toward his, only to hesitate and draw back. She looked away, saying in a clouded voice:

"He—and I—owe you everything."

It wouldn't do. Doane waited a long moment, then spoke in what seemed more nearly his own proper character—quietly, kindly, with hardly an outward sign of the intensely personal feeling of which his heart was so full.

"Your father has spoken to me of you as an experiment."

"You mean my life—my education."

"Yes. He feels, too, that the experiment has not yet been fully worked out. I often think of that—your future. It is interesting, you know. You have responded amazingly to the spirit of the West. And of course you'll have to do something about it."

"Oh yes," said she, musing, "of course."

"Whatever personal interests may for a time—or at times—absorb your life"—this was as close as he dared trust himself to the topic of marriage—"I feel about you that your life will seek and find some strong outward expression."

"YES—I have often fel' that too. Of course, at college I like' to speak. I went in a good 'eal for the debates, an' for class politics."

"You have an active mind. And you have a fine heritage. Knowing—even feeling—both East and West as you do, your life is bound to find some public outlet. Something."

"I know." She seemed moody now, in a gentle way. Her fingers picked at a rope. "But I don' know what. I don' think I woul' like teaching. Writing, perhaps. Even speaking. That is so easy for me."

"There is a service that you are peculiarly fitted to perform." She glanced up quickly, waited. "It is a thought that keeps coming to my mind. Perhaps because it will probably become the final expression of my own life. For my life is curiously like yours in one way. You remember, that—that night when we first talked—on the steamer——"

"I climb' the ladder," she murmured, picking again at the rope.

"—And we agreed that we were both, you and I"—his voice grew momentarily unsteady—"between the worlds."

"Yes, I remember." He could barely hear her. "It is true, of course."

"It is true. And for myself, I feel more and more strongly every day that I must pitch into the tremendous task of helping to make the East known to the West."

"Tha' woul' be won'erful!" she breathed.

"I have come to feel that it is the one great want in Western civilization, that the philosophy, the art, the culture, indeed, of China has never been woven into our heritage. It is strange, in a way—we derived our religion from certain primitive tribes in Syria. But they had little

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"If you're determined to make a scene," said she, "I advise you to be quiet about it. You wouldn't want her to know you're in here."

culture. The Christian religion teaches conduct but very nearly ignores beauty. And then there is our insistent pushing forth of the individual. I have come to believe that our West will seem less crass, less materialistic, when the individual is somewhat subdued." He smiled. "We need patience—sheer quality of thought—the fine art of reflection. We shall not find these qualities in Europe. They exist, in their full flower, only in China. And America doesn't know that. Not now."

A little later he said: "That work has been begun, of course, in a small way. A slight sense of Chinese culture is creeping into our colleges, here and there. Some of the poetry is being translated. The art museums are reaching out for the old paintings. The Freer collection, in Detroit, will some day be thrown open to the public. But traditions grow very slowly. It will take a hundred years to make America aware of China as it is now aware of Italy, Egypt, Greece, even old Assyria—and the thing must be freed from Japanese influence—we can't much longer afford to look at wonderful, rich old China through the Japanese lens."

"An' you're going to make tha' your life work," observed Hui Fei.

"I must. I begin to feel that it is to be the only final explanation of my life."

There was a silence. Then, abruptly, in a tone he did not understand, she asked—

"Are you going to work for the Revolution?"

"That is the immediate thing—yes. I shall offer my services."

"Coul' I do anything, you think? At Shanghai, I mean? Of course, I'm a Manchu girl, but I canno' stand with the Manchu Gover'ment. I am not even with my—my father there."

"It is possible. I don't know. We shall soon be there."

"Will you tell me then—at Shanghai?"

He inclined his head. Suddenly he couldn't speak. She was holding to him, as if it were a matter of course; yet he dared not read into her attitude a personal meaning of the only sort that could satisfy his hungry heart.

The difficulty lay in his active imagination. Like that of an eager boy it kept racing ahead of any possible set of facts. All he could do, of course, was to go on curbing it, from hour to hour. It would be harder seeing her at Shanghai than running away, as he had half-consciously been planning. But it was something that she clung to him as a friend. He mustn't, couldn't, really, fail her there.

V

ALL OF the last day they sailed the wide and steadily widening estuary. The lead-colored water was roughened by the following wind that drove the junk rapidly on toward her journey's end. But toward sunset wind and sea died down, and under sweeps, late in the evening, the craft moved into the Wusung river and moored for the night within sight of a line of warships.

A feeling of companionship grew strongly among those fugitives, yellow and white, as the evening advanced. They had passed together through dangerous and dramatic scenes. Now that danger and drama were alike, it seemed, over, with the peaceful shipping of all the world lying just ahead up the narrow channel, with, in the morning to come, a fresh view of the bund at Shanghai, where hotels, banks and European clubs elbowed the great trading hongs, with motor-cars and Sikh police and the bright flags of the home land so soon to be spread before their weary eyes, they gathered on the after galley to chat and watch the flashing signal lights of the cruisers and the trains on the river bank, and dream each his separate dream.

Even Dixie Carmichael, though herself untouched by sentiment, joined, for reasons of policy, the little party. Hui Fei was there, between Doane and the moodily silent Rocky Kane. The Chinese servants smilingly grouped themselves on the deck just above. And finally—though it is custom among these Easterners to sleep during the dark hours and rise with the morning light—his Excellency appeared, walking alone over the deck, smiling in the friendliest fashion and greeting them with hands clasped before his breast.

Doane felt a little hand steal for a moment into his with a nervous pressure. His own relief was great. For this smiling gentleman could hardly be regarded as one about to die.

They placed him in the steamer chair

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of woven rushes from Hongkong, and pleasantly, then, their last evening together passed in quiet talk.

His Excellency was in reminiscent mood. He had been a young officer, it transpired, in the T'ai-ping Rebellion, and had fought during the last three years of that frightful thirteen-year struggle up and down the great river, taking part in the final assault on Su-chau as a captain in the "Ever Victorious" army of General Gordon.

REGARDING that brilliant English officer he spoke freely; Doane translating a sentence, here and there, for young Kane.

"Gordon never forgave Li Hung Chang," he said, "for the murder of the T'ai-ping Wangs, during the peace banquet. It was on Prince Li's own barge, in the canal by the Eastern gate of the city. Gordon claimed that Li procured the murder. He was a hot-blooded man, Gordon, often too quick and rough in speech. Li told me, years later, that the attack was directed as much against himself as against the Wangs, and regarded himself as fortunate to escape. He never forgave Gordon for his insulting speech. But Gordon was a vigorous, brave man. It was a privilege to observe him tirelessly at work, planning by night, fighting by day—organizing, demanding money, money, money—with great energy moving troops and supplies. He could not be beaten. He was indeed the "Ever Victorious."

It was, later, his Excellency who asked Hui Fei and young Kane to sing the American songs that had floated on one or two occasions through his window below. They complied; and Dixie Carmichael, in an agreeable light voice, joined in. At the last Doane was singing bass.

The party was breaking up—his Excellency had already gone below—when Rocky, moved to the point of exquisite pain, caught the hand of Hui Fei.

"Please!" he whispered. "Just a word!"

"Not now. I mus' go."

"But—it's our last evening—I've tried to be patient—it'll be all different at Shanghai—I can't let you——"

But she slipped away, leaving the youth whispering brokenly after her. He leaned for a long time on the rail, then, looked heavily at the winking lights of the cruisers. It was a relief to see Mr. Doane coming over the deck. Certainly he couldn't sleep. Not now. His heart was full to breaking. The fighting impulse rose.

During this past day or so he had seemed to be losing ground in his struggle with self. The startling incident in Miss Carmichael's room had turned out, he felt, still confusedly, as a defeat. It had left him unhappy. This night, out there in the blossom-scented gallery, he had sensed the strange girl, close at hand, cool as a child, singing the old college songs with apparent quiet enjoyment, as an uncanny thing, a sinister force. Even when speaking to Hui Fei, her influence had enveloped him. This would be just one more little battle. And it must be won.

Accordingly he told Mr. Doane the story. The older man considered it, slowly nodding.

"It is probably the fact," he said, at length, "that she stole the pearls at Huang Chau. She was with Connor and Watson. But it is also a fact that she might have pearls of her own. And in traveling alone through a revolution it would be her right to conceal them as she chose. It is true, too, that unset pearls couldn't be identified easily, if at all. And she is clever—she wouldn't weaken under charges. No, I don't see what we can do, beyond watching the thing closely. As for her threats against you, they are partly rubbish."

But Rocky cared little, now, what they might be. Once again he had cleaned the black slate of his youth. His head was high again. He could speak to Hui Fei convincingly in the morning.

Doane looked out with melancholy in his deepset eyes over the muddy low reaches of the Wusung.

VI

HIS Excellency, alone in his cabin, took from his hand-bag the book of precepts of Chuang Tzu; and seated on his pallet, by the small table on which burned a floating wick in its iron vessel full of oil, read thoughtfully as follows:

"Chuang Tzu one day saw an empty skull, bleached but intact, lying on the ground. Striking it with his riding-whip, he cried, 'Wert thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass?—some statesman who plunged his country into ruin and perished in the fray?—some wretch who left behind him a legacy of shame?—some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?'

"When he had finished speaking, he took the skull and, placing it under his head as a pillow, went to sleep. In the night he dreamed that the skull appeared to him and said, 'You speak well, sir; but all you say has reference to the life of mortals and to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these. In death there is no sovereign above, and no subject below. The workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men can not exceed that which we enjoy.'

"Chuang Tzu, however, was not convinced, and said, 'Were I to prevail upon God to allow your body to be born again, and your bones and flesh to be renewed, so that you could return to your parents, to your wife and to the friends of your youth, would you be willing?'

"At this the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brows and said, 'How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?' "

He closed the book; laid on the table his European watch; and sat for a long time in meditation. As the hands of the watch neared the hour of three in the morning, he took from the bag a box of writing-materials, a small red book and a bottle of white pills.

The leaves of the book were the thinnest gold. On one of these he inscribed, with delicate brush, the Chinese characters meaning "Everlasting happiness." Tearing out the leaf, then, he wrapped loosely in it one of the pills—these were morphine, of the familiar sort manufactured in Japan and sold extensively in China since the decline of the opium traffic—and swallowed them together. He inscribed and took another, and another, and another.

Gradually a sense of drowsy comfort, of utter physical well-being, came over him. The pupils of his eyes shrunk down to the merest pin-points. His head drooped forward. His frail old body fell on the bed and lay peacefully there as his spirit sought its destiny in the unchanging, everlasting Tao.

Chapter Thirteen

His Excellency Speaks

I

IT WAS daybreak. Doane, standing in his cabin by the opened window, looked out with melancholy in his deepset eyes over the muddy low reaches that border the Wusung. It was a familiar scene; indeed he knew it better than any spot in his native land—the railroad along the bank, the brick warehouses, the native village of Wusung, the inevitable humble families in the fields gathering in the last millet crop of the season.

Overhead the lao-pan was shouting, tackle creaked, the crew half sang, half grunted their quaint chanteys. From the cruisers, one after another, floating musically on the still air, came the call of bugles—the *reveille* of the American navy. So these were ships from home. From this window he couldn't see them, but the Stars and Stripes would be rippling now from each gray stern. There was an ache in his heart.

Then other noises came—a little confusion of them, somewhere here on the junk—excited whispers, a sound that might have been sobbing, and then—yes! the low wailing of women.

He turned; listened closely. Light feet came running along the corridor. A familiar, lovely voice called his name, brokenly. Then Hui Fei drew aside his curtain. Her cheeks were stained with tears.

Quickly, his arm about her shoulders as she swayed unsteadily, but without a word, he walked beside her along the corridor to the cabin of His Excellency. There were the few servants, kneeling by the inert body and bowing their heads to the floor as they mourned. Doane straightened the body and closed the eyes.

It was Hui Fei who found the roll of documents on the table and placed them in Doane's hands. He saw then, through the mist that clouded his own eyes, that they were addressed to himself: "To my dear friend, Griggsby Doane, I entrust these my last papers." The name alone was in English; written in a clear hand, not unlike that of a painstaking schoolboy

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

each letter carefully and roundly formed.

Hui Fei sent the servants to another cabin, but remained herself, seated on the floor by the side of the huge strong man who was now without question the head of the strangely assorted family. She was calmer. Doane did not again hear her sob; he did not even see tears. During that difficult moment when Rocky Kane appeared in the doorway and asked huskily, sadly, if he could help, she even smiled, very faintly, very gently, as she moved her head in the negative. And the youth, after a hesitant moment, left them.

DOANE spread out the documents on the floor. The first, addressed directly to himself, he laid aside for the moment. To the second, addressed to the throne—"by the hand of his Imperial Highness, Prince Ch'un, regent, as soon as it may be possible to convey to him in this hour of China's sorrow this inadequate expression of my last thoughts"—was attached a paper requesting that "my closest friend, Griggsby Doane" read it thoughtfully, "in order that he may understand fully the circumstances in which I find myself at this the end of my long life.

"I, your unworthy servant"—it read—"have learned with sorrow and tears of the decree permitting me to withdraw from this troubled life in solitude and peace without the painful consequences of a death by the headsman's sword. And in thus bowing humbly to your will I, your unworthy servant, recognize that my life lies wholly in your hands to be disposed of as seems best to the Imperial wisdom. But in thus proving my never weakening loyalty to the Imperial will I also must express the sober thoughts of one who has pondered long over the evils that beset our land and who has ventured at times, weakly, to hope that China might pay heed to certain lessons of recent history and find a way to oppose successfully the pressure of other powerful nations upon us. For it has been my privilege, as a long-time servant of the Throne, to observe certain of these other nations at first hand and to learn a little of their power, which is very great.

"On another occasion I, your unworthy servant, wittingly incurred danger of death or imprisonment, because, in the eagerness of my convictions, I dared to suggest certain reforms to the Throne. There is a saying that the tree which bends before the gale will never be broken off but will grow to a ripe old age, and my hope has always been for a great and growing China. At that time princes and ministers about the Throne asked permission to subject me to a criminal investigation, but his late Majesty was pleased to spare me. Therefore my last years have been a boon at the hand of his late Majesty."

There followed a clear, dignified statement of the urgent need for vast reforms. His Excellency recalled in detail his long years of service and his decorations and honors. Quietly he called attention to the fact that all, or nearly all, China was in revolt, that the throne tottered, that to permit the government longer to be dominated by corrupt eunuchs was an affront to modern as to ancient thought and morality. It was clear to himself, he stated, that without a skilfully organized system of gradual, perhaps rapid, modernization, China would soon crumble to pieces under the heel of the greedy foreigners. And there was profound pathos in the passing remark that perhaps his suicide, far from home, his vast estate seized by government agents or despoiled by robbers, his person, alone, beyond the reach of harm—safe, in fact, with the hated foreigners—might stand as final proof of his loyalty to the throne in serving which his long life had been spent.

On one of the thin gold leaves he inscribed, with delicate brush, the characters meaning "Everlasting Happiness."

"But at the moment of leaving this world I feel that my mind is not so clear as I could wish. The text of this my memorial is ill-written and lacking in clarity of thought. I am no such scholar as the men of olden times; how, then, could I face the end with the calm which they showed? But there is a saying, 'The words of a dying man are good.' Though I am about to die, it is possible that my words are not good. I can only hope that the empress and the emperor will pity my last sad utterances, regarding it neither as wanton babbling nor the careless complaint of a trifling mind. Thus shall I die without regret. I wish, indeed, that my words may prove overwrought, in order that those who come after, perhaps more happily, may laugh at my foolishness.

"I pray the Empress and the Emperor to remember the example of our great rulers of the past in tempering peace with mercy; that they may choose only the worthy for public service; that they may refrain from striving for those things desired by the foreigners, which would only plunge China into deeper woe, but that by a careful study of what is good in foreign lands they may help China to hold up her head among the nations and bring us finally to prosperity and happiness. This is my last prayer, the end and crown of my life."

II

The junk was moving up the river as Doane finished reading, passing one of the warships. The bugles were blowing again. A beam of warm sunlight slanted in through the window of stained glass and threw a kaleidoscope of color on the wall.

Hui Fei sat motioness, her hands folded humbly in her lap, gazing at the floor. Her face was expressionless. She seemed wholly Oriental.

With a sigh, Doane rolled the memorial and tied it with the ribbon. The one beneath it, he saw now, was addressed to Hui Fei. Without a word he handed it to her and then settled to read his own.

Hers was the shorter. When she had finished, she lowered it to her lap and sat motionless, as before.

Doane now took up the paper addressed to himself and read as follows:

"My friend, Griggsby Doane, grieve not for me, and be sure that in the manner of my end I have had no wish to bring evil upon you. It is in a measure sad that this end should come upon a hired junk instead of a plot of hallowed ground, as I would have chosen. But there was no choice. I have waited until assured of my daughter's safety.

"INFORM the magistrate at Shanghai of my death, and see that my memorial to the throne is forwarded promptly. Give to my daughter Hui Fei the letter addressed to her. It is my wish that you also should read that letter, and I have so instructed her. It is also my wish that she should read this letter to you. Buy for me a cheap coffin, and have it painted black inside. The poor clothes I wear must serve, but I wish that the soiled soles of my shoes be cut off. Twenty or thirty taels will be ample for the coffin. I do not believe it will be necessary for the magistrate to hold an inquest. Please have a coating of lacquer put on the coffin, to fill up any cracks, and have the cover nailed down pending the Throne's decision as to my remains. Then buy a small plot of ground near the Taoist temple outside of Shangahi and have me buried as soon as possible. There is no need to consider waiting for an opportunity to bury me at my ancestral home; any place is good enough for a loyal and honest man.

"You will find about a thousand taels in my bag, also the few jewels we found at my home. Sell the jewels and keep for yourself the balance that will remain after

(Continued on page 88)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photo by Ira D. Schwartz.

Ben-Ami and Pauline Lord in the big emotional scene of "Samson and Delilah."

The Ordeal *of* Ben-Ami

By Alexander Woollcott

EARLY in the present century in the Russian city of Minsk, a Jewish boy of long and heavily consonantal name, whose voice had attracted attention in the liturgical music during some festival of his faith, was rewarded with a position as supernumerary in a local theatre. His first rôle was that of a peasant cobbler who was supposed to remain obscurely on the stage during the first act, when he was to say nothing but seem to drowse and sleep.

At the first performance he did this so indifferently, or so realistically, if you will, that he actually did fall asleep and, furthermore, served notice of the fact by snoring with great distinctness and virtuosity. This, as may be imagined, vastly amused the audience and considerably infuriated his more important fellow-players, whose scene was thus hopelessly deranged. So they cast him forth next day and, as the way of the Jew in the theatre was at that time made particularly difficult in Russia, it was generally agreed in his neighborhood that this boy would best follow in his father's trade of money-lender to the farmer folk around Minsk.

Fifteen years later, in a fastidious little theatre in New York, a smart, alert, and exceedingly critical audience witnessed the boy's début as an English-speaking actor, now no drowsy supernumerary, mind you, but a challenging star, coming boldly forth as such under the euphonious Hebrew name he had chosen long before for his use in the Yiddish theatre.

On that occasion, the difficult first act was no more than half-spent when the skepticism on the other side of the footlights began to evaporate. At the end of that act you could hear them in the lobby: "An actor, my boy!" At the end of the second they were in the mood to say "*the* actor" and cheer him till the astonished walls of the little playhouse shook with the noise and excitement of an unforgettable première. That première was in November of this season, the theatre was the Greenwich Village, the play a roundabout translation from the Danish called "Samson and Delilah." The actor was Ben-Ami.

IN HIS fifteen years in the theatre, he had known the most bitter and torturing discouragement, had gone through poverty to the point of hunger, had done degrading work that filled him with despair and made fantastic the hope that he would ever come into his own or even have a little chance at decent self-expression. It is only four or five years ago that he was trudging miles on miles through the alien city of New York for lack of the money that would let him travel in style in the subway.

Now he occupies a commanding position in the American theatre. At least, they list him among the foremost players, and it seems certain now that whenever again his name appears in the play-bills of a new production, an eager and expectant audience will journey from far and near to be witness to the occasion. He knows the dramatic literatures of several countries. He is intelligent, imaginative, ambitious. He is thirty years old. The world lies before him.

Time was when a continental European player meditating an assault on the American purse, never thought of such a thing as learning the language of the barbarians. The first of these was the enchanting Elizabeth Felix, she whom the world knew as Rachel, and who now lies buried at Père Lachaise in Paris not far from the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

leaf-strewn tomb of Abélard and Héloise. The great queen of French tragedy came to us in the fifties, forsaking her indignant Parisians, partly in a huff at the favor they had shown Ristori, partly because of the fortune her brother foresaw as the resulting portion of the Felix family.

Compared with his great expectations, the American tour was a disaster. Rachel's health gave way under the strain before it had reached a total of fifty performances. Long afterward Paris was noisy and agitated with the complaints of members of her company who had not been paid in full. But what she remembered to the day of her death was none of all this, but the strange sound which greeted her that first night in the old Metropolitan Theatre, as she waited in the wings for her entrance cue. It was a sound which did not cease even when she herself swept through her famous scenes. It was the chilling, abashing sound of thousands of pages turning in unison. Out front every one had a translation of the play, to be followed religiously as the unfamiliar French was poured forth on the stage.

Rachel knew then, and never forgot, the humiliation of playing not to a sea of upturned faces but to a prairie of bent heads. How occasionally a playgoer would turn two pages by mistake and so get the impression that the actors were behaving very strangely indeed, how one earnest New Yorker made the error of bringing the text of "Marie Stuart" to read at the première of "Angelo" and so came naturally to the conclusion that his reason was tottering, these were but incidental irritations of a practise which fell like a blight on Rachel's tour and of which the memory has since haunted every player in Europe who has turned wistful eyes toward America.

The reception to Rachel was kind enough in its intentions, though by the time she had returned to New York from her Boston engagement to play at the new Academy of Music way up in Fourteenth Street—a good two miles from the heart of the town and accessible only by mule-trains, as one member of her company wrote home—word had arrived of the scornful Parisian accounts of Rachel's playing to "savages and shopkeepers," a phrase which stung because it was not baseless. Remember, this was in 1855, in an America less like that of Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence" than it was like the America which *Martin Chuzzlewit* visited. In its atmosphere, Rachel suffered keenly and when, years later, Bernhardt triumphed in a smoother, suaver, more cosmopolitan America, it is small wonder her first thoughts found expression in the words "*Pauvre* Rachel!"

Bernhardt, Réjane, Coquelin, Ristori, Salvini, Novelli and, finest of them all, Duse—these followed in Rachel's path through a century more ready to receive them. In our theatre, they clung to the language of their own, nor forsook it even when, as sometimes happened, they played surrounded by American actors. Booth, for instance, played with Ristori, and, in the late eighties, drew immense crowds to the same Academy of Music, with which the town had caught up, when he played *Iago* to the overpowering, bull-like *Othello* of Salvini—and this at four dollars a seat, which, without attempting anything more than a rough guess at the rate of exchange, must have been equivalent to $79.26 in present-day dollars. Of this singular performance, you will find in the old newspaper files the most glowing accounts, with only a little chafing at the thought of Shakespeare's poetry being wrenched into Italian verse, as we might feel at the thought of Bernhardt's *Hamlet* ejaculating: "*Tiens, voilà l'obstacle!*" But of any appreciation that such a performance was essentially a monstrosity, there was none.

THE adoption of a new language in the theatre is an heroic measure, comparable to the burning of the bridges behind you. It was because their native Poland seemed less tempting as a refuge in case of failure that Janauschek and Modjeska took up the task of learning English, although they learned it imperfectly and to the last you may be sure that "Modjesky ez Cameel" said "Armaung, I loaf you."

It is in their footsteps that Ben-Ami is traveling, and it is a curious thing that he started to learn English only eight months before his début on our stage. He had been in America seven years, but with Yiddish as the language of his home and of the theatre where he worked, he used no other, heard none, thought none.

His work in Russia—that had been mostly Yiddish, though even in festive Odessa it had been possible to operate their theatre only by expensively closing the eyes of the police, and even the most corrupt district captains would allow only the menial and disagreeable rôles to be acted in Yiddish. The thought of a Yiddish hero and heroine was more than they could stomach. It was from a theatre thus circumscribed, and a theatre indescribably poor in literature and tradition, that he fled to free London, only to find its isolated Temple of Jewish Art even more impoverished of ideas and inspiration.

So he came on to America. How his first rôle here at a Yiddish theatre in Brooklyn was that of a dressy villain who, among other stunts, had to speak two English words—"You dog!" they were and the stage directions called for their being said through the teeth—how his disaster in this misfit endeavor was followed by a painful ascent in a heavily-unionized theatre through a mess of cheap operettas to a few belated opportunities in rôles more after his own heart; how word of the magic he could work in these gradually spread and brought to his East-side theatre certain enthusiastic playwrights, players and painters who could not understand a word he said and did not need to—that is Ben-Ami's story which reached its climax one night when "Samson and Delilah" was being played in Yiddish, and it was whispered that Arthur Hopkins was out front, that a Broadway manager was actually looking for talent.

HOPKINS stayed only for one act, but seemingly that was enough, for immediately thereafter began negotiations which led six months later to the introduction of Ben-Ami as a star of the English-speaking stage.

In the dark days when he was working helplessly in plays of humiliating tawdriness, he used to keep in the back of his mind the story of Machaloff. Machaloff was the famous Russian tragedian of a century ago who was a slovenly, coarse-spoken, negligible actor in a Petrograd theatre where cheap French and German melodramas were always his lot until one night an accident in the repertory pitched him suddenly into the rôle of *Hamlet*, when they found him an actor of great beauty, great dignity and a most haunting voice, one whom they cherished as such till the day of his death.

It is to be hoped that Ben-Ami thinks of Machaloff now on the great nights when they cheer him with extra vehemence, and when Mrs. Fiske and John Barrymore and the other leaders of our theatre go back stage to pay him their respects. On such occasions, we laymen are left out front to wonder idly what rôle he will play next, knowing he has only to name it. And perhaps we remember that this man came over in the steerage only seven years ago, and we are glad that America is still the country where such things can befall.

Photo by Nicholas Murray.

A star who learned English only eight months before his début.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Atalanta-Jane

The Story of a Race for Success

By Ruth Murray Underhill

TONY BRECKINRIDGE, the millionaire, fell in love with Jane Connors, the stenographer, and, walking on the main street of Actium, her home town, he asked her to marry him. Then and there he came up against the fundamental fact about Jane. She said:

"Do you work?"

"I can sail a boat. And peel potatoes. And I learned fifty French words when I thought I was going over. And I'm not a bit bad at polo."

Jane looked at Tony. He was pleasant to look at, though not so pleasant as Jane, unless it were a young woman who did the looking. He had nice brown hair, nice blue eyes and nice, oh very nice clothes. Tony looked at Jane. Jane had copper hair and eyes which he himself had likened to black harbor waters swept by steamer lights. She was beautiful enough for any man to fall in love with and that was one reason why Tony, not yet weighted with either years or wisdom, had done it. But Tony, not living in Actium, had been unaware of one outstanding fact. Jane was serious.

The boys of Actium had found it out long ago and regretfully deserted her company for that of girls with carroty hair, mouse-colored hair and eyes with no light except that awakened by the thought of a soda. But Tony, whose experience of girls had been somewhat different, was not warned. And the result was that these two young things now stood facing each other outside Feinberg's drug-store, both palpitating, both awed, both determined.

"What do you think," demanded Jane, stern because of her tenderness, "that the rest of the world has been doing while you were amusing yourself?"

"Wishing it was me."

That would seem to show Tony not unobservant. But Jane caught the whimsicality in his otherwise engaging blue eye and grew rigid.

"*I* don't."

Tony's voice was boyishly appealing.

"Nor Mrs. Me?"

"I should be ashamed," said Jane.

Tony almost felt the cold depth of water and heard a bell-buoy booming. He walked on by her side without a word. Then Jane said in a voice quite frightened, but vibrating with conviction for all that:

"You see—I'm afraid I can't respect a man who doesn't work. You can't understand, but I've been at work ever since I left school—at the Actium Pump and Valve. And I think work is the right life. So—I can't marry you, Tony. I can't even tell whether—I ever— Unless you get down to work and produce something in the world."

Jane was stimulated, yet desolate too, to see the extreme seriousness with which he took her rise.

"I will. Shall it be pumps and valves?"

There was something like a sob from Jane.

"I'll be down to-morrow," said Tony.

"I guess, Tony, we'd better not talk about it. You don't understand. Of course with your connections and introductions and all that you could come down to the shop and get yourself made third vice-president or something. You'd better just go and get some girl who—who likes that."

"I wouldn't like that."

Jane's eye glinted with a radiant joy. But when she dared to turn it to Tony, he pursued reasonably:

"Wouldn't like to be vice-president, you know. It's a silly sort of job where you sit still all day and sign your name to papers. Dad's about six of 'em. The thing to go in for would be night watchman or office boy, where you'd have some fun."

"People don't go into business for fun."

"No? Well, of course one'd work up."

"I have," said Jane primly. She had started as telephone girl.

The idea attracted Tony. "I say," he proposed, with a deplorable glint of sport in his blue eye. "Dearest, I'll race you."

"Race!"

He nodded. "Like that Atalanta person. The king's daughter, you know, who could run so darned fast and made all her lovers race with her."

Jane flushed. There was a word in that sentence which made her heart jump, but ignorance about Atalanta kept her non-committal.

"Did they win?" she inquired.

"One did."

The blue eyes, playful and daring, met the gray ones, earnest and shy. One of the blue ones winked.

"Oh Tony," burst out Jane, with uncontrollable concern. "Don't—don't *hurt* yourself working!"

Monday was a hot day. At eleven o'clock Jane wiped her sticky hands and sat down to clean up her desk. Ink needed. She pressed a bell at her side with one hand while, with the other, she sorted a pile of papers.

"Oh Brady! Fill the ink-well and get some new pens, won't you?"

"My name is Breck. Would you rather I'd make it Brady?"

"Good Heavens!" said Jane.

Standing before her in attitude profoundly respectful, he drew from one immaculate pocket several feet of inky rag and began to polish the desk before, beside, around her.

"Oh *Tony!* You'll spoil your clothes!"

Tony, industriously wiping, raised her elbows out of his way, first one and then the other.

"Begin at the bottom," countered Tony, solemnly. "Great thing for a young man." He now moved her, chair and all, out of his way and wiped the desk as though no activities less important than his were ever to be allowed near it again. Jane gave a little hysterical choke.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I can't picture you sticking it out very long as office boy."

"Shan't." He tried to close her bottom drawer and, finding that its bulging was due to a powder-puff and a parcel from the Actium dry-goods store, abandoned it discreetly. "Work up, of course. That's in the contract." He set Jane and the chair back in their place with solemn energy.

"You'll find it a pretty long job."

"Oh why?" Tony returned the dust-rag to his faultless pocket, patting it in. "As a matter of fact, I could have got something better right at the beginning, but I thought it wouldn't be cricket. Might as well give you a good start—Atalanta."

Jane flushed. "I have no doubt you could have got a better job—Mr. Breckinridge."

Tony was now on his knees, scooping up the pins and handkerchiefs which had lodged beneath the desk during Brady's casual stay. He looked up at Jane and there was a flash from his blue eyes which gave her pause.

"My name is Breck. Nobody knows me here. You're going to play the game, aren't you?"

It would have been tremendously easy to put a kiss on Tony's head if Jane had ever done such a thing to any man. As a matter of fact, she had not even thought of such a thing and that was why she felt so worried and said crisply:

"*I* won't give you away as a millionaire playing practical jokes. You can work for all me."

"That *is* what I work for."

Then the sales manager came in and Tony, with a great air of responsibility, departed.

"Smart fellow," said the sales manager. Jane wriggled.

Hardwick, the sales manager, was a person whom Jane revered. He dictated letters to her and sat opposite her all day, rumbling and muttering to himself among his papers. And Jane was to him that invaluable combination of friend, mother, boss and slave which every business man hopes his confidential secretary will turn out to be. Jane expected Hardwick to condemn the frivolous Tony with a terse word, but the sales manager merely looked to see that Tony had taken the letters to be stamped and then immersed himself in papers, murmuring, in case Jane happened to be listening, that steel rods were a devil of a price and he ought to have an assistant; he was doing two men's work.

TONY walked home by Jane's side that night, admiring with child-like pleasure the grime on his finger-nails. "And some of it," he assured her with pride, "is ink which will be very hard to get off."

Jane stole a glance at him. This stealing of glances was in itself a new thing for Jane, whose look used to be direct and single-minded. It was due entirely to Tony's deplorable frivolity. She did not want to look tender if he was joking. Or, not too tender.

"By the way, Jane," Tony pursued, "I'm making nine dollars a week. Don't you think I can take care of you quite nicely on that—with a little that comes in from father for pin-money? Let's get married."

Jane's heart gave the little jump which the hearts of much less lovely and more susceptible girls had given long ago. Not being used to such jumps, Jane looked particularly lofty. And out of the corner of her eye she caught Tony grinning.

"I can not marry beneath me."

"Oh that's so." Tony sighed. "What is the goal, Atalanta? You forgot to say."

It was difficult to say, and Jane was somewhat hampered by this new thing that seemed interfering with her business judgment.

"Have *I* got to be Hardwick's secretary?" inquired the meek Tony.

"Assistant sales manager."

"What's that, darling?"

"It's a job," instructed Jane, grasping desperately at her business point of view, "which doesn't exist, but which could—which could perfectly well."

"All right. It shall."

JANE positively gasped. The sales manager being, to her, a little lower than the angels, it followed that his assistant would be also a power to whom Jane's deepest reverence was due. She had meant to place it before Tony only as a distant goal, to awe and sober him. She felt a rush of tenderness at his easy assumption of the task. Of course she wouldn't really wait until it was done: she wanted Tony before his earthly life was over. Meantime, she watched his vivid presence in the office all day, and found the office a very different place.

"Where's Breck? Say, I want to tell this joke to Breck!" That was how they all felt about Tony. In two days he was the central figure at the office. Harassed stenographers smiled at his passing, clerks called in his assistance, approaching visitors found themselves smiling as though the coming interview, or failure of an interview, were to be the pleasantest episode in their day.

"Do you realize," Hardwick asked her one afternoon, "that that old hardshell Putnam I've been gunning for for so long was in here to-day while I was out? That office boy," he grinned with approval, "blarneyed Putnam to such an extent that when I came in I had nothing to do but take the money. You must have seen him."

"Oh!" whispered Jane.

"Office boy is no place for him, of course," said Hardwick, as though it were all in the course of the day's work. "He asked for a try at selling. We need that sort of men."

Jane was reduced to flushed silence. Of pride? Of shock? The office world began to look bewildering to her.

Next week there was a new office boy. Tony, nonchalant as ever, took over some odd jobs in the sales department, ragged ends of interviews and errands left by the other men.

"The fellow has extraordinary ability," said Hardwick, murmuring among his papers with only half an eye on Jane.

"He takes everything as a joke," said Jane.

"Valuable asset." The sales manager slammed papers under a file. "Serious people like you and me, now, Miss Connors, we'd be worth a lot more if we had it."

Jane winced. Very rarely was she invited into conversation by the eminent Hardwick, and that this significant event should concern itself with her own private pupil, Tony, and that "the sales" should instruct her about him with this pleased possessiveness, was staggering. A new range of thoughts was opened to Jane that day.

Tony waited for her after office hours and ran her down the twilit, empty hall, like a young steam engine gaily shunting cars in its off hours.

"Listen, darling, I'm a salesman!"

"A what?"

"A drummer. A traveling man. 'Can't I interest you in our line'—though of course I shan't do any of that old twaddle."

He stopped to look at Jane's wide eyes. She had actually put her hand to her heart.

"What's the matter, Atalanta? Out of breath?"

"But—you've hardly worked—at all!"

There was something appealing about the swift, serious glance he gave her.

"I've done my sort of work pretty hard. Don't people seem satisfied?"

"Yes." Jane was dizzy. She had been at the works four years. And she looked up to salesmen. Positively looked up. They almost gave her orders.

Tony did not follow her thoughts. He had never looked up to salesmen. So he approached gently and laid a hand on her arm.

"You wouldn't like to call it a draw now I've caught up—Atalanta."

To his surprise Jane flamed. The tenderness which his tone had brought to her eyes was obscured by the anger that rose at his words.

"You haven't caught up!"

"I make as much as you."

"I thought," said Jane, with desperate crispness, "that we had already agreed on a goal which—" Tony made a ludicrously determined face.

"ASSISTANT sales manager. Oh *yes!* Is there one yet, darling?"

"That's for you to find out."

And, though there was still a long twilit walk to her gate, they spoke after that only of little things, of which marriage is not one.

Hardwick was electrified at the sight of his secretary the next day. She struck him for the first time as a rather unusual looking girl, with copper hair and eyes of a sort of slate color. The eyes were blazing.

"Mr. Hardwick! Have I a future?"

"My dear Miss Connors! You are irreplaceable."

"I want to be replaceable—in this job. I want to go higher."

Hardwick sighed. If that wasn't a man's luck! Three years of this supposedly normal creature and now she was willing to disturb all his arrangements, break up his habits and go ballooning off, Heaven knew where. Wasn't it just like a woman!

"What do you mean, higher?"

He was only sparring for time, and he knew it. Hardwick had seen that light in her eyes before and he sighed and wriggled both while Jane said:

"I mean 'higher' as a man means it. Would a man," orated Jane with great incisiveness, "expect to stop at the same job and nearly the same pay for three years? Of course not. He'd move right on."

Hardwick straightened up in his chair and pushed the papers away. Hard as it was at this hour of the morning, he went at his task. "Well you see, Miss Connors,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that's the trouble with women in business. With a man, you know where you are. But a woman is liable to quit on you any minute and get married."

"So that's it!" In Jane's deep-water eyes there gleamed revolution, and Hardwick cringed. "I would like to have a raise, or leave."

They say that any business woman, no matter what her appearance, may do good work and exact proper reward. And Jane had undoubtedly done good work. Yet there were other stenographers to be had here and there in Actium, and Hardwick's thoughts floated toward them. It is possible they might not have floated back if they had not been somewhat forcefully drawn by Jane's hair, like the trunks of cedar trees at sunset, and Jane's particularly blazing eyes.

"Why—it wouldn't be impossible to raise you, Miss Connors."

So Jane was raised. She compared the results with Tony's. and, when the commissions were all added up, was obliged to admit that Tony had made more. In fact Tony, humble and eager, told her so.

"I just lit into it," said Tony.

"You had everything in your favor."

THERE was not about Tony the undiluted whimsicality that had been there when Jane knew him first. After all, sales are not consummated by good humor alone and a certain glint of sharp steadiness brought her up short. She looked at him, both angry and alarmed, and bit her lip. Tony looked at her, and he seemed alarmed too.

"You *have* done well," Jane faltered.

"I know what you mean. You think it might be better if I'd shut my mouth and go on and arrive where I said I would."

Women should be taught from the age of ten to make love. It is a misfortune to society to have one of them ever caught, as Jane was, wishing to unsay her words without seeming to unsay them, and to utter new ones without giving proof that she had done so. Jane did not mean what Tony said she meant. But she was as awkward as a deaf mute, raising and lowering untaught and clumsy fingers. Tony went away again to his territory and said nothing about either love or marriage.

The brilliant winter Saturdays, when all the back streets of Actium were set apart for coasting, gave place to the misty spring ones, when the boys built dams for the melting snow. Jane had not realized that she was susceptible to the flattery of a periodic proposal, yet, as week after week passed and she walked from the works to the Connors home, uncourted, something in her began to droop. Catching sight, in the mirror, of her own gray-black eyes, she almost thought they pleaded.

Tony did not come back when he was due. "Breck's got some time off," said the sales manager. "Family affairs. We'll manage. He's too valuable a man to lose."

He came at last for a particularly rushed few days. He was preoccupied, as well he might be with extra work piled up. Jane would not have minded that; there had been a time when she thought soberness and preoccupation highly admirable things. But he did not look at her with any gleam in his eyes. He looked as if she made him think of jobs and sales managers. And when he had gone, with nothing said about love, Hardwick remarked:

"Breck will be getting in a lot more money this trip."

"I think *I* must have more."

"The ——." Of course, there is only one monosyllabic word which would have followed that beginning, but Hardwick, mopping his brow, concluded it: "The trouble with women in business, Miss Connors——"

"I know what you mean." Hardwick found her gray eyes quite arresting. "There seems no particular chance of my marrying just now. And I feel I—I can't respect myself unless I advance as other people do."

"Oh, in that case, Miss Connors."

She had committed herself, she hardly knew to what. But she told herself it was just in time—in time before Tony made it too evident that he had entirely lost interest in copper hair and gray eyes, as contrasted, perhaps, with the more subtle charms of some older friends he had seen during that long absence—in time before he revealed that his ambition had been transferred entirely to business success, which he was so decidedly better fitted to achieve than Jane. No, that last Jane would not admit. A fire had been kindled in her own industrious breast. She could not deny that, sorry-hearted or not, she enjoyed the excitement of the race.

The race was fast and furious. Jane moved that month into a tiny private office, and dictated letters to a stenographer instead of taking them herself.

And Tony moved into a better territory.

Hardwick began to turn over to Jane some of his own routine business.

And Tony brought in a big order for which the whole sales force had been gunning.

Jane felt things to be on a new basis when, on their next meeting, she leaned back in her own swivel chair to survey the successful salesman. Tony looked different. She realized, during the long, long thoughts that supplement an interview too quickly over, that the whimsicality was gone. Tony looked as sober as any harassed business man could be expected to look. Jane was stimulated, yet desolate too, to see the extreme seriousness with which he took her rise.

"Not sporting," she said to herself. "He's positively cross because a woman can catch up to him." And aloud she defended herself:

"You didn't expect me to stand still?"

"Why—no."

HIS smile was strained. He stood at the desk quite like a customer and made the last remark one would ever have expected to hear from Tony. "I suppose you're making all of twenty-five hundred?"

Jane bit her lip. "Maybe you don't realize I'm glad of a little raise in salary too? It's not exactly fun living on what I got, even if—" she underlined this, "even if you *are* fond of your work."

"I suppose not."

He stood there, with Jane's hand within reach, making calculations in his head. When their eyes met, he said:

"Is there an assistant sales manager yet?"

"There will be."

So that was the end of love, Jane told herself, and of trying to mold men's characters. They took the molding over into their own hands and love seemed to get lost in the process. Well, fortunately, there was still work, and the single-minded Hardwick to the contrary, a woman might make it evident that she was quite satisfied with a career.

I trust it has not been thought that Jane was without business ability. Jane had a good deal of it, especially when animated by a certain passion, as now. There were some of Hardwick's duties on which she had long itched to lay her hands, duties which she saw Hardwick bungle, because they depended for their execution on knowledge of detail and handling of people, rather than on managing experience. Jane set herself to take them over.

"Hm!" said Hardwick. "Going to fix it so that my job just naturally divides itself into woman's work and man's work?"

"I THINK it does do that."

"Then I'll have to have a woman assistant."

Hardwick was grinning appreciatively. Since he had not sat opposite to Jane all day, their conversations had become quite friendly. Hardwick sat fairly often by Jane's new desk.

"Are you going to have an assistant?"

Hardwick did not answer that directly. He eyed Jane with the narrowed lids that were his idea of subtle and unobserved thinking. "The general manager'll be hard to convince. But I've told him you're headed for the top."

"That was good of you." And it would be hard to describe the combination of elation and fear with which Jane heard herself thus designated.

Hardwick was used to monologues among his papers, so he rumbled on now. "The place is pretty important. I may leave some day and the assistant sales would be the logical man to step into my shoes."

"Logical *man?*"

Hardwick laughed. "You're the real stuff, Miss Connors. I take everything back. Look here, shall I go to the G. M. and put up a fight for you?"

Jane's eye glinted.

"He naturally has his eye on one of the salesmen. Breck, I imagine, is the likeliest."

"Could—Mr. Breck—do it better than I?"

"Why, I don't know," said Hardwick, of the single-track mind and the definite opinions about women. He looked again at Jane whom he had seen a few months ago for the first real time, and he exploded earnestly. "Certainly he couldn't. I'm for you. Want me to go to the G. M. and put up a fight?"

"Certainly. Put up a fight."

After that Jane and Hardwick worked night after night overtime, while he explained to her his system and fitted her to take over her new work.

"It's a full-sized man's job," explained Hardwick, who could not get used to employing words that would admit both sexes. "But of course, you mean business. You can hold it down."

And Jane nodded. She felt that she did mean business. She had nothing else to mean.

Tony saw that she and Hardwick were together. Doubtless he guessed why. Jane resented with unusual feeling the grimness with which he regarded the fact. Tony was allowing Jane's advance, in the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

office parlance, to get his goat. Every one noticed it. No stenographer bloomed now at his approach; no office boy was set chuckling by his childlike nonsense. He was not childlike in the least; the set concentration of his look belonged to a man quite as old as Jane.

Jane tossed her head. "Sore as a crab," said she.

An office knows when some change is imminent among the chiefs. The conference behind closed doors, with one word dropped just as the boss is leaving; the hasty remark to an interested stenographer, these report the event at least a week before it has happened. And, if all the office knew, how much more did Jane! She received Hardwick in her little sanctum, and felt a motherly obligation to look unsuspecting.

"MISS Connors," the sales manager looked like a committee presenting a gold loving-cup, "we are to have an assistant sales manager. There has been careful discussion, but I think every one is convinced that you deserve the position."

"Mr. Hardwick," said Jane, "you've been a dear!"

"Jane!" said Hardwick.

Jane gasped.

He went on, with a break in his rumble, like an engine that backfires and produces little jerks and gasps. "I wanted you to know—about the position—first—so you would understand it isn't a bribe when I ask you—to marry me."

In her swivel chair Jane leaned back, hot, frightened, cold, amused. The tears came to her eyes.

Hardwick was so apologetic that it was painful. "You wouldn't have to leave your work. I understand what it is to you. We could go right on together."

"I can't."

Then there was a change in Hardwick, a glow of affection. "Jane dear! Would you really come home and let me take care of you like any man wants to?"

"Any man?"

"My dear, I've dazed you. I don't," confessed the sales manager, reaching out a timid hand, "know much about this sort of thing. I've never done it before."

"I want to stay on at the works, Mr. Hardwick. Unmarried."

Hardwick's large and timid hand went back to his side. Jane dabbed her eyes. They sat there, faintly visible to the outer office through Jane's ground-glass door, a dignified sales manager beside a desk, a dignified assistant sales manager behind it.

"I suppose I got things wrong," said Hardwick. "Of course it was only your interest in work that made you—" and here he was lost for a description of the fire which had sprung from Jane to him.

"Of course," said Jane, also apologetic. "It ought to be possible, oughtn't it, for a woman to get excited about work without"—and she also was lost at the difficulty of saying, "losing one man and attracting another."

"Well, it's all right," said Hardwick. "You go on with your career." He rose heavily and then gave Jane the first little glance of tenderness he had dared during the interview. "And I'm behind you, you know. If you want anything—anything at all," gulped Hardwick, "come to me."

"*Thank* you!"

The sales department did not know, as Jane's door opened to let the chief out, that it looked upon a woman who had achieved the heights of ambition—Actium Hardware Works ambition. Some hundreds of young women there were in the works, sleek of head-dress and svelte of footgear, who would have felt the cup of desire overflow at a proposal from one of the bosses. Some six or eight there were who would have been perfectly satisfied to attain the position of boss themselves. But to have both was the unique and, in that factory, never-to-be-repeated achievement of Jane.

Jane's open door admitted Tony.

"I came to congratulate you."

"Con-gratulate me?"

"I know it isn't really announced," said Tony hastily. "But I'm off to-night and I wanted to be sure to get in my word"—they caught one another's eyes. Jane's was disturbed; Tony's too. "Everybody says," continued Tony, "you're going to be assistant sales manager."

"Oh! That's what you mean."

Tony looked a little flushed. "It's—great. You've done rippingly."

"Thank you," said Jane.

There was a profound pause. "Well—good-by," said Tony.

Jane looked up at him, and in that moment it was a miracle to her that she had ever put her hand on Tony's arm or made fun of him or considered him as a delightful and silly property belonging to her. Jane was so frightened and so lost that her voice sounded ghostly.

"Tony!" said Jane. "Did you say you were going to-night?"

"Back to my territory."

There was something strange about Tony too. He had a hand on the door-handle as though eager to get away. Yet it could not have taken all that grim determination merely to open a door. He stared at Jane, a miserable sort of stare with nothing helpful in it. And Jane gulped and sought for something he would like her to say and she would be able to say, and looked at his sleeve that was so near and yet a thousand miles away, and that to-morrow would indeed be distant a hundred or so.

"Tony—we haven't been playing together."

"We've been working." His jaw positively snapped shut. Jane was as afraid of him as of the president of the corporation.

"Its rather—lonely."

"That's the curse of the great," Tony told her with a controlled and pleasant smile.

"Are you," Jane ventured, trying to look at him, "are you getting on all right?"

It was the wrong thing. It sounded like patronage. Tony took it really very decently. "Pretty well. I'm not making a sum that a woman like you would look on with respect."

And then while Jane, in real pain, was

Jane would have given every dollar of her salary for that gift of calling a man to love her without saying that she loved.

J. RUMSEY MICKS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wondering how she could contradict that without seeming either to patronize or to hurl herself at his unwilling head, Jane's pride and joy, her private stenographer, entered with the letters to sign.

"Good morning," said Tony.

"Good morning," said Jane.

"I don't need you Miss Murphy. That's all." Jane herself walked to the door and shut it behind her retreating pride and joy. Then she went back to her swivel chair, laid her head on a brand-new green blotter, and sobbed.

The sounds of the office went on outside, the symphony of the typewriters, the shuffle of footsteps, the creaking of the desks and the chairs and the floors, the voices of those to whom this office was an exciting and important thing, its every eraser and filing-case something to be gossipped, speculated about. The sunlight came in over Jane's head and looked odd to her, as though it lit some other world, entirely cold and purposeless, the voices outside had the effect of muted sounds under sea-water. By the time that Jane could raise her head she felt that Tony's steps had echoed away from that office irrevocably. He would be gone for months and when he came back it would be quite possible to be more distant. To be to her, in fact, as—as he was to any other woman in the office—a pleasant acquaintance.

At that moment Jane would have given every dollar of her salary past and to come, every moment of elated accomplishment, for that gift she understood some women to have of touching a misunderstanding with light, kind hands, of calling a man to love her without saying that she loved, of finding out by some magic approach if he did love her. She could do none of these things. She was like a person used always to operating powerful machines, who finds himself quite helpless when left to the skill of his bare hands. She could say nothing. Yet that night Tony would be gone. She could not let him go.

Jane walked up and down her little office, in desperate conflict between her vigorous instinct to take hold of a problem and her maidenly, cruel shyness. It made no difference to her that people wanted to see the assistant sales manager. She had forgotten what that position was. Yet Jane's capable head came to her rescue at last. It was an anomalous expedient, compound of woman's madness and business efficacy. When she thought of it, she straightened her hair, pulled herself up, and went to Hardwick's door.

"MR. HARDWICK, you told me to come to you if——"

"Jane!"

"It isn't that." They grinned sheepishly. Hardwick slumped. "Of course not," he said. "I suppose it's something about the new job."

"Yes. I want to resign."

"Want—to resign!"

If Jane had had thoughts for anything just then but the resolve that was to save her, she could have pitied the sales manager. Hardwick, who had abandoned his calm and reasonable principles about women in business, Hardwick, who had fought tooth and nail to eradicate these same principles in the general manager, Hardwick who had willingly relinquished even Jane for the sake of her career. He gazed at her. An internal revolution began its irrevocable progress in Hardwick which would make the position of his private secretary forever an unenviable one.

"If that isn't," murmured the reviving Hardwick. "just like a woman."

There was a light in Jane's eyes, very wistful and tragic. "I'm a woman," she said.

"Yes." Hardwick's smile was game. "I'm in no position to deny that. You don't like sales managing, Jane. All right."

He leaned back in his chair, trying to return to his world as it had been. "This'll be good news for Breck, at least. I say! Look here! This isn't because you think he ought to have the job? I can tell you right now he won't take it."

"I know." Jane's hands were clasped tight. "I thought of that. And it isn't because he ought to have the job. I have just as good a right to it."

"Well then?"

"You haven't understood. I'm resigning altogether. From work. From the whole thing. I'm going home."

"My dear Ja—Miss Connors! What will you live on?"

"I DON'T know." Jane's eyes flamed with a sudden glory. "I don't care. I know you don't understand. Please don't try. It's quite crazy. I'm quite crazy. But I'm just tired of fame and contest and —getting ahead of people. You won't take me back if I get hard up and have to come. Perhaps I'll have to begin in some awfully cheap position. I simply don't care. I must go."

Hardwick knew he did not understand, yet he was not entirely unfitted to read the light in Jane's eyes. Such a light had just made Hardwick do a thing outside the course of his daily life. He looked at her a while, pitying, yet with an outraged sense of efficiency that hindered words. He knew he must not argue. "I'll tell Breck," assented he.

"But not now! Oh, wait!"

Jane was making headlong for the door, but the sales manager had already pushed the bell.

"He's waiting outside anyway," explained Hardwick. "We had an appointment which has been — hm — delayed."

"But I can't see him. I meant you to tell him!"

Thus did Jane, after a stroke Napoleonic in its ruthless directness, give herself away with the naïveté of a small child. Her audience understood.

Hardwick made his salary largely by guessing what people were going to do and why they were going to do it. The people, it is true, were mostly men, but he was beginning to have a little inkling of Jane. He gazed at her with dropped jaw, noting the trembling and the mastered tears. Jane's eyes met his and he blushed. "I'm a boob," said Hardwick. Then he moved Jane's hand from the door handle. "No, young lady. You stay here. I don't want to mess up my sales department any more than necessary."

"Shall I come in, Hardwick?"

"Yep."

Jane cowered. The chief moved between her and the door. "Oh, Breck! You've heard we're thinking of having an assistant sales manager? What do you think of the job?"

"It's a good job," said Tony, looking at Jane. "It takes an able person to fill it."

"Could you fill it?"

Tony straightened up a little, not sure whether this was a joke or an inquisition, the sales manager and the assistant sales manager seemed both so tense.

"I could."

Hardwick grinned faintly. "Well, you're the man in line. Miss Connors has refused."

"Miss Connors refused!" Tony was angry and more so than Jane had anticipated. She had known Tony for a year, and loved him for quite that length of time, but she had never known that his eyes could blaze like that or his voice cause such cringing. "You can't," said Tony.

Jane was utterly disorganized, but the sales manager, used to conclude all interviews by putting over what he intended, proceeded calmly:

"She doesn't like advancement, fame, contest. She wants to go home and—be taken care of."

"Oh, Mr. Hardwick——!"

"Jane!"

Jane was crying. It may have been that as well as Hardwick's words which suddenly broke all Tony's defenses. Across the room and beyond Hardwick, he suddenly turned to her with a look that did very well toward venting the unexpressed longing of months. Jane would have sprung into his arms then and there, but men are conventional. It never occurred to Tony that he could do other than strain like a lion on the leash at the sales manager's presence.

Hardwick, in his swivel chair, seemed entirely oblivious of two palpitating souls. He put his thumbs in his armholes and seemed to decide on a speech.

"Keep still, Breck," the speech began of necessity. Then it went on. "I think this is a fitting time to congratulate you on a rather plucky piece of work."

"What the—" from Tony, in anguish.

"QUITE plucky, considering. It got around to me, after you'd been here a month or so, about your being one of those millionaire Breckinridges."

"Cut out the millionaire."

"Yes. Of course we heard, in business circles, about the Breckinridge fortune going blooey. I'll admit your work fell off a little after that. But only from trying too hard. Poverty, I suppose, makes you take things seriously."

"Say——"

"Oh, Tony, was that the reason!"

"It nearly ruined him, didn't it, Jane? It's a mistake to be too serious, after all."

Hardwick was smiling, though exhausted. He had made no false boast when he told Jane to turn to him.

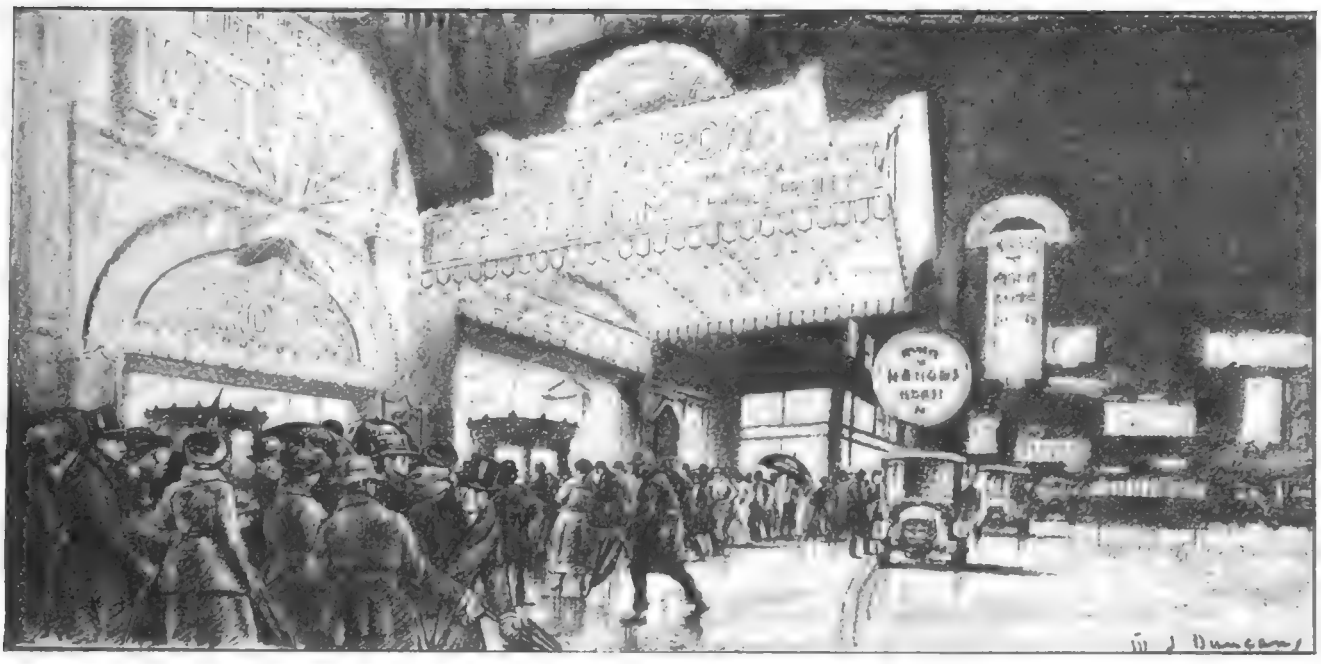
"Oh, Tony! If I'd known!"

"You," said Tony to the sales manager, "have made breaks enough for one day.

"Why don't you get out?"

Hardwick rose meekly from his desk. "I have no appointments in here for half an hour. But when you get through the important business, would you mind deciding who is to be my assistant sales manager? And the other one can have a good job with the company as long as—she—wants

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The tide of people setting toward the theatre carried Matthew along toward a monstrous, dazzling electric sign.

The Highroad *to* Freedom

By Evelyn Dewey Miller

You would suppose that elderly Matthew Larkin, M. A., Ph. D., who regarded motion pictures as the most debased element of modern life, and a young war veteran who wrote scenarios before a German "got" his eyes would travel far before they could meet on common ground. They did. But it wasn't long before they were familiarly calling each other "Dusty" and "Happy," and concocting in perfect amity the most amazing venture that ever had its beginning in a stuffy library.

IT HAD all begun that day when Dr. McIntyre appeared in the John Madison Library, and taking kindly, erudite old Matthew by the arm, led him with indisputable finality to the John Madison Hospital, now given over to convalescent soldiers.

Matthew was confused, ill at ease, as he always was outside of the library, where he had passed most of his life, except when he was surrounded by his academic friends.

The pungent odor of disinfectants, the white gauze, eloquent of maimed human beings, shocked him into numbness.

Clear and free an infectious laugh rang out at the far end of the sun parlor, shocking the scholar into speech.

"Wha— who is that?" he exclaimed.

"They call him 'Happy'," was the gruff Scotchman's only answer.

Happy, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant of Marines, was surrounded by the wheel-chair group. Brown hair waved above a heavy bandage which covered most of his face—a face from which even long confinement had not erased the tan of outdoor life. One square capable hand gesticulated with a convenient crutch; the other, like the rest of his body, was lost in a labyrinth of gauze.

Happy's laugh ended with a grin—an all-embracing boy grin which banished the firm lines of the determined mouth.

"But why have you brought me here?" asked Matthew, shivering at this poignant contact with realities.

"Twenty-eight years old—and blind, hopelessly blind." Accustomed as he was to the grim business of living and dying, Dr. McIntyre's voice was husky.

Matthew Larkin shivered and looked toward the door.

In the chair next to Happy, the frail scion of a famous Virginia family smiled weakly:

"That's the best you've told yet, old scout." He paused, his face twitching with pain. "You'd make a corpse laugh at his own funeral."

"WELL—I'll be damned!" Dr. McIntyre muttered. "To amuse the bunch that young imp is making a joke of the very German who got his eyes."

Dr. McIntyre's manifestly deliberate action in bringing Matthew and Happy together puzzled the youth as much as it did the older man.

"Say, Doc," he demanded, "who's the old Dry-as-Dust?"

"Young man," began the doctor sternly, "you want to show more respect to your elders, and especially to Matthew Larkin, M. A., Ph. D. and a lot of other things."

"As much as that!" commented Happy with his inevitable grin.

"He's a whale for learning; doesn't know anything else," Dr. McIntyre relented. "Knows more about books—particularly ancient literature—and less about people—than anybody living."

"How did he get that way?" inquired Happy.

"Well, when he was an undergraduate at Harvard he won the friendship of John Madison, that great John Madison who commanded the respect of scholars and the fear of the Wall Street crowd. I think John founded the Madison Collection of Ancient Literature just to give Matthew Larkin the niche he needed to make him happy. Turned the old Madison residence into a library, placed Matthew in charge, gave him enough money to buy books, and fixed him there for life. Matthew's world is bounded by the four walls of his library."

"Must be a classy little tomb to be buried in," interjected Happy.

"Matthew would tell you he is the most fortunate man alive. He has his little playmates, Virgil in particular and one of the greatest authorities on Virgil, Dr. Hanford, and a bunch of other highbrows. What more could a man ask?"

"Kamerad!" groaned Happy. "But where do I come in with this old Dry-as-Dust?"

"A life without currents of still water—is not free from danger," sagely observed the doctor. "You might—ah—teach him to live."

"I'm with you, Doc, on that," answered Happy seriously. "But, talking

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

about living, how about me? You know I've got to do a little of that myself, and I must earn the wherewithal."

"You mean your writing? You're not very strong yet. Maybe I can help when the time comes. By the way, Matthew is some little writer himself."

"What does he write?"

"Dunno. He shows it to nobody, but he certainly does a lot of it."

The following day Dr. McIntyre presented himself at the library.

"I'm worried about Happy," he announced.

Matthew looked distressed. He still felt bruised by the visit to the hospital.

"We've done about all we can for him. As much as we should like to keep him, I'm afraid we shall have to let him go soon to make room for other patients. He doesn't seem to have any relatives or next of kin anywhere. He even insists he hasn't any friends to——"

"That's ridiculous," interrupted Matthew primly.

"That's Happy," retorted the doctor. "Of course we could send him to a government institution for the blind, but Happy wouldn't like that."

"Assuredly not, how could he?" Matthew's eyes lovingly swept his books. "Fancy being shut up in an institution away from the things one loves."

"For the time being I am going to bring him here," said Dr. McIntyre. "That is, in a couple of weeks or so, when he is ready to leave the hospital."

"Here!" The idea was too cataclysmic for Matthew to grasp at once.

"Yes." Dr. McIntyre looked at the gasping Matthew steadily. "Happy feels himself isolated from his former world because of his blindness. Until he adapts himself to the new conditions you are to provide a niche for him. In a small way, you are to do for him what John Madison did for you. In the meantime, you two had better become better acquainted."

A profound pause.

"I will do anything I can, Dr. Mac." Matthew's voice sounded as if he were taking an oath.

THE day after Happy's transfer, Dr. Mac dropped in to find him moving cautiously about Matthew's rooms—running his fingers over the furniture.

"Hello, Doc," he called in answer to the greeting. "I'm just getting the lay of the land. Duster's got so much junk here I'm afraid of breaking my fool neck."

"Duster?" inquired the doctor.

"Short for old Dry-as-Dust, the same being Matthew Larkin, M. A., Ph. D. and such. A man as human as he is deserves a nickname. I don't believe he ever had one before."

"I am sure he never has." The doctor's laugh was as merry as Happy's.

In the library Dr. McIntyre found Matthew pacing about nervously.

"You've been splendid," he assured the old librarian, and Matthew knew that at least one person understood his martyrdom of innovations.

"I'm afraid I——" began Matthew.

"We must get Happy to working," Dr. Mac went on.

"What can he do?" asked Matthew helplessly.

"Better ask him!"

Matthew did—and it was days before he recovered from the shock.

Even Happy could sense the violent reaction when Matthew learned that his charge had been a writer of moving-picture scenarios. Matthew regarded moving-pictures as perhaps the most horrible and debased development of modern life. Had Happy confessed to being a bank burglar or a forger, Matthew would have felt cheerful in comparison.

"You mean to say you were responsible for—moving-pictures?" It seemed like contamination merely to mention them without damning them. Then, conscious of his antagonism and fearful lest Happy be hurt, he added, "Of course, I don't know anything about them really, but——"

"You don't mean to tell me that in this enlightened day you never saw a moving-picture?" demanded Happy sternly.

"ONCE," admitted Matthew painfully. He was glad Happy could not see his blush of shame.

Happy's infectious laugh rang out joyously. He declared that Duster was without doubt the most distinguished man in the world because he lived in New York and had only seen a moving-picture once.

Nevertheless Matthew listened with interest to Happy's colorful accounts, whether he talked of life in the mimic world of thrills and horrors, or of his experiences as one of the first American correspondents to get overseas.

"I took an hour off to explain to him the tragic bungling of the Louvain advance," Happy confided to Dr. Mac. "He never batted an eye, but when I mentioned incidentally the destruction of the Louvain library, he nearly threw a fit."

It was then that Dr. Mac betook himself to the library and solemnly asked Matthew what he thought of Happy's profession.

"It's horrible," groaned Matthew. "To think so fine a youth could be responsible for those terrible atrocities——"

"Happy was a Marine, not a Boche," interposed the doctor soberly.

"I meant his scenario writing," Matthew explained.

"Oh," exclaimed the doctor apologetically. "Maybe he was a good scenario-writer. His former boss says he was. I've been writing to him."

For the first time in his life Matthew looked at Dr. Mac as if he feared that good physician was capable of double-dyed villainy.

Happy's presence in the old John Madison mansion brought many visitors. A man as popular as he was bound to attract them. His hospital friends as well as men and women looking for vicarious thrills in the stories of the wounded soldiers flocked to him. Matthew frequently joined these gatherings. He said he didn't want Happy to be tired out.

One of the visitors, after listening to Happy's stories, said impatiently:

"You men tell anecdotes and little excerpts from life in the trenches, but the really intimate details—the big war in all its gory unloveliness—you never give us any idea of that."

Happy shook his head. It was Matthew who answered her.

"My good woman," he said with the finality of a seer, "can you make space finite?"

"Duster, you're a whale!" announced Happy with unreserved admiration.

When Happy was able to walk with some degree of certainty, Dr. Mac, busy as he was, found time to go with him, rather than leave the youth to the care of a nurse or an orderly. Matthew was afraid to take responsibility at first, but he went along with Happy and the doctor. Twice in the first block Happy stumbled, and Matthew caught his breath.

"Damned awkward of me," the blind man said after the second mishap. He laughed, but the laugh was forced.

Once Happy caught his cane in a grating. The rasping sound, and the loss of his balance, set him trembling.

"Forget that shell-shock stuff," commanded Dr. Mac sharply and rather loudly.

A little crowd gathered swiftly, speculating audibly. Happy shivered, pulled himself together with a little grin.

"If only I had a monkey and a tambourine I might collect money for the Belgian babies—or myself," he added under his breath.

Matthew heard. He turned and glared fiercely at the little crowd.

"Doc," Happy's face was white, "can I learn to write with a typewriter before I'm a Methusaleh?"

"It will not take you very long to learn. But how about a collaborator?"

"Can't be done. My beastly temper, you know. Don't know enough to work with a collaborator."

The next day Dr. McIntyre sent around a typewriter and an instructor. Matthew shuddered when he saw the machine come into the old rooms. He had never permitted a typewriter to be brought into the library. When the librarian saw how hard Happy worked over the machine he hated it more than ever.

"Yes, it is pretty hard," Happy admitted, "but it's the quickest way out for both of us."

"The quickest way——"

"DON'T you suppose I know I am—oh—what's the use of talking about it, but I know."

"Where—do—you—get—that—stuff?" Matthew's imitation surprised himself.

Happy faced toward him in startled wonder, then exploded in laughter that the housekeeper heard in the basement.

"Duster, I didn't think it was in you," he gasped. "Slang, honest slang from the lips sacred to pure English!" Again he went off into a paroxysm of mirth.

There was on Matthew's face a curious kind of distortion that somehow suggested Happy's grin.

Happy worked long hours over his typewriter. Even when he acquired the swift, exact digital dexterity of the blind he produced nothing. Almost any hour of the day he could be found in front of the machine "registering watchful waiting," as he would have expressed it.

"I've had my hand out so long I don't seem able to get it in again," he confided to Dr. Mac. "I used to be able to turn out a scenario in no time with one hand tied behind me. But I'll come back."

"Sure you will," agreed the doctor, but he was glad that Happy could not see the anxiety in his face.

Came the time when much of Happy's buoyancy seemed forced. Matthew noticed and spoke to Dr. McIntyre about it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Happy lay prone on the floor, his head buried in his arms. He had made a gallant fight.

"Why don't you get him interested in something new to him, that interests you? Introduce him to Virgil and his crew."

"Do you think he would care for the 'Æneid'?" inquired Matthew anxiously.

"He'll eat it up."

And he did. Happy proclaimed that he was getting a belated classical education all in a bunch. Matthew even read him his own version of the Ænеid. Happy called it "hot stuff."

But Virgil could not compensate for the long hours Happy spent before the typewriter, writing for the waste-basket. His cheerfulness was plainly an effort.

"I'm a great little fairy to have around the place, Duster. Why don't you clear out and find somebody who is merry and gay?"

A little later he asked, "Duster, how do beggars get permission to sell their wares on the street?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Matthew bruskly.

The days lengthened. The first warm day even Matthew felt a faint stimulus of spring. He left the library determined to take Happy out for a walk.

"Happy!" There was no answer. "Happy!" he repeated sharply.

"Yes," a colorless voice answered from Happy's bedroom.

Matthew found him seated on the window-ledge, one hand playing nervously with the curtain-cord. The young soldier's face was white and drawn.

"Why—why, Happy—boy, you've—you've been working too hard."

"WORKING?" For once there was no mirth in Happy's laugh. "Lord, man, if I only could."

"You—you mean——"

"I mean it's all up—no use piffling any longer." The voice was flat, devitalized. "I can't do it—I simply can not grind out that piffle I did before—it makes me sick. The stuff I want to write won't come. I don't know whether it's the things I learned over there, or the blindness, or what, but something has happened to me—somehow—somewhere."

"I think I—I get you," said Matthew.

"What was it you said once about not being able to make space finite? Maybe it's something like that. I can't write clear war stuff—it's too big for me—and that's all I know, now. Besides, nobody wants it."

"I know what it is like, the way you feel." It was almost a whisper.

Happy released the curtain-cord and rose from the window, struggling for his composure and his grin.

"Pardner, I'm sorry you had to be let in on this sob stuff, but there was no getting around it. It's a toss-up between the blind-house and pencil peddling for mine, and the sooner I relieve you of the burden of looking after me the better."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You're talking damned nonsense," Matthew snapped. "You——"

"Wow!" Happy grasped at this escape from emotionalism. "I'm a great man. I've made old Duster swear." His hand reached out and grasped Matthew's in a way that brought tears to the old man's eyes.

"I must return to the library, an appointment with Dr. Hanford, very important," Matthew stuttered. "I'll tell you about it to-night."

It is of record that on this particular afternoon Dr. Hanford found Dr. Larkin most exasperating, In fact Dr. Hanford so far forgot himself as to accuse Dr. Larkin of downright stupidity, and he was justified as to facts if not as to manner. Furthermore, Dr. Larkin flatly refused to look up certain data—an unheard-of thing—on the plea that he must go over important mail from his foreign agents.

Matthew did not so much as look at this foreign mail, which actually he considered of the first importance. Instead he devoted himself to rearranging a manuscript in his own cramped but legible handwriting.

When the dinner-tray had been removed, Matthew started with the precipitancy of a man who fears his courage may fail.

"Happy, I am going to read you something, but I am going to—to explain a little first. With me the joys of life have been in—what shall I call it—vicarious action? I've passed all my life in a library, reveling in tales of conquest, the Æneid—in history, trying to trace the mighty trend of the deep, hidden forces of social existence."

Matthew paused and then hurried along.

"It was the year before I entered college—I was fourteen then—that I conceived the idea of"—his voice dropped to a whisper —"of writing an epic."

"Yes?" questioned Happy, more impressed by the whisper than the statement.

"An epic, an American epic—fashioned after the Æneid, of what has been done and a vision of what will come."

"Some job," encouraged Happy.

"Too big a job for me." There was something of tragedy in Matthew's voice. "As I grew older I realized that my knowledge lacked the authority of the man who knows from close contact. I had only a detached perspective. But my desire increased with the realization of my own ineptitude. So I kept on making notes. Maybe I should find a poet to whom I could give them."

"Ever find him?"

"I never looked for him," confessed Matthew. "And these late years have been made up of dissolving beliefs and new ideas. My visions became cloudy, so——"

"I get you," supplemented Happy. "I know how you feel."

"THAT is why I'm going to read you some of my notes. I never have let any one see them."

"Shoot, Duster, I'm all ears."

The papers rattled in Matthew's fingers like things alive. His voice was husky. For a while Happy floundered, then clear and fine he caught its spirit, then the idea itself. This little dried-up savant had both the perception and the vision of the real artist. A big thing had been born in his brain.

It was long past midnight before Matthew paused. His face was shining. For the first time he was realizing the ultimate joy—that of creation.

When he had finished, he almost held his breath. Unconsciously, desperately, he clung to the silence, dreading the first word that would break the exquisite tension. He glanced fearfully, expectantly at the blind man.

Happy's sightless eyes seemed to be looking far into space. He was unconscious of the author. He saw only the Great Idea, its splendid drama, its mighty significance.

"God in heaven, what a movie it would make!" he whispered reverently.

Matthew shivered as if he had been struck in the face. The shock of it, the unspeakable sacrilege, overwhelmed him.

"Impossible!" he gasped. "Impossible!"

So strong was his obsession that for the moment Happy was not conscious of what Matthew meant. To the youth the "impossible" was a challenge to his technical skill and knowledge. Joyously he accepted the gage and with imperious force proved he was a master of his craft. Swiftly, eloquently he sketched the possibilities. He was thrilling, dynamic, a whirlwind of enthusiasm.

"I have even the name for it," he cried in the midst of his flight. "'The Highroad to Freedom!'"

HAPPY stopped only when he was exhausted by his own exuberance. Matthew's silence brought to him the sudden realization that the mere suggestion that this work of a lifetime, this precious treasure, should be converted into a movie must be a bitter humiliation to the savant.

"I'm sorry, Duster," his voice wabbled. "I'm a selfish brute and I didn't stop to think. Of course, you wouldn't let anything so big and fine as that go to the movies, but each of us must think in his own medium—and mine happens to be the screen. Forget it, old scout! I was mad to think about it."

He started across the room, fearful he could not control his emotions, that Matthew should see his suffering. He stumbled and fell headlong over a pillow before Matthew could cry a warning.

Matthew waited for the familiar reassuring laugh which had invariably followed many similar accidents, while Happy scrambled to his feet—he didn't like to be helped.

Happy lay prone on the floor, his head buried in his arms. He had made a gallant fight.

The first sob Matthew, or any one, ever heard Happy utter, wrung the librarian's heart. Tears almost blinded him as he started to take the boy in his arms and comfort him. Then a flash of wisdom galvanized the brain of the old book-worm. He stopped short.

"Stop that damned nonsense," he barked, and his own voice was a stranger to him. "Get up, you!"

Happy scrambled to his feet with ludicrous haste and stood at attention.

"Sit down." Matthew would have given anything for a few good army adjectives, but his vocabulary included none, so he injected additional ferocity into his tone.

Happy felt his way to a chair and ran his hands over it to make sure where he was.

"Are you there, Duster?" he asked uncertainly.

"Of course I am here," came in the familiar precise tone.

"For the love of Mike and then some," gasped Happy. "I could have sworn it was my old top-sergeant handing it to me."

"Now then," announced Matthew Larkin, standing very straight, "if you can refrain from hysterics we will talk a little sense."

He paused, to let the reproof sink in. Then, with as much conviction as if it had been in his mind all the time, he went on:

"Please understand you are free to use the notes I have read to you in any way you see fit. That was my purpose in laying them before you."

"The notes for me?" Happy drew a breath like a diver who has been under water over long. "Duster, you are the—Duster—you *are* a whale!"

THE sun found Matthew and Happy bending over the first rough outline of the scenario.

"With your help, Duster, it'll be the biggest thing that ever happened," Happy gloated, the frenzy still on him. "It's worth being blind to have this chance, and I owe it to you, Duster, every bit of it."

"Ah shucks!" mumbled Matthew Larkin, still awed by the magnificence of his own sacrifice but happier than he had ever been in his life, "Ah shucks, cut it out."

Happy's laugh disturbed the policeman on the beat.

"You've always acted like a regular fellow, Duster, and now you are beginning to talk like one."

During the days that followed Matthew led a double life. He was living in a deadly fear that some one might discover that he was lending aid and support to a moving-picture. This fear also magnified his moments of regret—over his sacrifice. Sometimes it was almost rebellion. But Happy's joy, his tireless energy and enthusiasm, made Matthew feel that his remorse was traitorous.

When the scenario was all but completed, came Campbell, the producer, a shrewd-eyed man, exuding prosperity.

"Young fella—me lad," said Campbell with the air of a judge drawing a nice distinction, "I get you, but I don't understand it."

"Sure you don't," returned Happy confidently. Then he forgot Matthew and began talking to Campbell in the producer's own language, with a directness, an incisiveness, a dominating sureness that made the experienced magnate gasp.

"I'll say this for you, my son: you've got something you never had before, all right. Got it in your man's army, I suppose."

"I'll say I did."

"This thing sounds pretty highbrow to me. But it's big, I can see that. And it's new. The Lord knows we need something new and big. It will cost a lot of money."

Happy moved this question of cost aside with an outflung arm.

"The thing is—will it pay?" demanded Campbell.

"Better than anything the game has ever known, ten to one."

"Well, I'll say this for you, you sure can guess the public. You always admitted when you were taking a chance, and you were willing to bet the whole works when you knew you were right. I'll gamble."

"Sure you will." Happy spoke with calm finality. "Only it's no gamble. I've one of the finest brains in America, one of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

greatest scholars living, as my collaborator."

Matthew blushed as Campbell apparently became aware of his presence for the first time.

When it was certain that "The Highroad to Freedom" was to be produced, Matthew's fears of discovery as to his part in it were increased a hundredfold. He could see the complete wreck of his life if the secret leaked out. He hadn't the heart to tell Happy how he felt, but constantly he made it clear that Happy was to appear as the sole author.

"That's all right, Duster," Happy would say. "Don't you worry. This is going to be the only case on record where collaborators haven't been willing to murder each other at some stage of the game. Don't worry about this author question."

Campbell had, as he said he would, "played the picture across the board." He spent money like—like a movie magnate.

He leased a fine theatre. The prices were those of a successful Broadway attraction. His press agent, the most highly paid expert in the business, following many talks with Happy, whose first experience in the movies had been as a publicity man, provoked a wide and genuine curiosity. One of the devices was the adroit suppression of the authorship, which was to be announced on the opening night.

Pages of advertising exploited the new production. So great was the demand for seats that Campbell announced that they would be sold at auction and the proceeds given to the American Legion.

Happy refused to go to the theatre.

"Not on your fair young life," he declared positively. "This show is going to go because it is the biggest thing there ever was, and not because a leatherneck with bum lamps had anything to do with it."

But he insisted that Matthew should go, although Matthew protested. The fear that his part in the moving-picture might become known was like a nightmare to him. But Happy expected him to go and Matthew felt that he must be a good soldier.

The tide of people setting toward the theatre carried Matthew along. As he neared the entrance he saw Dr. McIntyre step from his car with Dr. Hanford, Professor Hough and Dr. Harris. Dr. McIntyre paused and pointed with his cane toward a monstrous, dazzling electric sign. Matthew looked upward—

THE HIGHROAD TO FREEDOM
By
MATTHEW LARKIN, M. A., Ph. D.
and

Matthew did not even see Happy's name, although it shone in letters as big as those which blazoned his shame to all the world. The bottom had dropped out of Matthew's universe. He was plunging into an abyss.

PRESENTLY he realized that he was not falling but that the crowd was carrying him toward the entrance. Matthew fought his way into the shelter of darkness.

For hours he wandered aimlessly. A kindly world had become malevolent. Even Dr. McIntyre had proved a traitor. He pictured his academic friends moved to Homeric laughter, and the iron entered deeper into Matthew's soul.

Always he had the consciousness that Happy was not to blame, but a victim, like himself.

The bravest thing that Matthew Larkin ever did in his life was to make himself return home, determined not to let Happy know. If the picture had succeeded, the boy was to have his one night of triumph.

He heard voices, Dr. Mac's and Happy's. It took his last shred of will-power to open the door. He was greeted with a shout.

"Hi Dust, you're just in time," Happy cried. "Doc is reading Dr. Hanford's interview. Know what he says? 'New era for moving-pictures—a great contribution to modern life—and to education—a magnificent expression of nationalism,' and so on. But most of it is boasting about his long personal friendship with you and saying you are one of the greatest men of the age."

"I—I—wha—wha—" mumbled Matthew, whose legs suddenly refused to perform their natural function.

"All your highbrow friends are falling all over themselves to tell the world what a big man you are and how well they know you, and they knew it all the time."

Happy paused and the splendid, infectious laugh rang out.

"And to think you didn't have the nerve to appear at your own triumph. Regular author's fright. Dr. Mac told me you were not in the box. It's one on you. But Duster, isn't it great? The biggest thing that ever happened. I told you we could do it, but it's all yours really. Where are you, Duster? Get up here and celebrate. Shimmy, Duster, shimmy!"

To shimmy was a little beyond him, but with Happy's arms about him, Matthew Larkin, M. A., Ph. D., gave a really creditable imitation of what is technically known as the double-shuffle.

Boldly, and without apology, Dr. Mac appropriated the words of a great author: "I mag miracles, und dey come off, too."

Happy, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant of Marines, was surrounded by an admiring group.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He Made Others Famous

By E. M. Wickes

PSYCHOLOGISTS say that the man who keeps a song in his heart never grows old. Wrinkles may gather and the hair turn gray, but a singing heart will keep the spirit ever young. If you doubt it, take a look at J. Aldrich Libbey.

I don't know how old Libbey is to-day—he talks and acts like a young man starting out in life—but I do know that he has been singing popular songs since the blizzard in 1888, and that he sang "Comrades" in the show in which Andrew Mack sang 'Little Annie Rooney."

Libbey has made numerous trips around the country with shows, and as a vaudeville headliner. He has made millions of persons happy, some famous, and others wealthy. He has sung more than two thousand popular songs, has earned close on to half a million dollars, and is the man who was responsible for the success of "After the Ball."

For the past ten years he has been working in the West—mostly in Chicago. When he was in New York, no Sunday night concert bill was considered complete unless it carried his name. And it was the rule rather than the exception for him to appear on several bills on the same night. In Chicago he was just as popular. One manager who owned six theatres, had him under contract to sing at a different theatre every night. Each week he would repeat.

Libbey was born in Somerville, Mass., and as a boy he sang in churches and amateur shows. Later he appeared in Charles R. Adams' English Opera Company—the first to show in America—and in Digby Bell's Opera Company.

In 1889 Libbey became a member of the "My Aunt Bridget" company. Andrew Mack, the star, was singing "Little Annie Rooney." Libbey didn't care much for the popular songs that had been selected for him and he kept on the lookout for new material.

ONE day a man called at his hotel saying that Felix McGlennon, the English song-writer, had written a new song on the back of a menu while waiting for his train, and wanted to know if Libbey would try it out. Libbey did a few nights later and started a small-sized riot. He took seven encores with the new song, called "Comrades," whereas "Little Annie Rooney" hadn't been getting more than three. The manager told Libbey to drop "Comrades," but Libbey refused, saying he would quit the show. After some wrangling, the manager permitted Libbey to sing "Comrades" but as soon as Libbey had taken two encores, repeating the chorus each time, the curtain was rung down on him. Once the audience insisted upon Libbey's coming out for the third time and refused to allow the other performers to go on with their lines until after Libbey had taken a third encore.

J. Aldrich Libbey, Song-hit Specialist.

Not infrequently he made hits of songs that the writers or publishers had already labeled as failures. "After the Ball" was one. Libbey met the author, who was also the publisher, one night in a palm garden in Milwaukee. Libbey had heard about "After the Ball" and asked the author for the copy.

"It's a dead one," the author said. "I tried it out in several places and it was hooted off the stage. And it's been out of print for months. The only ones who sing it now are the painted women you see in the palm gardens. When they grow lonesome or maudlin they hum it to themselves."

"Well, they're pretty good judges of sentiment. I'll drop into your office in the morning. See if you can get me a copy."

In the morning the author gave Libbey an old copy of the song, but wouldn't go to the expense of having an orchestration made. Libbey, however, had so much faith in "After the Ball" that he paid for his own orchestration. A few nights later he introduced the song in "A Trip to Chinatown" and it became the talk of the town. Newspapers ran feature stories on it, and the song became a sensation.

When Libbey came to New York with "A Trip to Chinatown," he was a nine-days wonder in the amusement world. Every song-writer and publisher tried to enlist his services. One man stopped him on the street one day and said:

"Mr. Libbey, I have a little manuscript of a song that I think you might like. The Graham brothers wrote it this morning with you in view. They said if you don't really like it and won't sing it, the song can't be any good, and they'll tear it up."

The title of the song was "Two Little Girls in Blue." The story appealed to Libbey and he wanted to sing it, but he was afraid if he told the man he liked it that the latter would tell others, which might rob him of the opportunity of being the first to introduce it. While he was thinking about just what he should do, the man said:

"I'm going to publish it if you will sing it. And if you do I'll give you a cent a copy royalty."

Libbey introduced more songs and hits than any other singer of the past or present. The first thing he looks for in a popular song is a human-interest story.

"Any time you wed a human-interest story to a half-way decent melody," he said, "and can get some one to sing it, you won't have to worry about its success. When I first saw 'He Laid Away a Suit of Gray' I knew it was a hit, but the publisher thought it was no good and wanted me to sing some other nonsensical ditty. Like the author of 'After the Ball' he wouldn't pay to have an orchestration made for me, so I paid for it. And when I introduced the song at a Sunday-night concert and stopped the show he was amazed."

Wherever Libbey goes song-writers follow. Every day's mail brings him manuscripts and songs from known and unknown writers. But names mean nothing to him. He sings the songs that he thinks will please the public, and if by so doing he makes some poor devil happy and comfortable, so much the better. He says that any one is apt to write a hit.

THIS was proved one night while he was playing in Denver. The night was cold, with the snow falling heavily. He was on his way to the hotel, accompanied by his wife who played with him under the name of Katherine Trayer, when he saw a tall, lanky fellow, with no overcoat, leaning up against a lamp-post.

"Mr. Libbey," he said, "I have a little song here I wish you could sing. Two poor letter-carriers wrote it, and I've put all my savings into it to publish it. I'll sing it for you."

Libbey didn't wait to hear the song, but took the manuscript to his hotel. The title of it was "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way." Libbey introduced it the next week and started it on its way to prosperity.

Libbey is still active in the song game, and he likes nothing better than to have an audience join him in his songs. Experience has shown him that people are just crazy to sing. Singing gives them a chance to hear their own voices, it helps to kill loneliness, but they don't get the opportunity to sing as often as they wish. While he was in Chicago people used to stop him on the streets to ask what theatre he was going to sing at that night. And many admitted that it was one hour to which they looked forward, for while they were singing they forgot all their cares and troubles and were happy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Educational Jazz

By Betty Shannon

YOU know how it is just before you come to the feature drama at the movies. They have the "educational."

It may be about clouds, or brown bears, or silk-raising, or canoeing in Africa. But whatever may be its flickerings, you can always count on finding it on the bill.

The man who runs the picture theatre knows that there will be those in the audience (fetched in, unwilling, by low-browed relatives or friends) to whom pictures of the dear bee storing up honey will be thrice more thrilling than any Theda-at-the-dagger play ever filmed. And he wants to do his duty by them. Then it "lends balance" to the program, and gives the piano-player or the orchestra a chance for some fancy pieces.

Time was when the appearance of the "educational" was a sign for William, being a man and so unhampered by the proprieties, to yawn, slide down to his collar-bone, and whisper loud enough to be heard in the operator's booth—"Wake me up when they get through with the flowers and birds."

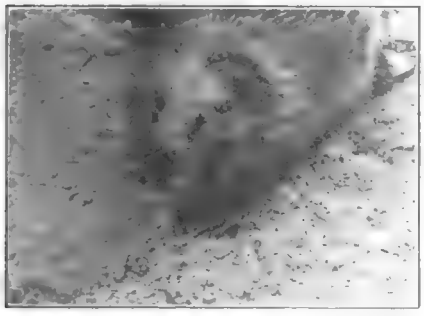
Such promises of choice entertainment as "Turning to the Right We Behold Main Street" or "The Cow is an Herbivorous Animal" held no fascination for him. William is undeniably a member of that great class of American citizens which refuses to swallow its amusement camouflaged as guide-books or geography lessons.

And that brings us back to what we started out to say. Have you noticed how differently William acts when the "educational" comes on now?

That is because of Katharine Hilliker.

In spite of the impression of lofty, high-purposed dignity which you get from the picture which accompanies this article (Mrs. Hilliker asked us to make it plain that she does not always look so noble), she did not use to care for "educationals" either. But she thought they had possibilities.

"People aren't averse to learning something, but they want teaching reserved for the proper place," she reasoned. "What they object to is being treated to excerpts



When Mrs. Hilliker introduces him, he is "Mr. Busy B. Beaver, a gentleman of considerable family who lives down our way."

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Katharine Hilliker, who puts the jazz in movie titles.

from the Encyclopedia Britannica when they're looking for a chance to laugh and forget their worries. Every one loves Nature if he has half a chance, but why spoil his chance by making her out a bore? Put a little rag-time into your text-book themes. Syncopate these 'educationals' with snappy titles written in the every-day sort of language that people use, and they'll positively clamor for them.

"Instead of calling a picture, '*Boss Beaver Saves the Dam*,' try '*A Dam Catastrophe.*' Represent '*Mr. Busy B. Beaver*' as '*a gentleman of considerable family who lives down our way. When he has a row with Mrs. Beaver, he goes out and bites down a tree. The bigger the row, the bigger the tree. He is a person of few words and expresses himself largely in dams*'—suiting the words to the actions to be presented, of course."

Mrs. Hilliker had the idea, as you can see for yourself at the nearest motion-picture theatre. The very first Hillikerized "educational" sent all the other title writers reeling. Some call the reels that they have titled since imitations. Others say Mrs. Hilliker set a new style.

"The first way to interest the public in your film," says Mrs. Hilliker, "is to find a name that does not give it away. People, I discover, never lose their appetite for guessing games. They are intrigued by uncertainty, and they adore surprise. But there is one thing you must never do. You must never disappoint them. The title must always be justified.

"Next, if possible, your picture must tell some sort of a connected story. On the thread of a narrative, no matter how simple, you can string a lot of real information which people will not know they are getting, and which they will remember in spite of themselves."

What would you expect to find in a picture entitled "*A Hair-Raising Journey?*" Certainly not a trip to Lake Huacachina in South America whose waters are guaranteed to grow hair on a billiard ball. But you are amused and thrilled when that is what you see.

"*Polygamy and Polomitas*" sounds divertingly questionable. "Tut, tut," we say with Mrs. Hilliker on learning that there is a colony of polygamists on the Polomitas Rocks near Peru, "How shocking! Let us go and look."

What we discover are a sea lion with his harem of ten or twenty handy wives, all of whom make their own clothes and grow their own furs, thus setting us an excellent example in matters of thrift, and making clear that even polygamists have their good points.

"*When It's Time to Retire*" and "*Here Comes the Groom*" might be mistaken for some of those rapid Broadway farces now the vogue. But no such thing. One holds out Zululand as an ideal country for a man who intends to go out of business. Stenographers, water-coolers and white collars have not been introduced, and it offers such a change. The other tells the tale of the irresistible Horace, who, with his hair in a bun and a pair of bracelets, went to woo with all-correct ex-cannibal convention his delicate Miranda.

Mrs. Hilliker doesn't devote all her energy to educational jazz. She writes the titles for comedies and dramas, or anything else the picture producers may

Instead of a mere native of Zululand, he is Horace, with his hair in a bun, a-wooing.

want—as witness "The Toonerville Trolley"; the "Torchy" comedies; "Passion," the great Du Barry screen picture recently come from abroad; or "What Women Love," Annette Kellerman's latest screen plunge. She is greatly in demand as a "last aid" to screen pictures. It is nothing for her to take a production some other titler has made a mess of in several months' work and do it over into a Broadway success in two or three days.

For all this, of course, Katharine Hilliker is rewarded with wads of perfectly good money, but she earns every wad.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

A STRANGER to that part of the country was walking along a lonely stretch of road in the hilly part of Arkansas, when he saw a girl running toward him. She was barefooted, her hair was flying loose and there were two bloodhounds rapidly overhauling her.

He didn't want to see the girl hurt, so he shot the hounds. The girl disappeared down the road.

A little later he met three mountaineers on horseback.

Said one, "Stranger, did yu see a gal, down that-a-way with two dawgs after her?"

"I did."

"Which way did she go?"

"She went on down the road. I didn't want to see her hurt, so I shot the dogs. What had she done?"

"Shot them dawgs? Done? She hadn't done nothing! And them dawgs wouldn't have hurt her! They're trained. That gal was goin' to be married tomorrow, and we was just goin' to catch her and put shoes on her!"

NEARLY every hour of the twenty-four a fresh breeze from the Atlantic blows through Volusia, Florida, carrying in its teeth an invisible film of sand. Mr. Worts beautified his flivver one day, varnishing it from bumper to tail light, but forgot to put it in the garage for the night.

Bright and early next morning Dan, an old negro who works about the place, appeared at the house.

"Yo' done one fine job on that cah, Masta' George," he flattered the young man.

"Looks good, does it?" Mr. Worts asked, beaming.

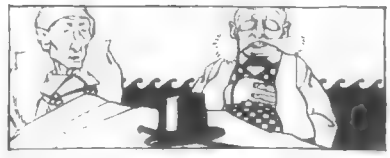
"Good?" Dan exclaimed. "Ah nev' saw mo' talented stucco nowhere."

WILLIE, aged six, was going through an orchard, looking for the easiest tree to climb, when he came face to face with the irate owner who had with him a large ferocious dog.

"Where are you going?" demanded this unwelcome individual.

"Back," said Willie after one look at the dog.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



A FAMOUS financier was taken seriously ill at the age of ninety, and felt that his end was near.

"Nonsense," said the doctor. "The Lord isn't going to take you until you've passed the hundred mark."

"No, my friend," said the aged banker, "that wouldn't be good finance. Why should the Lord wait till I reached par when he can pick me up at ninety?"

A SALESMAN was showing an elderly woman the virtues of the car. At each stop or turn he extended his arm in the proper signal. The old woman watched the proceedings for some time. Then she craned her neck and looked at the sky.

"Mister," she said, "you just tend to your driving! It don't look like rain; but if it should I'll let you know."

BELLHOP (looking up from his novel)—Say, bo, wot's a vassal?

His Pal—Why, a vassal's what the swell guys call their help. Like, if some one was to say to you, "Vassal, shine them shoes."

Bellhop—Yes, but wot if you was talkin' to the girl at the cigar counter? Wot would you say then?

His Pal—Vaseline.

THE Scottish golfer drove brilliantly over a stream into a hollow. "My, my, but that was a fine drive over the pretty wee burn," he remarked to his caddie.

Coming home, he had to play over this same "burn" for another hole, and drove right into it. "Go and fish the bloomin' ball out of that dirty sewer!" he growled.

"A NOTARY public has some amusing experiences," mused Mr. Needley. "I remember one time a man came to me and said that he had sworn off drinking liquor and wanted to make an affidavit to that effect for his wife. I accordingly drew up the instrument which he formally acknowledged. 'What's your charge?' he asked as I handed him the paper. 'Nothing at all,' I assured him. He looked at me a moment extended his hand and exclaimed. 'You're a prince of a fellow. Come and have a drink on me.' "

A CERTAIN professor down South possessed of the idea that one of his legs is gradually becoming petrified, frequently pinches it. At a class banquet he pinched it several times, only desisting when a prominent speaker distracted his attention. Then he suddenly remembered, and reaching down gave the leg a vigorous pinch. Feeling no pain he jumped up and cried: "It has come at last! My leg is completely petrified!" Whereupon the lady next to him leaned over and said: "I beg your pardon, but it is not petrified and it is not yours."

AT A country dance in Alabama, when the fiddlers had resined their bows and taken their places on the platform, the floor manager rose.

"Git yo' partners fo' a cotillion," he shouted imperiously. "All yo' ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes an' stockings take yo' places in de middle of de room. All yo' ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes an' no stockings, take yo' places immedjitly behin' dem. An' yo' bar'footed crowd, yo' jest jig it roun' in de corners."

A MINISTER, as an illustration of extreme embarrassment, tells of a strapping big fellow who brought his demure young bride to the church parsonage for matrimonial purposes.

"According to my usual custom," says the minister, "I turned to the bridegroom at a certain point of the ceremony and said, 'John, this is your lawfully wedded wife.'

"In the excitement of the occasion John turned awkwardly in the direction of his newly acquired life-mate and stammered, 'I'm pleased to meet you.' "

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The SINGER of the NIGHT

(*Continued from page 22*)

before the statue," she responded. "Come, then."

Unquestioningly he followed as they crept out of the town until they reached the path that led up to the statue, step by step, always upward, with frequent stops to favor the old man's shaking limbs.

"What then?" he groaned. "What species of a pig of a theatre is this where we travel all night from scene to scene?"

"It is for the kinema that we act now," Régine answered.

"What? I—il Gran' Amato—act for the kinema?" he growled, with a flash of his old-time egotism, and she shrugged her reply:

"We are all in it now, even the greatest of us. Pocket your pride and give a great performance."

It was long after dark when they reached the top; a narrow platform of rock, bounded by a low parapet of stone. The place was deserted save for a kneeling black-clad woman, so absorbed that she did not notice their silent approach. Softly Vallator drew the others aside to where an overhanging rock made a spot of dense concealment, and there they sat down to wait for what might come.

A strange company, three vagrants of destiny, huddled side by side betwixt earth and heaven, chased from the one and with no entrance to the other.

Chance, Charm and Escape; with a suggestion of mystery in that kneeling woman there before the statue. A worn-out Chance, jerking rustily on the strained strings of long habit. A fragile Charm, her face tragic under the dusky crimson of pomegranate bloom.

"The fifth act," Régine had said: Vallator wondered on what kind of a scene the last curtain would fall. A weird setting for whatever drama was to be played there. From the twin rivers a mist had risen, spreading like a lake across the valley, blotting out the roofs and gables of Grex until only a single tower, an infrequent chimney, rose above it.

Time dragged in unearthly quiet, the sounds of the town muffled by the mist; through it a row of crooked chimney-pots thrust upward, like the fingers of a drowning hand clutching for something above.

But there was nothing above to hold to, nothing to which to cry, except that great form looming there in an attitude of blessing—but only stone after all. He started violently as Régine's whisper fell into his ear: "He is here."

VIII

IT WAS Ibn Geburah, standing above them on the steps which led up to the statue: slim, polished, smiling down at the kneeling woman, the starlight flashing back from an enormous ruby on his ungloved hand.

Vallator wondered how he had come there so unseen. Probably there were a dozen ways by which he could have approached, his unheralded appearance a part of those dramatics of mystery in which he so indulged. His look was for the woman alone and the silent three in the shadow of the rock remained unnoticed. Her attention drawn by his con-

Why do your children stand at the window?

It's a pretty sight—the children's faces pressed against the window—until you realize they're thirsting for clean air and sunlight. And so are you.

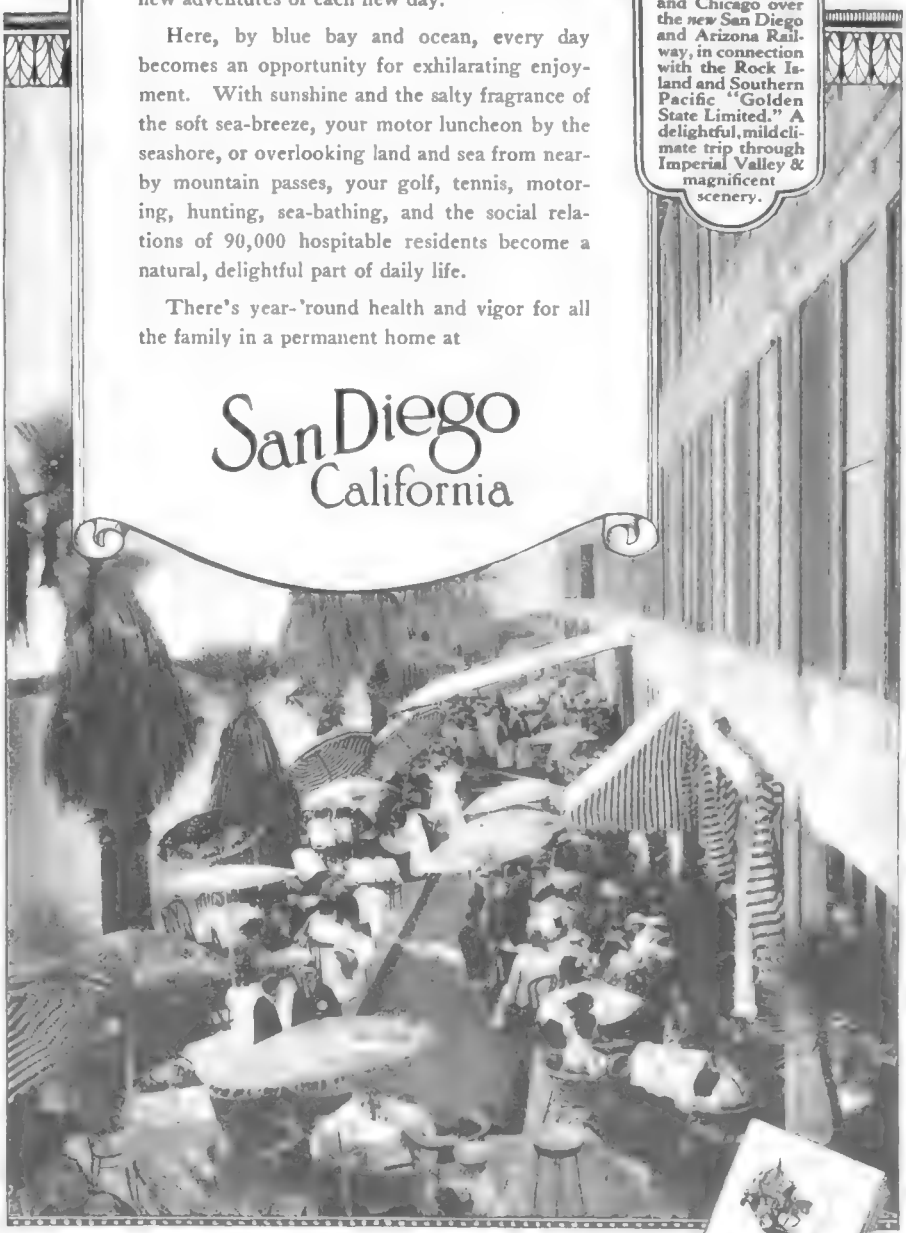
Children and grown folks, at San Diego, the sparkling seaside city of Southern California, live out-of-doors all year, surrounded by green lawns and ever-changing flowers and free from storms and cold. For the whole year the normal annual temperature is 61 degrees, with never a cold spell or a hot wave to shatter the new adventures of each new day.

Here, by blue bay and ocean, every day becomes an opportunity for exhilarating enjoyment. With sunshine and the salty fragrance of the soft sea-breeze, your motor luncheon by the seashore, or overlooking land and sea from nearby mountain passes, your golf, tennis, motoring, hunting, sea-bathing, and the social relations of 90,000 hospitable residents become a natural, delightful part of daily life.

There's year-'round health and vigor for all the family in a permanent home at

San Diego California

Through Pullman service is operated between San Diego and Chicago over the *new* San Diego and Arizona Railway, in connection with the Rock Island and Southern Pacific "Golden State Limited." A delightful, mild climate trip through Imperial Valley & magnificent scenery.

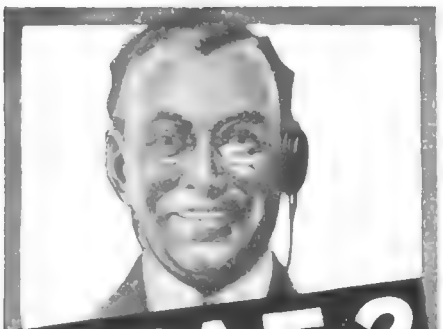


SAN DIEGO-CALIFORNIA CLUB,
301 Spreckels Building, San Diego, California.
Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet about San Diego, California.
Name _____

This booklet tells more about it. Sign the coupon and get it free by return mail.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



DEAF?

Here's Free Proof That You Can Hear!

The wonderful, improved Acousticon has now enabled more than 400,000 deaf people to hear. We are sure it will do the same for you; are so absolutely certain of it that we are eager to send you the

1921 Acousticon

For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL
No Deposit -- No Expense

There is nothing you will have to do but ask for your free trial. No money to pay, no red tape, no reservation to this offer. Our confidence in the present Acousticon is so complete that we will gladly take all the risk in proving, beyond any doubt, that the

Joy of Hearing Can Be Yours Again!

The New Acousticon has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have ever tried, just ask for a free trial of the New Acousticon. You'll get it promptly, and if it doesn't make you hear, return it and you will owe us nothing—not one cent.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORP.
1325 Candler Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

Infantile Paralysis

left William White's leg in a crippled condition, forcing him to walk on his toes. Less than five months treatment at the McLain Sanitarium produced the satisfactory result shown in the lower photograph. Read his mother's letter.

"When William was three years old, he had Infantile Paralysis, which left him crippled in his left leg. He went to your Sanitarium October 24, 1919, at the age of 13—walking on his toes. Came out April 10 with his foot flat on the floor and can walk as good as anyone.

Mrs. S. P. White, Weed, Cal.

Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References," free. Write for them.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
868 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

D330

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 170 page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them now.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 343-L Chicago

centrated gaze, the woman looked up, and they remained for a few moments, she on her knees, he above her.

At last he spoke, through a ripple of musical laughter.

"Madame did not expect to see me up here? How seldom people know to what they may really be praying. As we say in Spain: 'Behind the cross grins—the devil.'"

The woman rose and with her first movement, though her face was only a pale blot on the dimness, Vallator knew her for Ella d'Abrantez. Ibn Geburah came down, with the litheness of a cat, and one could almost hear him purr as he advanced.

"Madame's kindness in coming here leads me to hope that she has reconsidered."

"I have nothing to consider, monsieur."

Her words came with a cold finality, but he merely laughed again.

"When a woman comes to a rendezvous it always means that she is at least ready to—consider. Such has been my experience with those who have honored my house. Perhaps madame remembers it—near the Étoile?"

"Yes, I remember it. Now will monsieur tell me what he wishes?"

"AN ACT of mercy to a pain-ridden world, an act that you alone can perform. All I ask is that you tell the truth."

"The truth," she echoed bitterly. "Would you recognize that if you ever saw it?"

"All I have foretold, even to the present attack upon us, has come true."

"So much so that people are beginning to question the source of your inspirations."

"My inspiration—ah, that comes from—beyond," he said, sinking his voice to a suggestion of mystery.

"From beyond the German lines, some say."

"If that were so, should I be left free in France to-night? You misjudge me. All I seek is to save our people from the worse to come. All I ask of you is to tell the world how near the end we really are."

"You forget America."

"On the contrary, I would save it. Let us have at least one great country unshattered by war, its youth unmutilated." He moved nearer to her, his tones a plea of pity. "You know what it means. Have you the heart to send your countrymen to such as that? Think of them, thousands upon thousands, in the clean strength of their youth. And you—*you*—hold their fate in your hands."

So appealing was it that it reached down into the very heart. At that moment Ibn Geburah might have been some supermessenger of mercy as he hovered there in his grace and perfect attire; a being above and untouched by it all, yet stooping to plead.

And the woman herself, that immovable, black-clad figure, her face upturned. That argument was seemingly so sincere that her next words came with a shock:

"And why is monsieur so anxious that I tell this especially to my own countrymen?"

"I wish to save the prolonging of a useless struggle."

"And doubtless Berlin would be delighted to have them take that view of it."

"I verily believe that madame is convinced that I am a spy," he laughed. "But surely my associations disprove that. The most patriotic in France have come to my house—even Madame d'Abrantez herself."

His words were careless, but as he continued an edge crept up through them, hardly discernible as yet but growing more vaguely threatening as he went gaily on.

"I remember how honored I was by her presence. So much so that I even had her photographed, unknown to herself, as she entered my door, in company, I believe, with the Comtesse d'Espagny, Prince Helie de Wagram, and the Etrurian Ambassador."

The darkness seemed almost to grow thicker as there fell across it the unseen shadow of that occult house. The names spoken so lightly by Ibn Geburah were no longer mentioned in France, wiped from people's lips by a scandal which, for a few days, had thrust even the war news into the background. A scandal within a scandal; a black core of strange vice in a cocoon of treachery. Under its lash Helie de Wagram had faced a firing-squad at dawn; the ambassador had retired precipitately to his own country, while Vivienne d'Espagny had disappeared, to a prison, it was rumored.

And the Duchess d'Abrantez, the very bearer of the banner of the Cross of Mercy, the Franco-American idol of half the women of the world, had been photographed entering that house of rumors in such company. With the red welt of that scandal still sore upon its cheek, the whole Allied side would be shaken by the publication of such a photograph. If even she could be attacked by suspicion, then in whom could one trust?

Hardly breathing, Vallator waited her answer in a flame of furious belief in her.

"The people you mention were at that time received everywhere," she said. "And I remained in your house only five minutes, its atmosphere repelled me so."

"But unfortunately the photograph does not state that," he smiled inflexibly. "And that scandal is so fresh in the public mind just now. In fact I might say that its revelation was timed. Timed especially for this interview with madame."

LIKE a snared bird, Ella d'Abrantez, for the first time, saw something of the web woven about her. Woven of nothing, but like steel in its strength.

"You can actually confess such things?" she exclaimed.

"The end justifies the means. Success is the only proof and can you deny our success? Look at Russia; yet Rasputin was a clumsy tool compared to me."

"I shall lay all this before the authorities."

"Helie de Wagram tried that. We have other photographs, taken in every capital in Europe, and to prevent their disclosure even you might well be sacrificed."

To Vallator, as he saw that web spreading more widely, came recollection of the stories of an organization of secret vice, running like a cancer the breadth of the continent, entrapping even the innocent under a guise of mysticism.

"In your noble purpose you do not think of yourself," Ibn Geburah went earnestly on. "But think what it will mean to others if, in a spirit of mistaken self-sacrifice, you wilfully shatter your own reputation. Think how it may involve in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SUDDEN CHILLS often bring coughs and colds. What a comfort to have Piso's always ready for instant aid as soon as you arrive home.
Piso's eases hoarseness and coughing—soothes sore, scratchy throats. It brings welcome relief both to young and to old.
Buy Piso's today and keep it always handy.
35c at your druggist's
Contains no opiate
Good for young and old
Piso's Throat and Chest Salve is remarkably effective when used with Piso's for coughs and colds. Priced also at 35c.
PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds
From the warm indoors — out into the cold night air
PISO'S
Coughs and Colds
THE PISO COMPANY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MARCH
18th
1921
25¢
PUBLISHED
TWICE A MONTH
Adventure
The Real Thing
in fiction—red-blooded stories that know only two kinds of men: "the quick" and the dead. Adventures in new countries and old, adventures so perilous that the snap of a twig means disaster. Here and there the love of a girl—but always in the foreground a fight—for gold, or bread, or just the fun of fighting.
This Mid-March Adventure is full of just this kind of stories. Get your copy today and lose yourself in its thrills.
Charles Durant

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

suspicion even the great institution of which you are the head here in France. And think, too, that by saving yourself you will also be saving thousands of others, and all by merely telling the truth."

It was the subtlest, most dangerous plea of all and she was shaken by it as a leaf by the wind. She knew how desperately France looked to America for help, and she knew, too, what a blow such a message from her would deal to the rising war spirit of that savior country.

Vallator could not help her; that interview of the night before, with its damning assumption of madness, removed him from all possible use. She must make her choice alone, cut off by her own greatness from any assistance. How queerly things were settled; two hundred miles from the front, on this little platform neither of sky nor earth, but the fate of thousands was hanging in the balance of those white and rigid hands.

IBN GEBURAH laughed again as she lifted a hopeless look to the unresponsive majesty of the statue.

"That can not help you. We Wanderers, the Thrust-out Ones of your world have long seen that. For thousands of years it has been our secret that your God is a myth and that the one to make friends with is that Evil which can hurt you so."

His face lit with a fanatic fire as he stood there announcing his terrible creed. It brought back those strange whispers of the strange doings of the Maison Geburah. Whispers of weird ceremonies where princesses and ambassadors struggled together to kiss the feet of this blazing young prophet of sin.

"It is Force that rides your France tonight," he cried, moving to the parapet. "Listen."

Up through the silence and the blanketing mist came a sound, faint and chaotic; the unmistakable groan of a crowd appalled by ill news.

"We time things well," he nodded. "They have just heard."

"Heard what?" she faltered, as again the sound came seeping upward from the hidden town.

"That Paris is under bombardment."

Paris bombarded! With a sob Régine slid to the ground, shielding her face with her arms. Vallator chilled as he pictured the French armies swept aside by an onrush that had brought the enemy within range of the forts. The next words painted imaginations still worse.

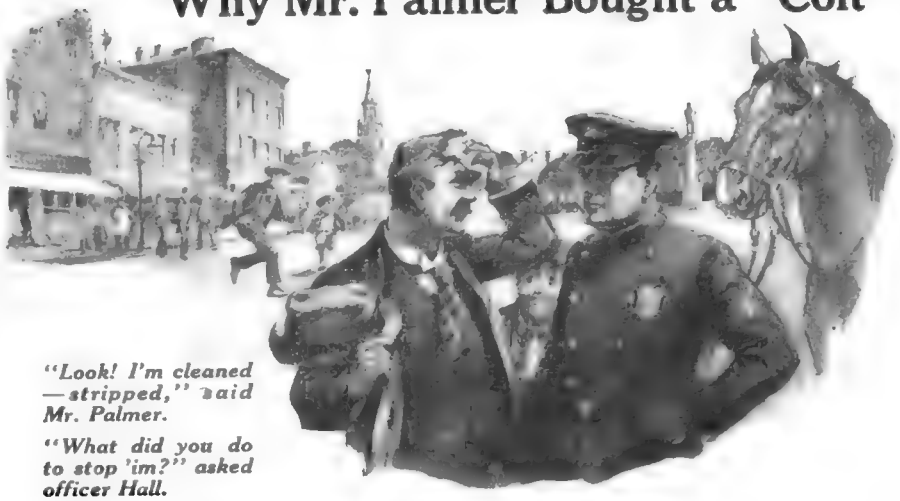
"Bombarded by the new guns—from sixty miles away."

Sixty miles. Before Vallator the pictures whirled again, bringing spectral shapes of giant engines of destruction, unreachable by any device of the Allied side, hurling shells upon the city. Paris, in the yearly miracle of spring, Paris, in its unconquerable spirit, mistily gay even through its mourning, suddenly appalled by a rain of death from the mockery of a sunny sky.

To remain still was impossible, his every nerve an imperative cry for action. Yet what could he do, shut out as he was by that wretched pretence at insanity? Slipping noiselessly from his *sabots* he crept away and upward, heedless of where he went.

It was no use to struggle any more. This was the end of it all in this new Black Night

Why Mr. Palmer Bought a "Colt"



"Look! I'm cleaned—stripped," said Mr. Palmer.

"What did you do to stop 'im?" asked officer Hall.

OFFICER HALL knew Mr. Palmer well as one of the most law-abiding as well as one of the most prosperous merchants on Washington Street — a man who usually carried quite a bit of money with him.

He was quick therefore to sense that something unusual had happened when he saw Mr. Palmer under the electric street lamp, looking wildly up and down the road.

"Something wrong!" exclaimed Mr. Palmer, as officer Hall dismounted. "I should say yes. Look! I'm cleaned—stripped. Every nickel, watch, pin—a hold-up fellow went through me just this minute."

"What did you do to stop 'im?" asked officer Hall.

"Not a blessed thing," confessed Mr. Palmer. "I was hopelessly out-classed. He stuck me up just as I stepped into the shadow of those trees. I didn't even get a good look at him. Say, I certainly called myself all kinds of a fool right then because I didn't have a good Colt Automatic Pistol. You can just bet, officer, I'm going to buy me one tomorrow."

"Good protection for your home, Mr. Palmer," said officer Hall. "We'll comb the town for this fellow, but it's doubtful what we'll find. Better luck next time."

A true incident, which should prove a valuable lesson to others as well as Mr. Palmer. Your dealer will be glad to show you the various models of Colt Revolvers and advise you which is the best for your home protection.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Manufacturers of
Colt's Revolvers
Colt's Automatic Pistols
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Guns
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Rifles

COLT'S

FIRE ARMS

Your Vacation Plans

Prepare now to have the most pleasant and enjoyable vacation you have ever had. Don't stint and sacrifice because of lack of money. Take advantage of our practical method to increase your present income. You will then have more than enough to meet any expenses which may arise. All particulars and supplies will be sent immediately on request. No obligation. Write to-day.

Manager, Staff Agencies Division
Box 660, Butterick Building, New York

Earn $35-$125 a Wk

Your Opportunity in MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

A pleasant, dignified profession. Taught by actual practice—day or evening. Modern laboratories. Three months' course. No previous knowledge or experience required. No charge for tools or equipment. The men we train are in demand. Established 28 years. Country-wide recognition.

Write today for free catalog No. 32

BODEE SCHOOLS OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY
NEW YORK 136 W. 52 St. PHILADELPHIA 15 12th and Walnut Sts. BROOKLYN 15 Flatbush Ave.

BIG MONEY IN FOR SURE

Perrin Sold $350 One Day

Meisner, $250 in one day. Shook, $311 one day Sept. 1920. Erwins boy (going to school) makes $35 every Sat. afternoon. Erwin says $6 yields $25. No theory! No guesswork! Actual proven record of successes. Send for booklet.

Long Eakins Co., 340 High St., Springfield, Ohio

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail. LANDON PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. *Please state your age.*

The Landon School
430 National Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THOMAS JEFFERSON

thought not alone of 1776 when he signed the declaration of America's Independence. Instead he looked ahead, anticipating the needs of the nation for the decades to follow.

Are you looking ahead, out into the future, preparing for the stresses that must be met and vanquished by physical efficiency?

One of your first acts of preparedness should be the care of your eyesight. The safest and surest way is to have your vision tested by your Optometrist periodically.

If you do not know an Optometrist write to this office and we will tell you the names of several in your vicinity.

Also ask for the little "Conservation of Sight" booklet. It's gratis.

ASSOCIATED OPTOMETRISTS of AMERICA, Inc.

Home Office:
209½ E. Broad Street
Richmond, Virginia

The Emblem of Superior Optical Service. Look for it where you obtain your glasses.

Good-bye to Gray Hair!

Here's the way to stop it

This way is easy, quick and sure, and it works a transformation. You simply comb a clear, colorless liquid through your hair — in from 4 to 8 days the gray disappears and the natural color returns. This colorless liquid is the triumph of modern science, which has produced a true restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

We prove the truth of these statements with a trial bottle, sent free if you fill out and mail in the coupon. Full directions and a special application comb come with it. Try it on a single lock — then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. Don't accept imitations.

Mary T. Goldman, 135 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with Special Comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.
The natural color of my hair is
black ____ jet black ____ dark brown ____
medium brown ____ light brown ____
Name _____ Street _____
Town _____ Co. _____ State _____

of France, with no dawn to hope for save the glare of fresh blood. Never but once in his life had he known such a bleakness as was now upon him, nor could he hope to be lifted from it again as he had been before.

To Ella d'Abrantez came the sounds of the spreading of the news down in Grex; cries of men shouting as they ran, spreading panic in their wake. The rattle of windows hastily flung open to listen, the solemn tolling of a church bell.

"Do you still pin your faith to that impotent symbol on your sleeve?" demanded Ibn Geburah. "I tell you that your God is dead, your Christ eternally nailed to his torture, and the Iron Prince of Might rules the world in all his bloody splendor. He it is you shall obey."

"And—if I still refuse?" she asked, forcing the words up through a throat constricted as by an actual pressure.

"You strange people," he exclaimed. "What is it that upholds your obstinacy so?"

"Our faith."

"In what?" he sneered, and at the sound she turned on him, her voice gaining new strength with each word.

"Our faith in the right. Our faith in a power that works through and in all of us, no matter who or what we are or have been. A power that watches over all and will prevail."

"It seems a little slow," he mocked. "Did this power of yours save those who died in fruitless effort to save your France?"

"Those who die for the right have nothing to fear."

"And very little to gain, I should say. What proof have you this night of the existence of such a power?"

"I need no proof," she cried passionately. "In the face of all I still believe, without proof or sign. But—if a proof, a sign, should be vouchsafed to us——"

SHE broke off in dismay as, apparently from somewhere high above them, came the sound of a voice.

A man's voice, it seemed, singing broken phrases in a cry of despairing appeal. Then it swept suddenly upward, catching a white spark of hope as it went. A spark that constantly brightened, swelling out into a pæan of half-savage joy that ended in extraordinary shouts. Those same shouts of which it was afterward said that only a madman or a genius could have imagined notations in such violence to all known principles of music. Crackling sparks of sound fresh from the very dynamo of tone. Vocal trumpets, such as might have rung about Jericho of old, crumbling the pride of its walls.

Not a really great voice, they also said of it afterward. The miracle was the times at which it sang, its marvel was that any voice could be so triumphantly raised in nights so dark upon the earth. The sound of it, coming at such a moment, was like a wine of the ears that bubbled into the veins with a tide of fresh life.

There were four people upon that platform now, as Amato and Régine crept wonderingly from their shadowed rock. Four people, two of the most known and two of the least, all alike held silent in astonishment. Across the mobile face of Ibn Geburah expressions played like waves upon a pool. Anger, discomfiture and a sneer of cold fury.

It was Amato who first broke the silence as the voice ceased.

"*La Voix. Ca chante encore,*" he muttered. "With these ears I heard it and it is the same."

"*Le Bon Dieu* has answered," cried Régine, with a bound, a clash of her tambourine. "It is a sign."

"A sign for women and fools," Ibn Geburah broke furiously in. "I tell you it is some man up there behind the statue."

"I never thought otherwise," Ella d'Abrantez answered.

"Some crazy fool shouting up there."

"But how strange that he should shout at just this time!"

"ARE you relying on that?" he demanded. "I warn you it will take more than an insane bawling to uphold you when you feel the lash of a world's scorn."

"Monsieur forgets that I believed even before it came," she replied.

"But you believe all the more now—eh?" he sneered. "I tell you I know that man and where he has been these two years. Had I suspected he was out again he would never have lived to sing to-night."

"Which only proves how much you fear him," she retorted. "Men do not kill except where they are afraid."

"Men kill vermin," he blazed, "and I will smoke this one out."

He ran toward the steps; Amato, roused by the sense of drama all about him, stepped forward, taking a stage pose.

"What play is this?" he whispered to Régine, and she, to quiet him, answered with the first title that came to her mind.

"'Le Débâcle d'Harlequin'—be still, it is not yet your cue."

But Amato had already started, following Ibn Geburah in a high-stepping burlesque of melodramatic caution. A strange pair they made; the gipsy prophet of disaster, glowing with the physical fires of his purpose, and the old comedian, with sinister farce, hopping after him like a giant toad, up toward the feet of that serene Madonna.

To the two women, huddling instinctively together, the figures up there stood out in misty silhouette. A little space before the statue, a font like a flower of stone on a slender stem, and leaning against it in the attitude of one spent by exhausting effort, a man's figure. And toward it two others approaching, outlined against the pale stone of the Virgin's robe, one in lambent action, one circling with exaggerated steps and floating cloak of black. A shadow play, it might have been, its actors dwarfed to humor by that towering form of stone behind them.

"You."

It was Ibn Geburah's voice, sharp with the astonishment of disgust. "The man of the Inn of the Three Maries. To think that I had you alone there, with Ruach at my side, and let you go again."

He drew back, silent for a moment, immobile as a crouching panther. "You will howl no more—you American miracle monger."

There came a spring, the pale gleam of a knife, but it rang harmlessly against the stone as Vallator, held from retreat by the font behind him, dropped to the ground to let the blow pass over him.

At the same instant, Amato, galvanized as by some long-waited cue, stepped forward with a roar: "Rash Harlequin—this

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

is your fall." It rang out, with all the force of an actor's great moment, as he launched himself at Ibn Geburah.

Taken by surprise, his feet tangled in the folds of that flapping cloak, Ibn Geburah stumbled on the edge of the steps. With a cry, a frantic clawing at the air, empty of all support, they pitched headlong together, landing, with a horrible crunching thud, almost at the feet of the two women.

IX

AMATO, already dead, lay where they had placed him, his twisted body, covered by the black dramatics of his cloak, more straight and still than it had ever been in the passion of his life.

But Ibn Geburah still breathed, his head pillowed on Régine's lap, the white gleam of his flesh exposed as Vallator and Ella d'Abrantez, with trained fingers, examined his hurts. A look between them, as they finished, told each that the other knew that there was no hope.

"But see!" exclaimed Régine, "he revives."

"It will be for a moment only," Ella d'Abrantez answered. "His spine——"

Ibn Geburah's eyes slowly opened, their blue light already half veiled by the shadow of approaching death. There came an attempt at his old, sneering smile.

"This is the end," he whispered. "So you have found me, oh, mine enemies."

"In this moment believe us as your friends," said Ella d'Abrantez.

"Friends—you strange people," he murmured.

Silence again, the only sound the breathing of the broken man, the rise and fall of his white chest growing more labored with each moment.

"Strange people—but—you are right after all."

A mere trickle of disconnected whisper, sibilant upon the silence, but with it there seemed to pass from his face, like the withdrawing of a transparent mask, that sneering arrogance which had overlaid it.

"I have long seen how evil has no endurance of itself. It must be constantly created. I have stood on a Paris bridge and seen all the sins of the night slink away like rats before the wonder of the dawn."

A silence, so long that Ella d'Abrantez laid anxious fingers on the fluttering pulse; then the whisper once more:

"We should have won but for your America—there is a spirit there. We had hoped to crush it singly, after crushing the others. That was why we were so mad for anything—anything—to stop you now."

Still lower sank the sound in that uncontrollable passion of self-revealing: "Born a gipsy—always had strange powers. Mostly tricks, but some—some that I could not explain myself. Then the offer from Berlin. Money, power, and all the aids of science to entrap the greatest."

Heedless of the torture of movement Ibn Geburah suddenly closed his hand on Vallator's wrist. "I know you now. That night, at Verdun—I was there, right at your side, come to witness the triumph of our grand assault. How I hated you that night—furious that no such outburst ever came to our side. I would have killed you—but something—something—held me back."

The whisper failed, his eyes seeking

$10,000 REWARD!
And No Questions Asked
A reward of $10,000 will be paid to the person or persons returning the money and securities which disappeared from the vaults of this company on the night of August 26th.
If returned intact, no questions will be asked, and

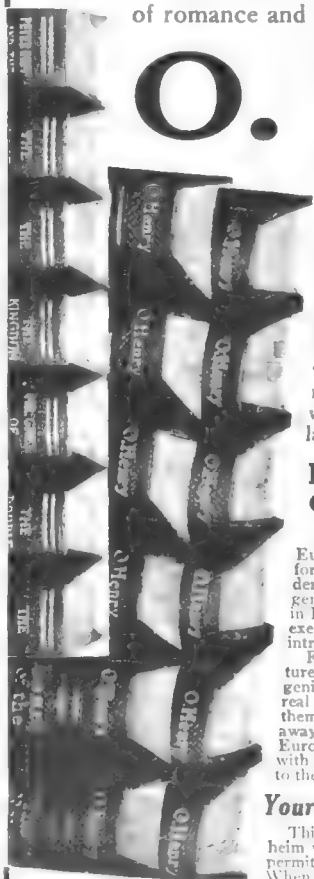
THE President of their little company had disappeared with all their available funds and liquid assets, amounting to more than $100,000.

They had traced him to a Central American port; they had sent a man after him to entice him away, and now this detective was back with a prisoner, his grip bulging with money and securities—but, it was not their missing President!

Yet he had come with perfect willingness; he had let the detective smuggle him aboard ship secretly; he had readily turned over to him his valuable grip for safe-keeping. Why?

If you would read a story of cross-purposes and mixed identities, if you would hear how the sudden love of a man for a maid baffled a whole Government and confused a great Detective Agency, read this tale of romance and mystery. It could have been written only by

O. HENRY



For years now you have heard of O. Henry—you have read these advertisements and thought that some day you would own a set for yourself. But you have put off the sending from month to month. The time for that is gone. *Now—today*—you must order your set of O. Henry to get the low price and the Oppenheim FREE!

So great is the popularity of O. Henry—so enormous is the demand for his books—that we should like for all time to continue this offer. But we can't. It costs more than twice as much now to make the sets as it did. Paper costs more—ink costs more—binding costs more. So we must withdraw this offer. But as long as the stock now on hand lasts, you can get O. Henry at the low price, and

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM 7 Volumes FREE

No other writer ever knew so much of the secret history of Europe. No other writer ever understood so well the hidden forces—the secret intrigues—the startling accidents—the sudden deaths—that have kept Europe in turmoil for the past generation. He was looked upon as the most dangerous man in England. He was marked down by Germany for private execution, because he knew too much of her plots and intrigues; he suspected too many of her designs.

Fighting—scheming—plotting—mystery—love-adventure—all these are in his stories—and all his marvelous genius is in the telling of them. He makes them so real that you forget everything about you in the joy of them. He lets you into secrets that take your breath away. He shows you the real inner workings of European diplomacy. He holds you enthralled with the romance, the mystery of his tale right up to the very last word.

Your Last Chance to Get a FREE SET

This is the last edition of E. Phillips Oppenheim we can get at the special price which permits of our giving them free with O. Henry. When this one edition is gone (and there are comparatively few sets now left) you will be able to get E. Phillips Oppenheim's wonderful stories only at their regular price of $1.75 or more a volume.

Now, while you can, get the O. Henry at the low price with E. Phillips Oppenheim FREE. Never again can we give you such a chance. Don't miss it! Cut the coupon. Send it TODAY!

The Review of Reviews Co.

Evbdy. 8-21

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
30 Irving Place
New York City

Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, bound in silk cloth, with gold tops. Also the 7 volume Masterpieces of E. Phillips Oppenheim, bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit $1.50 in 5 days, and then $2.00 a month for 14 months for the O. Henry set only and keep the 7 volumes of E. Phillips Oppenheim FREE. Otherwise, I will, within 10 days, return both sets at your expense.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION .....

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Grandma Knows Musterole Is Best

Remember the time when you had that dreadful congestion of the lungs—and Grandma slapped a stinging, messy mustard plaster on your chest? How you writhed and tossed and begged Grandma to "take it off"?

That was many years ago. Now, Grandma gets the jar of Musterole, for now she knows Musterole is *better* than a mustard plaster.

She knows that it relieves colds, congestions, and rheumatic aches and pains.

And what is best, it relieves *without discomfort or blister.*

Musterole is a clean white ointment made of oil of mustard and other home simples.

Just rub it gently over the spot where there is congestion or pain. It penetrates down under the skin and generates a tingling, pleasant heat. Healing Nature does the rest. Congestions and pains both go away.

Peculiarly enough, Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it.

Never be without a jar of Musterole.

Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 35c and 65c jars. $3.00 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Lablache is so popular because—it is so natural. It adds to woman's sweetness, is beneficial to the complexion, has such uniformly fine consistency and it closely adheres. Just a touch suffices. Lablache possesses an uncommon and elusive fragrance, ever refreshing, always welcome.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 2c. for a sample box.

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 12
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass

POEMS WANTED for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination.
IDYL PUB. CO., 189 N. Clark Street, Suite 221, CHICAGO

Vallator's in an appeal to be heard, and the other bent his head to catch that hardly audible breath:

"The photographs—in my pocket—burn them all. Ah—see the dawn."

It was almost a cry. The others looked, but the sky was still held by the night, without a break of gray. But Ibn Geburah went on:

"The dawn—coming from the west—from across the seas—there is something back of you people——"

He fell back, caught by Vallator's arms that eased him to the ground, wiping away the flecks of foam upon his lips. A last quiver, a last stare of the blue-lit eyes, a final gasp.

"—something back of you—something eternal."

X

ALL that could be done had been accomplished. They lay side by side, their faces upturned to the stars; Amato and Ibn Geburah, actors both on their respective stages, covered by the final curtain of that black cloak.

As she rose from her knees Ella d'Abrantez turned to Vallator. "There is so much that I do not understand."

They sat down on the parapet, Ella d'Abrantez at his side, Régine curled at his feet.

"It begins so far back," he said. "Back when I was a small boy."

He paused in a hopelessness of ever making any one understand. These two women, this rocky ledge hung between France and the sky; but his mind filled with pictures of a brown river, a sprawling Middle-Western town, fields of corn and yellow pumpkins under an August moon.

"I could always shout louder than any of the other kids," he went on. "I'd paddle off to the islands in the river and lie under the willows, shouting up at the sky. That was how I got that trick of making my voice sound as though it came from way above me. A kid's life, intensely American, and always summer as I remember it. Bare feet, chores, school and 'hookey.' And Sunday-school, though all I ever learned there was one sentence from somewhere in the Bible:

" 'And God has gone up with a shout.'

"That hit me somehow, though I kept it secret, as boys do. I'd lie and stare up at the sky and try to shout like it, but I never could."

Vallator struggled on, hardly able to believe the reality of those far-off days. That half-pagan Madonna against the stars, tambourine and pomegranate bloom at his feet, those two still figures covered, in the democracy of death, by the same cloak. And across it these pictures of that practical river town.

"Out of high school and into work—for Haskins' Bon-Ton Grocery. I was singing then, and the Fullerville *News* spoke of me as 'our local Caruso.' Then the rich woman of the town, the grain-elevator widow, took the notion of sending me to Paris to study."

He flung out his hands with a laugh through which one caught a glimpse of that Missouri boy suddenly transplanted to the Quartier Latin.

"I soon found out where I stood: a big, loud tenor with a trick in it. Vaudeville would be my finish, I saw. Then came the war—and you."

"I?" questioned Ella d'Abrantez.

"You never saw me, never knew me. But that day, as I heard you speak for the American Ambulance Corps——"

Into his voice crept all his devotion of the past four years and under it Ella d'Abrantez softened, laying a hand lightly on one of his.

"I am so glad. I wrought better than I knew."

"I need not tell you the rest," Vallator went on, flushing under the moment's contact. "But that night—at Verdun——"

"At Verdun," she echoed. "Do you mean that you really are——?"

"I am not mad," he said earnestly. "But that night—*La Nuit Noire*—the rain, the mud, the constant shatter and roar, the endless, ghastly stream of wounded pouring into our *Poste de Secours*. And over all our side that deadening sense of an impending disaster. We knew that things were cracking, you could feel it all around. It was the horrible note of those guns across the river that was doing it, hammering at our nerves with the very tone of destruction itself. I was off duty really, but I hung about, waiting for the end to come. I could picture it—the break, the panic, the terror of flight through that shattering rain of shells over the sucking mud."

HE PAUSED and the two women drew unconsciously closer to him as there fell upon them also the memory of that blackest of nights.

"I was held there," he went drearily on. "Held as a bird to a snake by a sheer fascination of horror. Unable to go, to stay, to remain still or to move. Powerless to do anything at all, even cry out. Caught in a ghastly dream, too appalling to be real, but unable to wake. If I could only make a noise—'Go up with a shout.'

"I caught something of what a shout might mean, just then. I saw how it could ring in men's ears and revive their spirits. But my throat was just ache and ashes, my ears deafened by the diapason of those German guns. The tone of hate itself, that was what they had.

"Then came that silence.

"My only chance, I knew. Those things don't happen twice. I remember how I groaned, tossing up my hands with a soundless cry of 'Oh, God—if ever, now.' "

"And you were heard," cried Régine, springing to her feet.

"It came—from somewhere; that is all I know. A sound, a song, a shout, such as I had never uttered before nor since, until to-night. But I had seen something, a super-joy under all the horror; a joy in fighting for what one knew to be right, a joy that in itself was promise of victory. And that is what I shouted to them."

Quivering with astonishment, Ella d'Abrantez rose. "Of course, those of us in high positions knew that the Voice of Verdun was really a man," she said. "But that it should be you——"

"Does Madame not see the pity of it?" cried Régine. "Ah, *le pauvre*, to have to pretend to be mad in believing himself to be what he really is. And it was I who made him do it."

"But it was that pretense of madness which kept me free for this to-night," Vallator answered, then turned to the other woman. "These photographs from Ibn Geburah—take them and be safe."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He thrust them awkwardly at her, but she turned from them as one seeing unclean things.

"They are false."

"I know it," he nodded somberly. "But there is a way to make them confess the truth."

He fumbled in his clothes for a match. Then a sputter of flame catching the photographs piled on the stones like a house of cards.

"That is the truth of them; you are free now, madame."

"I thank you with all my heart and my influence shall be unsparingly used on your behalf. There will be found a place for you with our own men, where your experience will be of use."

"And what of Régine?" he asked.

"She shall come to the hospital and be under my protection."

IT WAS graciously said, but at the sound Régine sprang up with a harsh laughter.

"I thank madame, but I need no protection. It is but a little way to the frontier and small things can slip between where greater would be caught."

Catching up her tambourine she turned away, but with quick feet Vallator was at her side.

"Where are you going?"

"What does it matter what becomes of Régine? A bit of fluff, the wind comes and—pouf!" She blew a bit of nothing from her finger-tip with a dreary indifference, then continued: "I have always known that you did not care. You and your 'Voice,' always up in the air and never seeing poor Régine at all. Go then with your duchess and I will go my own way."

Dimly Vallator sensed something of her strange little tragedy; he saw something too of these last days; himself a sort of sleep-walker lost in high dreams, while Régine guided his footsteps on the earth.

"It is not true—that I did not care," he declared with a vehemence that surprised himself.

"Ah—let me go!" panted Régine.

He was not touching her, but she struggled as though his strength were actually upon her.

"I can not let you go. You shall return with Madame d'Abrantez and wait—wait—and if I come back——"

In the last moments she had become strangely more visible as though by some light from within; he felt it all about them, like a cosmic alchemy that was melting his dreams to a reality more wonderful still.

"Look—the morning comes, I must be on my way," Régine pleaded, but his arms were already about her and her fluttering movement was really toward him.

"It is the new day," he breathed.

The great statue rose stark against the paling sky, at its foot the black-clad woman and the two forms still beneath the covering cloak. But in Vallator's embrace was this wondrous nearness as though their two spirits were caught up and fused in the growing brilliance of the dawn.

"Ibn Geburah was right," he whispered. "Poor prophet of evil, but he spoke truth at the last—there is something eternal."

STEGER

—the finest reproducing Phonograph in the world

MEET the great stars of the musical world face to face. When you hear the voice of a singer or the music of an instrument reproduced by the Steger, it is so natural and life-like that you actually forget the presence of the phonograph and imagine that the artist is present in person. This distinctive fidelity of reproduction gives you the music in all its purity and beauty.

The Steger plays all records *correctly*—no parts to change.

See and hear the beautifully encased Steger at the Steger dealer's. You will understand why it is better, more appealing—an inspiration. Period, cabinet and portable models $95 to $1250.

Steger Phonograph Style Brochure Free on Request

STEGER & SONS PIANO MFG. COMPANY
Steger Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

"If it's a Steger—it's the most valuable piano in the world."

Join the Chase For Extra Dollars!

You can easily replace those dollars which are constantly slipping away from you—*by increasing your income.* Butterick Subscription Work offers you this opportunity. Simply sell us a few hours of your spare time each week. No investment or experience is necessary. All supplies are furnished by us. We teach you and aid you in all of your efforts. The coupon below will bring you a complete outfit and all details.

----------CLIP OUT—MAIL TO-DAY----------

MANAGER STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION
Box 659, Butterick Building, New York City.

Gentlemen:
Please send me, without obligation, full particulars concerning your money-making plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IN RED *and* GOLD

(*Continued from page 63*)

my burial expenses are paid. The laopan of this junk has his money. This he will deny, and will cry for more; but do not heed him.

"Remember there is nothing strange or abnormal in my passing; death has become my duty. It may be true that the historic throne of the Manchus may be rocking, may even be falling, but despite the understanding that has been given to me of what is good in Western civilization I have never swayed in my heart from loyalty to that throne and steadfast devotion to its best interests as I can see them, and I can do not less than obey the mandate of my empress and my emperor.

"Do not grieve unduly for me. It is my wish that all of you, my friends and family, should live happily in the life that lies before you. To you, Griggsby Doane, out of the gratitude and admiration of my proud heart, I give and bequeath all the little that may be left of my worldly goods, including the money, the pitiful handful of jewels, the historic paintings and my daughter Hui Fei. It is my wish that you will marry her at once, and that in your best judgment you sell certain or any of the paintings to provide what money you and she may need, and also that you and she care lovingly for the younger child. It may be better to educate her in the Western manner, but that will be as you may decide.

"In the matter of this marriage with my daughter, Hui Fei, I have sought the opinion of each of you regarding the other. I have your assurance that it has been your own wish. And Hui Fei informs me that she respects and admires no man more than yourself. You will see, therefore, that I have approached this matter in the Western spirit, and as a result I see no reason why the marriage should be delayed or that my beloved daughter should be left alone at the mercy of an unscrupulous world. I have informed her, also, of my decision. My gifts to you make a most inadequate dowry, but they are all I have. I wish for you both great happiness and many descendants.

"And now, Griggsby Doane, my dear friend, I take my leave of you. I, at seventy-four years of age, can claim an unsullied record. My family tree goes back more than seven hundred years; for three centuries there have been members of my clan in the Imperial household or in the government bureaus, and for four hundred years we have devoted ourselves to husbandry and scholarship. For twenty-four generations my family has borne a good name. I die now in order that a lifetime of devotion to duty and loyalty to the throne may be consummated."

III

Slowly Doane lowered the document. He could not speak; he could hardly think. There beside him, still motionless, outwardly calm, sat the young woman who was now, by all the traditions of her people, abruptly his.

Dutifully, observing that he had finished reading, she gave him her own letter and he, in exchange, handed her his. Thus they read on. And then, again quietly exchanging the documents, they sat without a word by the peaceful body.

Little by little Doane's brain cleared. It was a time, he felt—*the* time, indeed—when all his experience, all his character and skill, must come into use. Now, if ever, he must be wise and steady and kind. Very gently he took her hand; it lay softly in his; she did not lift her eyes.

"We will not think of this matter now," he said. "Our only thought must be to carry out his plans regarding the funeral. If it shouldn't seem best, later, to fulfil quite all his last wishes, perhaps he, from the other side of the barrier, will understand what he couldn't quite understand while on this earth. But this I must say now—whatever direction your life may take, try to think of me as filling, the best I can, your father's place. I shall hope to be your dearest friend. Lean on me. Use me. And be sure I will understand."

Her slim fingers tightened once again about his.

"HE WAS a won'erful father," she began, and choked a little.

He left her there; sent in her maid to her; himself mounted to the deck.

The sun was well up. Other junks sailed up and down the tide. A bluff-bowed freighter, flying the Dutch flag, lay at anchor near one of the Chinese torpedo-boats that had gone over to the chaotic new republic. The American steamers were far astern, but a motor launch flying an officer's flag and with blue uniforms visible under the awning, plowed by on her way up to the city. In the distance, up ahead, beyond the crowding masts and funnels of the steamers that came from all the world, could be seen the buildings and spires and the smoke-haze of European Shanghai.

The bund there would be crowded with pony-carriages and motor-cars and over-fed tourists riding in rickshaws drawn by ragged coolies. The hotels would be thronging with talkative young women and drink-flushed men, all eagerly retailing confused and inaccurate news of "the revolution;" out at the British country club on Bubbling Well Road blond men would be playing tennis in flannels; and the gambling-houses would be brightly illuminated until late at night, and the Chinese shopkeepers in Nanking Road would be selling their souvenir trinkets, their useless little boxes of coin-silver and cloisonné and damascene work and their painted snuff-bottles and green soapstone necklaces and blue-and-white pottery quite as if no troubles could ever arise to disturb the destiny of nations.

Doane sighed again. The last letter of his Excellency was in his hand, held tightly; though he was not at this time aware of it. He glanced aft, and saw Rocky Kane standing on the gallery, among the flowers, gazing not forward toward the jangling, money-seeking, pleasure-mad city that is the principal point of contact between the culture of the West and that of the East, but off astern, as if endeavoring to see again the lost Yangtze Kiang of his glowing, thrilling romance.

Doane went to him; aware, then, of the paper rolled so tightly in his hand, said—a huge figure, towering over the boy, his face sad and more than ever deeply lined, but with a grave kindliness about the eyes—

"My boy, it is important that you and I have a talk. Suppose we sit down." He indicated the steamer chair; but Rocky insisted that he take it, himself dropping heavily down on the step of the deck.

"How—how is she standing it?" he asked, his troubled eyes searching that strong face before him.

"As well as we could ask. It is bound to be very hard for her—especially during these next few days. But she has courage. And she knows he would wish her not to mourn. A matter has come up that concerns you, Rocky—it was the first time he had used that familiar name; the boy's moody eyes brightened momentarily, and a touch of color rose in his cheeks—"and I don't feel that I can delay telling you about it. First, you had better let me read you this."

He had not thought, before this moment, of the necessity that he himself make the translation for the boy. It had to be difficult; he would have given much if the thing could have been managed in some less directly personal way; but for that matter, difficulties lay so thickly about him now that there was no good in so much as giving them a thought. And so—deliberately, with great care to find the nearly precise English equivalent of every obscure phrase—he read the letter through.

He dared not look at the boy's face, but could not but become aware of the hands that twitched, clasping and unclasping, in his lap, and of the feet that at times nervously tapped the deck. When the task was done he quietly folded the paper and slipped it into a pocket.

THE silence grew long and trying. Doane searched and searched his own still confused mind for the right, the clear word; but could not, during these earlier moments, find it. The boy, plainly, was crushed; but behind the clouded eyes and the knit brows an emotional storm was gathering. Doane felt that. It had to come, of course. And it would have to be handled.

But the first words were almost calm.

"So that"—thus the brooding youth—"so that's how it is?"

Doane waited. After a little the boy sprang up.

"But in God's name, why didn't you tell me!" he cried. "You've let me come and talk to you! You— This isn't fair! You've made a fool of me! You——"

Doane rose too. They stood side by side among the heavily scented blossoms. Doane felt moved to put a kindly hand on the slender shoulder beside him; but a following thought cautioned him that even a touch would be resented at this moment.

"I didn't tell you," he said, "because until I read this paper I didn't know."

"But you must have known! You told him. Told him you loved her! Probably you've been making love to her here—under my eyes. Oh, God, what a fool I've been! If you'd only been square with me!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"This is not fair," said Doane, still very quiet. "We must talk this out, but not now—not while you are angry."

"Angry! What in Heaven's name is the sense of talking it out! It's settled, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure."

"That's not so!" The boy seemed to be recovering somewhat now from the first shock of unreason. He turned away to hide the tears in his eyes. "You've admitted to her father, if not to her, that you love her. Oh, why didn't I see it! Why did I have to be such an awful fool! She knows it now. And you know as well as I what she'll do. She'll never go against her father's last wish—never. You know that!"

"I recognize that she must be seeing it in that light now, but——"

"Oh, what's the use of talk! You *know!* For God's sake, let me alone, can't you!"

DOANE'S brows drew slowly together; but this and a note of something near command in his voice were the only outward indications of the storm within his breast.

"This is not a time for either you or me to be thinking of ourselves. You may be sure that Hui Fei will not be thinking so. And it may help you to realize that this situation is difficult for me, as it is for you. It is true that Hui Fei's only thought, now, under the stress of this sorrow, will be to submit to her father's every wish. But this stress will pass. There is only one course to take——"

"But——"

"Listen to me! And try to meet the thing like a man. We will wait until this sad business is over. We will at least try to give up thinking of ourselves. I will see that Hui Fei and her sister are cared for by friends."

"But all the time you'll be seeing her, and——"

"I must still ask you to listen and try to think clearly. As soon as it seems wise I will lay the situation before Hui Fei. I will try to persuade her that her own life is, in the last analysis, more important than even her father's dying wish. I believe that she—would—be happier with a young man like yourself than with an—older man. It is possible that she can be led to see that her own happiness must be a factor in her choice. Have you the patience and the courage to wait for that?"

He extended his hand. The boy looked at it, then up at the stern but still kindly face; hesitated; then, with a quivering of the lip and an explosive—"Oh, God!"—rushed away; walked very fast, about running the length of the deck; made his way through the crowded waist and around the cook's well; and stood, his bare head thrown proudly back, in the prow, beside the quietly wondering t'ai-kung, staring toward the long, curving sweep of the tree-shaded bund of Shanghai as it came gradually into view around the bend just below the city.

"In Red and Gold"

by Samuel Merwin

will be concluded in the April

EVERYBODY'S

Everybody's Business

INTERESTING LITTLE ANNOUNCEMENTS CONVENIENTLY CLASSIFIED FOR QUICK READING

Patent Attorneys

Patents. Write for Free Illustrated Guide Book and Evidence Of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured—Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 10 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

Business Chances

Get Into Business for Yourself! Establish and operate "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Booklet free. Ragsdale Co., Drawer 94, East Orange, N. J.

Become a Landscape Architect. Uncrowded profession of wonderful opportunity for money-making. Easily mastered by mail. Earn while you learn. Diploma awarded. American Landscape School, 23-P, Newark, New York.

Real Estate

LOOKING FOR A FARM? If you are, an opportunity is before you. Hardwood land in Antrim and Kalkaska counties, Mich., at only $15 to $35 per acre. Small down payment, easy terms. Excellent location. Special features and ways of helping settlers. Write for big free booklet. Swigart, V-1263, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"Water is Wealth" in Stanislaus County where irrigation has done much for the farmer. Write for Free Booklet, Dept. E, Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal.

Automobiles, etc.

Insyde Tyres inner armor for automobile tires. Positively prevents punctures and blowouts. Guaranteed double tire mileage. Any tire. Enormous demand. Low priced. Write for particulars. County agents wanted. American Accessories Co., B726, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Old Coins Wanted

Watch Your Change: Have you a nickel of 1912 with S. Mint? We will pay 10% for it. This is one of thousands of coins we pay high cash premiums for. Some as late as 1916. It will pay you to get posted. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. E, Fort Worth, Texas.

Collect Old Coins for pleasure and profit. Send only 10c. Get large old U. S. copper cent, nearly size of half-dollar, and illustrated coin catalogue. Send now. B. Max Mehl, coin dealer, Dept. S, Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Tex.

Musical Instruments

Violins—Deep, Mellow, Soulful—on easy credit terms. High grade, wonderful instruments of my own make. Development of many years' expertness. Write for book. Gustav D. Henning, 2424 Gaylord Street, Denver, Colo.

Stories, Photoplays, etc.

Free Criticism. Stories, Photoplays, Ideas sold on Commission (no advance charges). Placing of acceptable MSS. assured. Plot Chart free to beginners. Submit MSS. or write, Harvard Co., 220, Ital.-Amer. Bldg., San Francisco

Write Photoplays; $25 to $300 paid any one for suitable ideas, experiences or suggestions. Experience unnecessary; complete outline sent Free to any one. Write Producers League 390, St. Louis, Mo.

Free to writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful Story and Play Writing. Absolutely free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 78, Auburn, N. Y.

Ambitious Writers of Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems, Songs, send today for Free valuable instructive book, "Key to Successful Writing" including 65 helpful suggestions on writing and selling. Atlas Publishing Co., 515 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents and Help Wanted

Salesmen: Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free Employment Service to Members. Send for Salesmanship book, list of lines and full particulars. National Salesmens Training Association, Department 143-C, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents make big money because sales may be made in every home. Our modern aids to home sanitation have an appeal that can not be resisted. A brush, mop or duster for every need. Liberal commissions and good territory. North Ridge Brush Company, 128 Clark St., Freeport, Ill.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept 41, East Orange, N. J.

Hotels Need Trained Executives—Nation-wide demand for high-salaried executives; past experience unnecessary; we train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement; permanent. Write for Free Book "Your Big Opportunity." Lewis Hotel Training School, Room 2016, Washington, D. C.

Salesmen—Become Independent—Own your business, experience unnecessary selling our $7,500 Accidental Death, $50.00 Accident, $25.00 Sick Weekly Benefits. $12.50 yearly, other amounts proportionate. Guaranteed steady income from renewals. $250,000 deposited Insurance Department. Registration Department C.—Newark, N. J

Men Wanted for Detective Work. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former U. S. Govt. Detective, 129 St. Louis, Mo.

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week. Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431Y N. Clark St., Chicago.

Detectives Earn Big Money. Great demand. Travel. Fascinating Work. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, N.Y.

Salesmen Wanted—Men or women. $200 per week and up possible. All or spare time. Three new products. Sell everywhere, City, Suburbs, Country. Free samples. Credit allowed. A wonderful opportunity for General Agents. Exclusive territory. Write us. Eggert Chemical Co., Dept. E, Canton, Ohio.

Books, Magazines, etc.

BOOKS on pedigrees, genealogies, and coats-of-arms. Every Anglo-Saxon and Celtic name. Kindly inquire for particulars. Chas. A. O'Connor, 21 Spruce St., New York City.

For Office and Desk

Our "Modern" Duplicator reproduces 50 to 75 duplicate copies from each pen, pencil or typewritten letter, drawing, price list, or anything. Saves you money. Need one? Letter Size, $6.50. Booklet Free. L. S. Durkin, Reeves Co., Mfgrs., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Photo Finishing

Mail us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8 x 10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 268 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Inventions

Inventors and Manufacturers, Look! Practical inventions spell F-O-R-T-U-N-E for you. Write us what inventions you have to sell, or want to buy. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 51, St. Louis, Mo.

Games and Entertainment

Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments for all Occasions, Make-Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 85, Chicago.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IF WINTER COMES

(*Continued from page 42*)

V

SABRE remained standing at his desk. He had a tiny ball of paper in his hand and he rolled it round between his finger and thumb, round and round and round. In his mind was a recollection: "You have struck your tents and are upon the march."

He thought: "This has been coming a long time. It's my way of looking at things has done this. I'm getting so I've got nowhere to turn. It's no good pretending I don't feel this. I feel it most frightfully. I've let down the books. They'll take a back place in the business now. Twyning's always been jealous of them. Fortune's never really liked my success with them. They'll begin interfering with the books now. My books. It was rottenly done. Behind my back. Plotted against me, or they wouldn't have sprung it on me like that. That shows what it's going to be like. It's all through my way of looking at things. I've no one here I can take things to. This frightful feeling of being alone in the place. And it's going to be worse. And nowhere to get out of it. More empty at home. And now there's this. And I've got to go back to that. 'You have struck your tents and are upon the march.' Yes. Yes."

He suddenly recollected Nona's letter He took it from his pocket and opened it; and the second event was discharged upon him.

She wrote from their town house.

"*Marko, Take me away. Nona.*"

His emotions leapt to her with most terrible violence. He felt his heart leap against his breast as though, engine of his tumult, it would burst its bonds and to her. He struck his hand upon the desk. He said aloud: "Yes! Yes!" He remembered his words: "If ever you feel you can't bear it. Tell me. Tell me."

VI

HE BEGAN to write plans to her. He would come to London to-morrow. She should come to the station if she could; if not he would be at the Great Western Hotel. She would telephone to him there and they could arrange to meet and discuss what they should do. He would like to go away with her directly they met, but there were certain things to see to. He wrote: "But I can only take you——"

His pen stopped. Familiar words! He repeated them to himself, and their conclusion and their circumstance appeared and stood, as with a sword, across the passage of his thoughts: "But I can only lead you downward. I can not lead you upward."

As with a sword . . .

He sat back in his chair and gazed upon this armed intruder to give it battle.

VII

THE morning passed and the afternoon while still he sat, no more moving than to sink lower in his seat as the battle joined and as he most dreadfully suffered in its most dreadful onsets. Toward five o'clock he put out his hand without moving his position and drew toward him the letter he had begun. The action was as that of one utterly undone. He very slowly tore it across, and then across again, and so into tiniest fragments till his fingers could no more fasten upon them. He dropped his arm away and opened his hand, and the white pieces fluttered in a little cloud to the floor.

Presently he drew himself up to the table and began to write, writing very slowly because his hand trembled so. In half an hour he blotted the few lines on the last sheet.

"So, simply what I want to do is to let our step—if we take it—be mine, not yours. We shall forget absolutely that you ever wrote. It's as though it had never been written. On Tuesday I will write and ask you 'Shall I come up to you?' So if you say 'Yes,' the action will have been entirely mine. It will start from there. This hasn't happened. And during these days in between, just think like anything over what I've said. Honor can't have any degree, Nona, any more than truth can have any degree; whatever else the world can quibble to bits it can't partition those; truth is just truth and honor is just honor. And a marriage vow is a pledge of honor like any other pledge of honor, and if one breaks it one breaks one's honor, never mind what the excuse is. There's no conceivable way of arguing out of that. That's what I shall ask you to do on Tuesday, and I'm just warning you so you shall have time to think beforehand."

He took his pen, and steadied his hand, and wrote:

"And your reply, when I ask you, whichever it is, will bring me light into darkness, unutterable darkness—M."

He could hear the homeward movements about the office. It was time to go. He wheeled his bicycle to the letter-box at the corner of The Precincts. As he dropped in his letter, the evening edition of the Tidborough *County Times* came bawling round the corner:

AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR ON SERVIA

He shook his head at the paper the boy held out to him and rode away. What had that kind of thing to do with him?

VIII

UNUTTERABLE darkness. He lived within it during the days that followed while he awaited the day appointed to write to Nona again. He had put away that for which, with a longing that was almost physical in its pain, his spirit craved; and craved the more terribly for his denial of it. Whatever she said when he asked her, whichever way she answered him, he would be brought relief from his intolerable stress. If she maintained honor above love, his weakness, he knew, would be welded into strength, as the presence of another brings enormous support to timidity; if she declared for love—his mind surged within him at the imagination of bursting away once and for ever the squeamish principles which for years, hedging about his conduct on this side and on that, had profited nothing those on whose behalf they had been erected, and his own life had desolated into barrenness.

He was little disposed, in these dismays and in this darkness, to divert attention to the international disturbances which now were rumbling across the newspapers in portentous and enormous headlines. Ireland was pressed away. It was all Europe now— thrones, chancelleries, councils, armies. He tried to say: "What of it?" Many in Great Britian tried to say: "What of it?" Crises and deadlocks again! Meaningless and empty words; for months and years past worked to death and rendered hollow as empty vessels. Some one would climb down. Some one always climbed down.

Nobody climbed down.

The caldron whose seething and bubbling had entertained some, fidgeted some, some nothing at all concerned, suddenly boiled over; and poured in boiling fat upon the flames, and poured in flames upon the hearth of every man's concerns.

On Friday the Stock Exchange closed. On Saturday Germany declared war on Russia. In Sunday's papers Sabre read of the panic run on the Bank, people fighting to convert their notes into gold. One London bank had suspended payment. Many had shut out failure only by minutes when midday permitted them to close their doors. People were besieging the provision shops to lay in stores of food.

And poured in flames upon the hearth of every man's concerns.

All his concerns, the crisis with Nona, with his honor and his love, that awaited determination, were disputed their place in his mind by the incredible and enormous events that each new hour discharged upon the world. He watched them as it might be one watching a burning building and feeling at every moment that the roof will crash in, yet somehow feeling that it can not and will not fall in. The thing was gone beyond possibility of recovery, there terribly arose now the urgency for Great Britain to declare for honor; yet somehow he felt that it could not and would not fail to be averted. It could not happen.

It did happen. On Tuesday the mounting amazement burst amain. On Tuesday the roof that could not fall in fell in. On Tuesday, the day appointed for his letter to Nona, he uttered in realization that which, uttered in speculation, had been meaningless as an unknown word spoken in a foreign tongue: "War."

IX

THE news of Tuesday morning caused him at six o'clock in the evening to have been standing two hours in the great throng that filled Market Square gazing toward the offices of the *County Times*. Our mobilization, our resolve to stand by France if the German fleet came into the Channel, lastly, most awfully pregnant of all, our obligations to Belgium—that had been the morning's news, conveyed in the report of Sir Edward Grey's statement in the House of Commons. That afternoon the Prime Minister was to make a statement.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A great murmur swelled up from the waiting crowd, a great movement pressed it forward toward the *County Times* offices. On the first-floor balcony men appeared dragging a great board faced with paper, on the paper enormous lettering. The board was pulled out endways. The man last through the window took a step forward and swung the lettering into view:

PREMIER'S STATEMENT

Ultimatum to Germany—Expires Midnight

Sabre said aloud: "My God! War!"

As a retreating wave harshly withdrawing upon the reluctant pebbles, there sounded from the crowd an enormous intaking of the breath. An instant's stupendous silence, the wave poised for return. Down! A shattering roar, tremendous, wordless. A tall man joined those upon the balcony, in his shirt sleeves, his long hair wild about his face, in his hands that which caught the roar as it were by the throat, stopped it and broke it out anew on a burst of exultant clamor. A Union Jack. He shook it madly with both hands above his head. The roar broke into a tremendous chant. "God Save the King!"

Sabre pressed his way out of the Square. He kept saying to himself "War . . . War . . ." He found himself running to the office; no one was in the office; then getting out his bicycle with frantic haste, then riding home—hard.

And he kept saying "War . . ."

He thought, "Otway!" and before his eyes appeared a vision of Otway with those little beads of perspiration on his nose.

War. He couldn't get any farther than that. Like the systole and diastole of a slowly beating pulse, the word kept on forming in his mind, and welling away in a tide of confused and amorphous scenes, and forming again, and again oozing in presentments of speculations, scenes, surmises, and in profound disturbances of strange emotions. War . . . And there kept appearing the face of Otway with the little points of perspiration about his nose. Otway had predicted this months ago. And he was right. It had come. War . . .

Chapter Four

War is Declared

HE APPROACHED Penny Green and realized for the first time the hard pace at which he had been riding. And realized also the emotions which subconsciously had been driving him along. All the way he had been saying "War." What he wanted, most terribly, was to say it aloud to some one. He wanted to say it to Mabel. He had a sudden great desire to see Mabel and tell her about it and talk to her about it. He felt a curiously protective feeling toward her. For the first time in his life he pedaled instead of free-wheeling the conclusion of the ride. He ran into the house and into the morning-room. Mabel was not there. It was almost dinner-time. She would be in her room. He ran up-stairs. She was standing before her dressing-table, and turned to him in surprise.

"Whatever——"

"I say, it's war!"

She echoed the word. "War?"

"Yes, war. We've declared war!"

"Declared war?"

"Yes, declared war. We've sent Germany an ultimatum. It ends to-night. It's the same thing It means war."

He was breathless, panting. She said "Good gracious! Whatever will happen? Have you brought an evening paper? Do you know the papers didn't come this morning till——"

He could not hear her out. "No, I didn't wait. I simply rushed away." He was close to her. He took her hands. "I say, Mabel, it's war." His emotions were tumultuous and extraordinary. He wanted to draw her to him and kiss her. They had not kissed for longer than he could have remembered; but now he held her hands hard and desired to kiss her. "I say, it's war!"

She gave her sudden burst of laughter.

"YOU are excited. I've never seen you so excited. Your collar's undone."

He dropped her hands. He said rather stupidly, "Well, it's war, you know," and stood there.

She turned to her dressing-table. "Well, I do wish you'd stayed for a paper. Now we've got to wait till to-morrow, and goodness only knows—" She was fastening something about her throat and held her breath in the operation. She released it and said: "Just fancy—war! I never thought it would be. What will happen first? Will they—" She held her breath again. She said: "It's too annoying about those papers coming so late. If they haven't arrived when you go off to-morrow you can tell Jones he needn't send them any more. He's one of that independent sort of tradesmen who think they can do just what they like. Just fancy actually having war with Germany. I can't believe it." She turned toward him and gave her sudden laugh again. "I say, aren't you ever going to move?"

He went out of the room and along the passage. As he reached his own room he realized it again. "War!" He went quickly back to Mabel. "I say—" He stopped. His feelings most frightfully desired some vent. None here. "Look here. Don't wait dinner for me. You start. I'm going round to Fargus to tell him."

At the hall door he turned back and went hurriedly into the kitchen. "I say, it's war!"

"Well, there now!" cried High Jinks.

"Yes, war. We've sent an ultimatum to Germany. It ends to-night."

Low Jinks threw up her hands. "Well, if that isn't a short war!"

"Girl alive, the ultimatum ends, not the war. Don't you know what an ultimatum is?"

Outside he ran down the drive and ran to Fargus's door. It stood open. In the hall the eldest Miss Fargus appeared to be maintaining the last moment before dinner by "doing" a silver card salver.

"Hullo, Miss Fargus. I say, is your father about? I say, it's war. We've declared war!"

The eldest Miss Fargus lifted her head to another Miss Fargus, also "doing" something on the stairs above her, and in a very high voice called, "Papa! War!"

The staircase Miss Fargus took it up immediately: "Papa! War!" and Sabre heard it go echoing through the house, "Papa! War! Papa! War! Papa! War!"

"How terrible; how dreadful; how frightful; how awful," said the eldest Miss Fargus. "You must excuse me from shaking hands, but as you see I am all over pink plate powder. I'm not surprised. We were discussing it only at breakfast; and for my part, though Julie, Rosie, Poppy and Bunchy were against me, I—" She broke off to turn and take her portion in a new chorus now filling the house. Sounds of some one descending the stairs at break-neck speed were heard and the chorus shrilled: "Papa, take care! Papa, take care! Papa, take care!"

Mr. Fargus's gray little figure came terrifically down the last flight and up the hall, a cloud of female Farguses in his wake. He ran to Sabre with hands outstretched, and grasped Sabre's hands and wrung them. "Sabre! Sabre! What's this? Really? Truly? War? We've declared war? Well, I say, thank God! Thank God! I was afraid. I was terribly afraid we'd stand out. But thank God, England is England still—and will be, Sabre; and will be!" He released Sabre's hands and took out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "I prayed for this," he said. "I prayed for God to be in Downing Street last night."

The chorus, unpleasantly shocked at the idea of God being asked to go to Downing Street, said in a low but stern tune: "Papa, hush! Papa, hush! Papa, hush!" but Sabre had come for this excited wringing of his hands and for this emotion. It was what he had been seeking ever since that notice-board had swung the news before his eyes. When presently he left he carried with him that which, when his mind would tune to it, caused his heart to swell enormously within him. Through the evening, and gone to bed and lying awake long into the night, he was at intervals caught up from the dark and oppressive pictures of his mind by the surging onset of the emotions that came with Mr. Fargus's emotion: "War . . ." His spirit answered "England!"

II

LYING awake he thought of Nona. He had not written the letter to her. The appointed day was past and he had not written. He would have said, during that unutterable darkness in which he had awaited it, that not the turning of the world upside down would have prevented him writing; but the world *had* turned upside down. It was not a board those men had swung around in that appalling moment when he had watched them appear on the balcony. It was the accustomed and imponderable world awfully unbalanced. Nona would understand. Nona always understood everything. He wondered how she had maintained this terrific day. He was assured that he knew. She would have felt just as he had felt. He thought, with a most passionate longing for her, that he would have given anything to have been able to turn to her when he had exclaimed: "My God, war!" and to have caught her hands and looked into her beautiful face. To-morrow he would send her the letter. To-morrow? Why, yes, to-day, like all to-days in the removed and placid light of all to-morrows, would be shown needlessly hectic. Ten to one something would have happened in the night to make to-day look foolish. If nothing had happened, if it still was war, it could only be a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

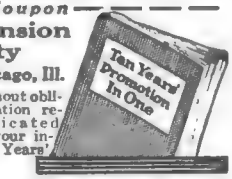
Home Study Business Courses

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your present duties. Give us your name and address and mark with an X below the kind of position you want to fill. We will mail catalog and full particulars regarding our low cost monthly payment plan. Also our valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Tear out, mark and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Find out about the new "LaSalle Problem Method," what it is and how it works. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success. Check and mail the coupon now.

Coupon

LaSalle Extension University

Dept. 343-R Chicago, Ill.



Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me information regarding course indicated below, also copy of your interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

☐ Higher Accounting
☐ Coaching for C. P. A. & Institute Examinations
☐ Business Management
☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic
☐ Law—Degree of LL. B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Business Letter Writing
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Business English
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Industrial Management Efficiency

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

Get the Drop on that Cough

Why cough? There's sure pleasant relief 'round the corner at your nearest dealer's. Deans, the first menthol cough drops, have just the *necessary* menthol to make breathing easy — stop irritation instantly. Effective and very pleasant. There is no ingredient so generally used by nose and throat specialists as menthol. Deans are as carefully compounded as a prescription.

DEANS MENTHOLATED COUGH DROPS

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON **PATENTS** **MUNN & Co**

695 Woolworth Bldg., New York; 625 F Street, Washington, D. C. 801 Tower Building, Chicago; Hobart Building, San Francisco

swiftly over business, a rapid and general recognition of the impossibility of war in modern conditions . . .

Disturbingly upon these thoughts appeared the face of Otway, the little beads of perspiration about his nose.

His consciousness stumbled away into the mazy woods of sleep, and turned, and all night sought return, and stumbled sometimes to its knees among the drowsy snares, and saw strange mirages of the round world horrifically tilted, with "War" upon its face; of Nona held away and not approachable; of intense light and of suffocating darkness; and rousing and struggling away from these, and stumbling, yet rarely succumbing.

III

WHEN he went down into Tidborough in the morning it was to know at once that this to-morrow gave no lie to its precedent day. It intensified it. The previous day foreshadowed war. The new day presented it.

The papers, as it happened, did not arrive before he left, and Mabel had more to say of her annoyance with the insufferable Jones than of what his withheld wares might contain. Her attitude toward the international position was—up to this point of its development—precisely this: She had been following the crisis day by day with appreciation of its sensational headlines while these were in the paper before her, but without further interest when the paper was read. She folded up the thrones, the chancelleries, the councils, the armies and the people, and put them away in the brass newspaper-rack in the morning-room and proceeded about her duties and her engagements. But she liked unfolding them, and she was thoroughly annoyed with the insufferable Jones for preventing her from unfolding them. She said she would come down into Tidborough and speak to Jones herself.

"Yes, do!" said Sabre. "There'll be things to see."

There were things to see.

As he rode into the town people were standing about in little groups, excitedly talking; every one seemed to have a newspaper. In a row, as he approached the news-agent's, were hugely printed contents bills, all with the news, in one form or another, "War Declared!"

It *was* war. Yesterday no dream. He could not stop to rest his bicycle against the curb. He leaned it over and dropped it on the pavement with a crash and hurried into the shop and bought and read.

War! He looked out into the street through the open doorway. All those knots of people standing talking. War! A mounted orderly passed down the street at a brisk trot, his dispatch-bag swaying and bumping across his back. Every one turned and stared after him, stepped out into the roadway and stared after him. War! He bought all the morning's papers and went on to the office. Outside a bank a small crowd of people waited about the doors. They were waiting to draw out their money. Lloyd George had announced the closing of the banks for three days; but they didn't believe it was real. Was it real? He passed Hanbury's, the big grocer's. It seemed to be crammed. People outside waiting to get in. They were buying up food. A woman struggled her way out with three tins of fruit, a pot of jam and a bag of flour. She seemed thoroughly well pleased with herself. He heard her say to some one, "Well, I've got mine, anyway." He actually had a sense of reassurance from her grotesque provisioning. He thought: "You see, every one knows it can't last long."

IV

NO ONE in the office was pretending to do any work. As in the street, all were in groups eagerly talking. The clerks' room resounded with excited discussion. Everybody wanted to talk to somebody. He went into Mr. Fortune's room. Mr. Fortune and Twyning and Harold were gathered round a map cut from a newspaper; all talking; even young Harold giving views and being attentively listened to. They looked up and greeted him cordially. Everybody was cordial and communicative to everybody. "Come along in, Sabre." He joined them, and he found their conversation extraordinarily reassuring, like the woman who had sufficiently provisioned with three tins of fruit, a pot of jam and a bag of flour. They knew a tremendous lot about it and had evidently been reading military articles for days past. They all showed what was going to be done, illustrating it on the map. And the map itself was extraordinarily reassuring, as Twyning showed—his fingers covering the whole of the belligerent countries—while the Germans were delivering all their power down *here*, in Belgium, the Russians simply nipped in *here* and would be threatening Berlin before those fools knew where they were!

He thought, "By Jove, yes!"

"And granted," said Mr. Fortune—Mr. Fortune was granting propositions right and left with an amiability out of all keeping with his normal stubbornness—"and granted that Germany can put into the field the enormous numbers you mention, Twyning, what use are they to her? None. No use whatever. I was talking last night to Sir James Boulder. His son has been foreign correspondent to one of the London papers for years. He's attended the army maneuvers in Germany, France, Austria—everywhere. He knows modern military conditions through and through, as you may say. Well, he says—and it's obvious when you think of it—that Germany can't possibly use her enormous masses. No room for them. Where they're coming in is like crowding into the neck of a bottle. Two-thirds of them uselessly jammed up behind. A mere handful can hold them up——"

HAROLD put in: "Yes, and those terrific fortresses, sir."

"Precisely. Precisely. Liége, Namur, Antwerp—absolutely impregnable, all the military correspondents say so. Impregnable. Well, then. There you are! It's like sending a thousand men to fight in a street. Look here—" He went vigorously to the window. They all went to the window; Sabre with them, profoundly impressed. Mr. Fortune pointed into the street. "There. That's what it is. Here comes your German army down this way from the cathedral. Choked. Blocked. Immovable mob. How many do you suppose could hold them up? Thirty, twenty, a dozen. Hold them up

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and throw them into hopeless and utter disorder. Pah! Simple, isn't it? I don't suppose the thing will last a month. What do you say, Sabre?"

Sabre was feeling considerably more at ease. He felt that the first shock of the thing had made him take an exaggerated view. "I don't see how it can," he said, "now I'm hearing a bit more about it. I was thinking just now what a dramatic thing it would be if it lasted—of course it can't—but if it lasted till next June, and the decisive battle were fought in June, 1915, just a hundred years after Waterloo. That would be dramatic, eh?"

They all laughed, and Sabre, realizing the preposterousness of such a notion, laughed with them. Twyning said: "Next June! Imagine it! At the very outside it will be well over by Christmas."

And they all agreed: "Oh, rather!"

V

IT WAS all immensely reassuring, and Sabre gathered up his bundle of papers and went into his room, feeling on the whole rather pleasurably excited than otherwise. But as he read, column after column, and paper after paper, measures that had been taken by the Government, orders to army and naval reservists, the impending call for men, the scenes in the streets of London, and with these the deeply grave tone of the leading articles, the tremendous statistics and the huge foreshadowings of certain of the military correspondents, the breathless news already from the seats of war—as his mind thus received, there returned to it its earlier sense of enormous oppression and tremendous conjecture. War . . . England . . . The first sentence of his history, now greatly advanced, came tremendously into his mind, "This England you live in is yours." And now at war!—challenged—threatened.

It surged enormously with him.

He got up. He must go out into the streets and see what was happening.

The day wore on. He felt extraordinarily shy and self-conscious about the performance of a matter that had entered his mind with that surging uplift of his feelings. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before he took himself to it and then, leaving its place, he unexpectedly encountered Mabel. She was just going into the station. She had come in, as she had proposed, and she told him what she had said to Jones and what Jones had said to her. "Abominably rude man."

Then she asked him: "Was that Dr. Anderson's gate you came out of just now?"

"Yes."

"Whatever had you been to see him about?"

He flushed. He never could invent an excuse when he wanted one. "I'd been asking him to have a look at me."

"Whatever for?"

"Oh, nothing particular."

"You couldn't have been to see him for nothing."

"Well, practically nothing. You remember when I increased my life insurance some time ago they said my heart was a bit groggy and made a bit of a fuss? Well, I thought I'd just see again so as to get out of paying that higher premium."

"Oh, that! What nonsense it was. What did he say?"

When Will You Say—

"I OWN MY HOME"?

NOTHING should be allowed to interfere with the quick achievement of this happy result. Your Home Fund should increase steadily and rapidly. Do not be forced to neglect it because of current expenses. You can entirely eliminate this possibility—*by enlarging your present income.* Our practical money-making plan offers you this opportunity. Take advantage of it and begin now to

Realize Your Personal Ambitions

Of course your chief desire may not be the proud possession of a cozy Colonial house like that pictured above. You may already own your home and wish to make improvements on it; you may want to buy a small family roadster; prepare for the coming vacation season—there are many things you may be looking forward to. But it doesn't matter. It is principally a problem of *having your income meet your needs.* You can solve it through Butterick Subscription Work. That has been proved by the experience of countless busy men and women.

Here Is Your Opportunity

to do what so many others have done. Thousands of renewal and new subscriptions for *Everybody's Magazine, The Delineator, The Designer* and *Adventure* are being received daily. More representatives are needed everywhere. Mail us the subscriptions from your vicinity. We will pay you liberally in commissions and salary checks. No experience, no investment is necessary. Spare time is your only requisite. If you have any, no matter how small the amount may be, use this coupon now.

CLIP OUT—MAIL TO-DAY

MANAGER, STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION
Box 662, Butterick Bldg., New York

Please send me, without obligation, a complete outfit and all particulars concerning your practical money-making plan. Include also a copy of your booklet, "Turning Spare Time Into Cash."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Then It's Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Always say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Vapo Cresolene

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the *first* indication of a *cold* or *sore throat*, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, *making breathing easy*, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by Druggists.
Send for Descriptive Booklet 12.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building
Montreal, Canada

10 Buys ¢100
Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"
NO PASTE NEEDED
Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK, EASY, ARTISTIC. No mess. No fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 57-C, 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO.

Women of Refinement
who wish to remove superfluous hair permanently in their own boudoirs with no risk of failure—will find
THE MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS DE LUXE
a valuable and attractive addition to their dressing-tables. Get it from your dealer or send 3 stamps to D. J. MAHLER CO., Bldg. No. 43, Providence, R. I.

"Said I had a murmur or some rot. I say, if you're going back now don't wait dinner for me to-night. I'll get something here. The *Evening Times* is bringing out a special edition at nine o'clock. I'd like to wait for it."

She assented: "Yes, bring home the paper."

He went into the office. The afternoon post had brought letters to his desk. He turned them over without interest, then caught up one—from Nona.

Marko, this frightful war! I have thanked God on my knees for you that last week you prevented me. If I had done it with this! Tony has rejoined the Guards; he was in the Reserve of Officers. And you see that whatever has been, and is, dear, he's my man to stand by in this. Marko, it would have been too awful if I couldn't, and I thank God for you, again and again and again. NONA.

Twyning appeared. "Hullo old man! Heard the latest? I say, you look as if you're ready to take on the whole world."

Chapter Five

The Magnificent Pinks

THE enormous and imponderable world awfully unbalanced. Upside down. Extraordinarily unreal. Furiously real.

Life, which had been a thing of clock and calendar, became a thing of events in which there was no time, only events.

Things began one day very shortly after the declaration of war when, passing the barracks on his way home, Sabre was accosted and taken into the mess by Cottar, a subaltern of the Pinks.

"You must come along in and have a cup of tea," young Cottar urged. "We've got a hell of a jamborino on. At least we shall have to-night. We're just working up for it. I can't tell you why. You can guess."

Sabre felt a sudden catch at his emotions. "Is the regiment going?"

They were at the door of the anteroom. Cottar swung it open. The room was full of men and tobacco-smoke and noise. A very tall youth, one Sikes, was standing on the table, a glass in his hand. "Hullo, Sabre! Messman, one of those very stiff whiskies for Mr. Sabre—go on, Sabre, you must. Because—" He had not Cottar's reticence. He burst into song, waving his glass—"Because—

We sha'n't be here in the morning——"

They all took it up, bawling uproariously:

"We sh'n't be here in the morning,
We sha'n't be here in the morning,
We sha'n't be here in the mor-or-ning,
Before the break of day!"

Otway came in. "Shut up, you noisy young fools. What the ——"

Sikes from the table: "Ah, Papa Otway! Three cheers for Papa Otway in very discreet whispers. Messman, one of those very stiff whiskies for Captain Otway."

Otway laughed pleasantly. "No: chuck it; I'm not drinking. Hood, I want you, and you, Carmichael, and you, Bullen." He saw Sabre and came to him. "Hullo, Sabre. You've heard now. We've managed to keep it pretty close, but it's all over the place now. Yes, we entrain at daybreak."

Sabre felt frightfully affected. He could hardly speak. "Good Lord! I can't realize it. I say, Otway, do you remember predicting this nearly two years ago? You said this would find us all unawares. You were one of the people every one laughed at——"

Precisely the same Otway who had spoken with such extraordinary intensity outside the Corn Exchange eighteen months before began to speak with extraordinary intensity now. "That? Oh, I don't give a damn for any of that now. This is our show now, Sabre. The army's show. I don't give a damn for what happens at home now. This is our show. Sabre, you don't know what this is for me. I've lived for this, dreamed about it, thought about it, eaten it, drunk it, ever since I was a kid at Sandhurst. Now it's come. By God, it's come at last!"

The same Otway! Positively the little beads of perspiration were shining about his nose. His eyes scintillated an extraordinary light. He said: "By God, Sabre, you ought to have seen the battalion on parade this morning! By God, they were magnificent! They're the finest thing that ever happened. There's nothing in the *Army List* to touch us. When I think I'll be in action with them perhaps inside a week—I——"

An orderly approached and spoke to him. "Right. Right. I'll come along at once." He was swiftly away. "Patterson, I want you too. There's a man in your company says his wife——"

And, still during his presence, babel broke out anew with his departure. Some one, standing on a sofa, caught up Otway's last word into a bawling song—

"I've got a wife and sixteen kids,
I've got a wife and sixteen kids,
I've got a wife and——"

A cushion whizzed across the room into his face. A rag began. Sikes on the table was laying down laws of equipment at the top of his voice. "Well, I'm going to take nothing but socks. I'm going to stuff my pack absolutely bung full of socks. Man alive, I tell you nothing matters except socks. If you can keep on getting clean socks every—I'm going to stuff in socks enough to last me——" *

II

THE blessed gift in the war was to be without imagination. The supreme trial, whether in endurance on the part of those who stayed at home, or in courage on the part of those who took the field, was upon those whose mentality invested every sight and every happening with the poignancy of attributes not present but imagined. For Sabre the war definitely began with that visit to the mess on the eve of the Pinks' departure. The high excitement of the young men, their eager planning, the almost religious ecstasy of Otway at the consummation of his life's dream, moved Sabre, visioning what might await it all, in depths profound and painful in their intensity. His mind would not abandon them. He sat up that night after Mabel had gone to her room. How on earth could he go to bed, be hoggishly sleeping, while those chaps were marching out?

He could not. At two in the morning

* A very short time afterward, while the incident was fresh in his memory, Sabre heard that Sikes took out eleven pairs of socks and was killed, at Mons, in the pair he landed in.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mother's Worries

are lessened when she is prepared to guard against the ill-effects that may follow exposure or accidents.

Absorbine J.r
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

makes an effective gargle for preventing or helping sore throats — cleanses and heals cuts and bruises. Will ease pain and reduce inflammation caused by strains and wrenches.

Let the children play, but be prepared for emergencies.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's, or a liberal trial bottle sent for ten cents.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
121 Temple St., Springfield, Massachusetts

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Reduce Your Flesh

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated Reducing
Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne E. V. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue, New York
Philadelphia Representative: Miss Mary Kammerer, 1029 Walnut St. Pacific Coast Rep.: Adele Millar Co. 345 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

Bust Reducer, Price $6.00
Chin Reducer, Price $2.50

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 2359 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

FARMS—33 STATES
$10 to $100 an acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalog.
Strout Farm Agency, 150BP Nassau Street, New York City

he went quietly from the house and got out his bicycle and rode down into Tidborough.

He was just in time. The news had been well kept, or in those early days had not the meaning it came to have. Nevertheless a few people stood about the High Street in the thin light of the young morning, and when, almost immediately, the battalion came swinging out of the Market-Place, many appeared flanking it, mostly women.

"Here they come!"

Frightful words! Sabre caught them from a young woman spoken to a very old woman whose arm she held a few paces from where he stood. Frightful words. He caught his breath, and, more dreadfully upon his emotions, as the head of the column came into sight, the band, taking them to the station, burst into the Pinks' familiar quick step:

The Camp Town races are five miles long.
Doo-da! Doo-da!
The Camp Town races are five miles long.
Doo-da! Doo-da day!
Gwine to run all night. Gwine to run all day.
I bet my money on the bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on the bay!

HE NEVER in his life had experienced anything so utterly frightful or imagined that anything could be so utterly frightful. His throat felt bursting. His eyes were filled. They were swinging past him, file by file. *Doo-da! Doo-da day!* He scarcely could see them. They were marching at ease, their rifles slung. They seemed to be appallingly laden with stupendous packs and multitudinous equipment. A tin mug and God knows what else beside swung and rattled about their thighs. The women with them were running to keep up, and dragging children, and stretching hands into the ranks, and crying—all crying.

Doo-da! Doo-da!
The Camp Town races are five miles long.
Doo-da! Doo-da day!

He thought: "Damn that infernal music!" He wiped his eyes. This was impossible to bear. *Doo-da! Doo-da!* A most frightful thing happened. A boy broke out of the ranks and came running, all rattling and jingling with swinging accouterments, to the old woman beside Sabre, put his arms around her and cried in a most frightful voice: "Mother! Mother!" And a sergeant, also rattling and clanking, dashed up and bawled with astounding ferocity: "Get back into the bloody ranks!" And the boy ran on, rattling. And the old woman collapsed prone upon the pavement. And the sergeant, as though his amazing ferocity had been the buttress of some other emotions, bent over the old woman and patted her, rattling, and said: "That's all right, Mother. That's all right. I'll look after him. I'll bring him back. That's all right, Mother." And ran on, jingling, *Doo-da! Doo-da day!*

III

SABRE turned away. He absolutely could not bear it. He walked a few paces and equally could not forbear to stop and look again. The men were nearly all laughing and whistling and singing. This bursting sensation in all his emotions!

Living Room Charm

Here in the very heart of the home one seeks, above all, the dignity of quiet beauty, an atmosphere of warmth and restfulness.

To attain that you must begin with the walls, for after all, walls *are* the room.

The soft glow of Liquid Velvet, the washable flat wall enamel, strikes a definite yet unobtrusive keynote of beauty and comfort that brings real living room charm.

Let our department of Decorative Service advise you on your problems of interior decoration, free. Write us fully.

Send ten cents in coin for booklet, "That Magic Thing Called Color."

(3)

O'BRIEN
VARNISH CO.
708 Washington Ave.
South Bend, Ind.
"Varnish Makers for Half a Century"

Liquid Velvet
THE SPECIFIED BRAND

Be Well and Strong

Improve Your Figure

BE what Nature intended you to be—a normal healthy, energetic and attractive woman.

If you are not perfectly well, get at the cause.

Are you **too thin?**
Are you **too fleshy?**
Is your **figure attractive?**

Let me teach you how to regain health and figure. I've instructed over 100,000 women; have had 20 years' experience; have successfully treated the most stubborn ailments. Physicians endorse my work.

I teach you by personal letters. You devote but a few minutes daily to the work in your room. Results are quick and permanent.

Tell me your height, weight and ailments. I will respect your confidence and tell you what you need. Then you can engage my services if you wish.

Write me now—today—don't forget it.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 20 215 N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bargains That Are Rare

are now available in bonds, preferred stocks and even common stocks with long standing dividend records.

We shall be glad to send upon request our current market bulletin discussing present conditions and the position of many attractive securities, together with booklet describing the many desirable issues that are now relatively low-priced and may be purchased on convenient monthly payment terms.

Write Dept. EB-27 for our booklet "Thrift-Savings-Investment," together with helpful buying suggestions.

CHARLES H. CLARKSON & Co.
66 Broadway, - New York
TELEPHONES: RECTOR 4663-4

Training for Authorship

Dr. Esenwein

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*, 13 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 30 cents, annual subscription $3.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 347, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

Become a Nurse

A most dignified and respected profession

BY training at home through our correspondence course. Age 19 to 60.

Founded on 19 years of success—10,000 Graduates Earning $18 to $30 weekly.

Invaluable for the beginner or the practical nurse. Entire tuition earned in a few weeks.

Two months' trial of the course with money refunded if dissatisfied.

Send for catalog and sample lesson pages.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
281 Main St. Jamestown, N. Y.

ROUT THE ROOT WITH ZIP

Free Book

Mme. Berthe, Specialist, 36-D, 12 W. 40th St., New York

It was beyond anything he had ever experienced before. But he had experienced something like it before. His mind threw back across the years and presented the occasion to him. It was when he was a very small boy in his first term at Tidborough, the Christmas term, and he was on the football ground trying frantically behind a crowd of boys to get a glimpse of the match in progress—one of the great matches of the season, *versus* Tidborough Town. One of the boys against whose waist his frantic head was butting turned and said in a lordly way: "Let that kid through," and he was roughly bundled to a front position. The boy who had commanded his presence jolted him in the back with his knee and said, using the school argot for to cheer or shout: "Swipe up, you ghastly young ass! Swipe up! Can't you see they're pressing us?"

Couldn't he see! He felt that the end of the world was coming at what he saw. The enormous, full-grown town men were almost on the School goal-line, the school team clinging to them and battling with them like tiger-cats. He had only been at Tidborough a month, but he felt he would die if the line was crossed. He swiped till he thought his throat must crack. When his cracking throat incontinently took intervals of rest, he prayed to God for the school, visioning God on His throne on the school goal-posts and mentioning to Him the players whose names he knew: "Oh, let Barnwell get in his kick! Oh, do let Harris see they're heeling the ball! Oh, help Tufnell to get that man! Help him! Help him! Schoo-o-ool! Schoo-oo-ool! Schoo-oo-ool!"

Doo-da! Doo-da day!

His bursting heart was now saying: "England! England!"

IV

THE column passed and was gone. He was left with his most frightful feelings. He could do nothing now. Four o'clock in the morning. But he must do something now. He could not go home till he had. He must. He followed to the station. The men were entraining in the goods yard. He waited about, not trusting himself to speak to Otway or any of the others who were going. Presently his opportunity came in a sight of Colonel Rattray, who commanded the depot and was not going, standing for a minute alone. Sabre went quickly to him and they exchanged greetings and said the obvious things proper to the occasion. Then Sabre said, feeling extraordinarily embarrassed: "I say, colonel, I want to get into this. I absolutely must get into this."

"Eh? Into what?"

"The war." It was easier after the plunge, and he went on quickly: "I see in the papers that civilians are being given commissions, getting them by recommendation. Can you get me a commission? *Can* you?"

Colonel Rattray showed surprise. He turned squarely about and faced Sabre and looked him up and down, but not in the way in which soldiers looked civilians up and down rather later on. "Well, I don't know. I might. I've no doubt I could, if you're eligible. How old are you, Sabre?"

"Thirty-six."

Colonel Rattray said doubtfully: "It's a bit on the steep side for a commission."

"Well, I'd go in the ranks. I must get in. I absolutely must."

The soldier smiled pleasantly. "Oh, I wouldn't get thinking about the ranks, Sabre. They're heaps before you, you know. Still, I wouldn't stop any man getting into the army if I could help him. I'll see what I can do. Certainly I will. Mind you, I'm doubtful. Are you fit?"

"I think I am. I'm supposed to have a bit of a heart. But it's absolute rot. It never affects me in the slightest degree. I can do anything."

"Well, that's the first thing, you know. Look here, I'm wanted. Come up to the mess in the morning and I'll get our doctor to have a look at you. Then we'll see what can be done. All right, eh?"

V

HE RODE home much relieved from the stresses he had suffered in that awful business of watching the regiment march out. He felt that if only he could be "in it," he could equably endure any of these things that were happening and that would get worse. If he had just to stand by and watch them, his portion would be insupportable. England. . . . Other people whom he knew could not possibly feel it in the way he felt it. His history with its opening sentence: "This England you live in is *yours*" had arisen out of his passionate love for all that England meant to him. In all Shakespeare there was no passage that moved him in quite the same way whenever he recalled it as *Richard the Second's:*

"Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand, . . .
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling . . ."

Stooping and touching the soil of England as one might bend and touch a beloved face. That was what England for years had meant to him. And now. . . . It was upon these emotions, vaguely, "in case," that he had gone to Dr. Anderson on the morning of the frightful news. Anderson had told him he couldn't possibly be passed for the army, but at the moment the idea of ever wanting to go into the army had only been an almost ridiculously remote contingency, and what did Anderson know about the army standard, anyway?

VI

HE SAID nothing to Mabel of his intention. It was just precisely the sort of thing he could not possibly discuss with Mabel. Mabel would say: "Whyever should you?" And of all imaginable ordeals the idea of exposing before Mabel his feeling about England— He would tell her when it was done, if it came off. He could say then, in what he knew to be the clumsy way in which he had learned to hide his ideas from her, he could say: "Well, I *had* to."

And his thought was, when a few hours later he was walking slowly away from his interview with Major Earnshaw, the doctor at the barracks: "Thank God, I never said anything to Mabel about it."

The very few officers left behind at the depot were at breakfast when he arrived to keep Colonel Rattray to his word. Major Earnshaw had very pleasantly got up from the table to "put him out of his misery" there and then without formality and had "had a go at this heart of yours"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mail It To-day!

MANAGER, STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION
661 Butterick Building, New York

Please send me full particulars at once about this splendid opportunity to earn money. I have some spare time to sell.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

It may be worth $500.00 to you

Suppose you are offered a wonderful job, good pay, a real future and pleasant interesting work.

Suppose this job keeps you healthy and happy, outdoors in the fresh air and sunlight.

Suppose you can earn all the money you want, work as many hours a day as you like, and take off as many days as you please, with no one to order you around.

Suppose you need no experience and no capital, and yet will be helped to build up for yourself a business of your own, permanent and growing, paying you a regular income.

Isn't that the kind of a job you want?

Well, take your pencil, cross out every "suppose" in this ad. There is no supposition about what remains. It is a fact.

I am actually offering you this job right now!

I can prove to you that on this very job, many other men and women, situated just like yourself, are earning $25.00—$50.00—$100.00 a year in spare time, and $2,000.00 to $4,000.00 for full time. I can give you their names and addresses, and even show you their pictures. It is really true.

To get started, all they did was to sign a coupon like the one above, and sent it in to us promptly. You do the same, and before the end of another month, you will be looking back on the day you read this ad as one of the luckiest days in your life, because very soon you will be earning from $100.00 to $4,000.00 a year, according to the time you can give to the work.

Sign the above coupon and mail it now.

in the billiards-room, withdrawn his stethoscope and shaken his head. It was: "No go; absolutely none, Sabre."

"Well, but that's for a commission. I'll go into the ranks. Isn't that any different?"

"No different. You can't possibly go in as you are—now. In time, if this thing goes on, the standards will probably be reduced. But they'll have to be reduced a goodish long way before you'll get in, I don't mind telling you."

Sabre wheeled his bicycle slowly away across the barrack square. "Thank goodness, I never said anything to Mabel about it." A cluster of young men of various degrees of life was waiting outside the door of the recruiting office. The rush of the first few days was thinning down, but recruits were still pouring in. They were all laughing and talking noisily. He had the wish that he could take the thing in that spirit. Why couldn't he? After all, what did it really matter that he was not able to get "in it"? Even if he had been accepted, it would only have been pretending. He never would have got really "in it"; none of those chaps would. Every one knew the war couldn't last long; it would be over long before any of these recruits could be trained.

VII

THIS "common-sense" argument carried him through the following days; then came another of the frightful undoings of his emotions; and just as the war definitely began for him with the glimpse of the beginnings of that "jamborino" in the mess, so from this new occasion began, unceasingly and increasingly, and with shocking effect upon his sensitiveness, a dreadful oppression by the war, and, adding to its darkness, a gnawing and unreasonable self-accusation, that he was not "in it."

The occasion was that of his meeting with Harkness outside the *County Times* office. Harkness was a captain of the battalion that had gone out who had been left behind owing to some illness. The British Expeditionary Force had been in action. There had been scraps of news of some heavy fighting. Harkness said dully: "Hullo, Sabre. I've just been in to see that chap Pike to see if he'd got anything. We've had some news, you know." He stopped. His face was twitching.

Sabre said: "News? Anything about the Pinks?"

Harkness nodded. He seemed to be swallowing. Then he said: "Yes, the regiment. Pretty bad."

Sabre said: "Any one—?" and also stopped.

Harkness looked, not at Sabre, but straight across the top of his head and began an appalling, and as it seemed to Sabre, an endless recitative: "The Colonel's killed. Bruce is killed. Otway's killed——"

"Otway!"

"Cottar's killed. Bullen's killed——"

Endless! The names struck Sabre like successive blows. Were they never going to end?

"Carmichael's killed. My young brother's—" his voice cracked—"killed. Sikes is killed."

"Sikes killed! And your brother!"

Harkness said in a very thin, squeaking voice: "Yes, the regiment's pretty well—The regiment's—" He looked full at Sabre and said in a very loud, defiant

"Find the Man!"

"We'll pay him $5,000 a year. Go over our list of employees—pick out those who not only have been doing their work well, but have been studying in spare time getting ready for advancement. That's the kind of man we want for this job and for all of this firm's responsible positions."

Employers everywhere are combing their ranks for men with ambition, for men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 29 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. More than 130,000 others are getting ready right now. Hundreds are starting every month. Isn't it about time for *you* to find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2664 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card and Sign Ptg.
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ Teacher
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Banking
☐ Pharmacy	

Name_____

Present Occupation_____ Business Address_____ 1-1-21

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian Ltd., Montreal, Canada

Learn Piano

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, **at one-quarter usual cost.** Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords **at once** and complete piece in every key, **within 4 lessons.** Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio EV-23, 598 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

Cuticura Talcum is Fragrant and Very Healthful

Sample free of **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.** 25c everywhere.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Am I Going to be Huck Finn?"

Artists have tried, and failed, to put Huck Finn on canvas.

So we turned to the photographer. "I know the very lad," he said, and called him in.

His freckled face was one ecstatic grin.

"Gee! am I really going to be Huck Finn?" he gasped. "There's nothing I've ever wanted to be so much as Huck! Ain't this great!"

Then the camera clicked, and here he is.

Did you ever want to be Huck Finn? Be him in your mind.

Read

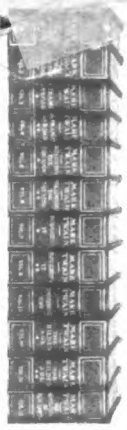
MARK TWAIN

12 Volumes at a Low Price

Humor—Biography—History—Travel—Boys' Stories—Essays—Novels

FREE—REX BEACH

5 Volumes



Rex Beach is the most popular writer of thrilling stories living today. He is the man who knows, as no other, the big outdoors that is the Klondike.

Plenty of humor—plenty of scrapping—big, rawboned men who can whip their weight in wildcats—the women these men fight for and die for—all these you will find in Rex Beach's vivid, human novels.

Only a Few Sets FREE

Rex Beach now costs you $2 for each volume in the book store. But we have made a small special edition. As long as this small special edition lasts, you can have 5 volumes—about $10 worth of books—absolutely free.

Rex Beach has sacrificed much of his royalty so that we can do this on one edition.

If you are prompt you can get your set free. If you are too late we will return the coupon—but don't wait.

Send coupon for both sets for examination.

Send no money—just the coupon.

Send it at once.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Est. 1817

HARPER & BROTHERS
10 Franklin Square, New York.

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain in 12 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, and Rex Beach in 5 volumes, bound in red cloth, free. If not satisfied, I will return them at your expense, otherwise I will send you $1.50 within 5 days and $2.00 a month for 14 months.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

Every. 3-21

voice: "I bet they were magnificent. By God, I bet you they were magnificent. Oh, my God, why the hell wasn't I there?" He turned abruptly and went away, walking rather funnily.

This was the moment at which there descended upon Sabre, never to leave him while he remained not "in it," the appalling sense of oppression that the war exercised upon him. On his brain like a weight. On his heart like a pressing hand. He thought of Otway's intense, gleaming face! "My God, Sabre, you ought to have seen the battalion on parade this morning." He saw Otway's face cold and stricken. He thought of Sikes on the table: "Well, I'm going to take nothing but socks. I'm going to stuff my pack absolutely bung full of socks." He saw Sikes flung like a disused thing in some field.

VIII

AND still events; still, and always, now, disturbing things.

While he stood there he was suddenly aware of young Perch, rather breathlessly come up.

"I say, Sabre, have you heard this frightful news about the Pinks? I say, Sabre, I want your help most frightfully. I want you to talk to my mother. She likes you. She'll listen to you. I'm going to enlist. I've been putting it off day after day, trying to fix up things for my mother and trying to persuade her; but I haven't done much and I absolutely can't wait any longer."

Sabre said: "Good Lord, are you, Perch? Must you? Your mother, why, what on earth will she do without you? She'll——"

Young Perch winced painfully. "I know. I know. It pretty well kills me to think of it and I'm having the most frightful scenes with her. But I've thought it all out, Sabre, and I know I'm doing the right thing. I've looked after my mother all my life, and a month ago the idea of leaving her even for a couple of nights would have been unthinkable. But this is different. This is—" He flushed awkwardly—"you can't talk that sort of patriotic stuff, you know, but this is, well, this is a chap's country, and I've figured it out it's got to come before my mother. It's got to. She says it will kill her if I go. I believe it will, Sabre. And my God, if it does—but I can't help it. I know what's the right thing. I'll tell you something else." His face, which had been red and cloudy as with tears, became dark and passionate. "I'll tell you something else. People are saying things about me and to me because I'm young and unmarried and haven't got a wife to support. Curse them, Sabre—what do they know about it? Aren't their wives young, strong, able to take care of themselves? My mother can't come down-stairs without me and can't let any one else——"

He rubbed a hand across his eyes and broke off. "Never mind about that, I know what I've got to do. Look here, Sabre, I tell you where I want your help like anything. You know lots of people. I don't. Well, I want to get hold of some nice girl to live with my mother and take care of her in my place while I'm away. A sort of companion, aren't they called? It must be some one quite young. You see, I know my mother. If it was any one of any age, she wouldn't have her in the house at any price, and she'd send her flying out of the window in about two days if she did have her. She swears no power on earth will induce her to have any one at all as it is. But I'm going to manage it if I can get the right person.

"I want some one whom my mother will indignantly call a chit of a child"—he gave rather a broken little laugh—"Can't I hear her saying it! But she'll instantly begin to mother her because she is a chit of a child, and to fuss over her and tell her what she ought to eat and what she ought to wear, and does she wear a flannel binder, and all that, just as she does to me. And in about a week she'll be as right as rain and writing me letters all day and arguing with the girl how to spell 'being' and 'been'—you know what my mother is. I say, Sabre, do, for God's sake, help me if you can. *Do* you know any one?"

Sabre, during this greatly troubled outpouring, had the feeling that this was all of a part with the calamitous news he had just had from Harkness—a direct continuation of it. This frightful war! Was it going to attack even that pathetic little old woman at Puncher's Farm with her fumbling hands and her frail existence centered solely in her son? He said: "I'm awfully sorry, Perch. Frightfully sorry for your mother and for you. You know best what you ought to do. I won't say anything either way. I think a man's only judge in this ghastly business is himself. Of course I'll help you. I'll help you all I can. It's a funny coincidence, but I believe I do know just the very girl that would be what you want——"

YOUNG Perch grasped his hand in delighted relief. "Oh, Sabre, if you do! I felt you would help. You've always been a chap to turn to!"

"I've turned to you, Perch, you and your mother, a good deal more than you might imagine. I'm glad to help if I can. The chance I'm thinking about I was hearing of only a few days ago; the works' foreman in my office, an old chap called Bright. He's got a daughter about eighteen or thereabouts, and I was hearing he wanted to get her into some kind of post like yours. I've spoken to her once or twice when she's been about the place for her father and I took a tremendous fancy to her. She's as pretty as a picture. Effie, she's called. I believe your mother would take to her no end. And she'd just love your mother."

Young Perch said rather thickly: "Any one would who takes her the right way."

Sabre touched him encouragingly on the shoulder. "This girl Effie will if we can get her. She's that sort. I'll see about it at once. Buck up, old man."

"Thanks most frightfully, Sabre. Thanks most awfully."

"If Winter Comes"

by A. S. M. Hutchinson

will be continued in the April EVERYBODY'S

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Djer-Kiss Eau de Toilette Suprême

Pas un luxe, bien sûr que non; mais une nécessité de toilette rafraîchissante - l'Eau de Toilette Djer-Kiss! Et pour Monsieur aussi bien que pour Madame, est fait le Djer-Kiss Vegetal!

—Kerkoff, Paris

Translation: Not a luxury. No indeed. But a refreshing necessity of the *toilette*—my Djer-Kiss Toilet Water! And for *Monsieur* as well as for *Madame*, my Djer-Kiss Vegetale!

FROM France comes Djer-Kiss Toilet Water—with all the engaging springtime fragrance of *Parfum Djer-Kiss* itself. To the *toilette* of *Madame*, of *Mademoiselle*, this *eau de toilette* adds that discriminating touch which so distinguishes things *Parisiennes*. Only in a French toiletry will you discover so great a *qualité de rafraîchissement*, such daintiness.

And perhaps *Monsieur*—or *Madame* herself—may prefer the milder Djer-Kiss Vegetale. Especially prepared for use on the skin, you will find Djer-Kiss Vegetale so soothing, so softly fragrant. Delightful for *Monsieur* after shaving! Acceptable always to *Madame!*

Send 20c

to A. H. Smith Co., 24 West 34th St., New York, and receive tiny serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Extract, Cold and Vanishing Creams and Sachet.

Djer-Kiss

Made in France

A toilet Hint

Djer-Kiss Toilet Water is delightful to perfume the hands—after household tasks. How refreshing too when *Mademoiselle* is fatigued. You need but sprinkle a few drops on the wet washcloth and bathe the face and hands. *Voilà!* How invigorating!

EXTRACT · FACE POWDER · TALC · SACHET · TOILET WATER · VEGETALE

These three specialités—COMPACTS, SOAP, CREAM—temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss Concentré imported from France

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN